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SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

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I.

THE long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been.
The bugle's taunting blast
Has died away by Southern ford and glen:
The mock-bird sings unfrightened in its dell;
The ensanguined stream flows pure again;
Where once the hissing death-bolt fell,
And all along the artillery's level lines
Leapt flames of hell,
The farmer smiles upon the sprouting grain,
And tends his vines.
Seems never to have been?
O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back once more,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green
By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the valley of the Shenandoah!

II.

Now while the pale arbutus in our woods
Wakes to faint life beneath the dead year's leaves,
And the bleak North lets loose its wailing broods
Of winds upon us, and the gray sea grieves
Along our coast; while yet the Winter's hand
Heavily presses on New England's heart,

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And Spring withholds the sunshine of her eyes
Lest some vain cowslip should untimely start, —
While we are housed in this rude season's gloom,
In this rude land,
Bereft of warmth and bloom,
We know, far off beneath the Southern skies,
Where the flush blossoms mock our drifts of snow
And the lithe vine unfolds its emerald sheen, —
On many a sunny hill-side there, we know
Our heroes' graves are green!

III.

The long years come, but *they*
Come not again!
Through vapors dense and gray
Steals back the May,
But they come not again, —
Swept by the battle's fiery breath
Down unknown ways of death.
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?

IV.

While yet the year is young
Many a garland shall be hung
In our gardens of the dead;
On obelisk and urn
Shall the myrtle's azure burn,
And the wild-rose leaves be shed.
And afar in the woodland ways,
Through the rustic church-yard gate
Matrons and maidens shall pass,
Striplings and white-haired men,
And, spreading aside the grass,
Linger at name and date,
Remembering old, old days!
And the lettering on each stone
Where the mold's green breath has blown
Tears shall wash clear again.

V.

But far away to the South, in the sultry, stricken land, —
On the banks of silvery streams gurgling among their reeds,
By many a drear morass, where the long-necked pelican feeds,
By many a dark bayou, and blinding dune of sand,
By many a cypress swamp where the cayman seeks its prey,
In many a moss-hung wood, the twilight's haunt by day,
And down where the land's parched lip drinks at the salt sea-waves,
And the ghostly sails glide by, — there are piteous, nameless graves!

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Their names no tongue may tell,
Buried there where they fell,
The bravest of our braves!
Never sweetheart, or friend,
Wan pale mother, or bride,
Over these mounds shall bend
Tenderly putting aside
The unremembering grass!
Never the votive wreath
For the unknown brows beneath,
Never a tear, alas!
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?
How must our thought bend over them,
Blessing the flowers that cover them, —
Piteous, nameless graves.

VI.

Ah, but the life they gave
Is not shut in the grave:
The valorous spirits freed
Live in the vital deed!
Marble shall crumble to dust,
Plinth of bronze and of stone,
Carved escutcheon and crest, —
Silently, one by one,
The sculptured lilies fall:
Softly the tooth of the rust
Gnaws through the brazen shield:
Broken, and covered with stains,
The crossed stone swords must yield:
Mined by the frost and the drouth,
Smitten by north and south,
Smitten by east and west,
Down comes column, and all!
But the great deed remains.

VII.

When we remember how they died, —
In dark ravine and on the mountain-side,
In leaguered fort and fire-encircled town,
Upon the gun-boat's splintered deck,
And where the iron ships went down, —
How their dear lives were spent,
In the crushed and reddened wreck,
By lone lagoons and streams,
In the weary hospital-tent,
In the cockpit's crowded hive, —
How they languished and died

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In the black stockades, — it seems
Ignoble to be alive!
Tears will well to our eyes
And the bitter doubt will rise —
But hush! for the strife is done,
Forgiven are wound and scar;
The fight was fought and won
Long since, on sea and shore,
And every scattered star
Set in the blue once more;
We are one as before,
With the blot from our scutcheon gone!

So let our heroes rest
Upon your sunny breast:
Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true,
Keep them, O South, and learn to hold them dear
From year to year!
Never forget,
Dying for us, they died for you.
This hallowed dust should knit us closer yet.

VIII.

Hark! 't is the bluebird's venturous strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate, —
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
New England's poet-laureate
Telling us Spring has come again!

T. B. Aldrich.

RODERICK HUDSON.

VI.

FRASCATI.

One day, on entering Roderick's lodging (not the modest rooms on the Ripetta which he had first occupied, but a much more sumptuous apartment on the Corso), Rowland found a letter on the table, addressed to himself. It was from Roderick, and consisted of but three lines: "I am gone to Frascati — for meditation. If I am not at home on Friday, you had better join me." On Friday he was still absent, and Rowland went out to Frascati. Here he found his friend living at the inn and spending his days, according to his own account, lying under the trees of the Villa Mondragone, reading Ariosto. He was in a sombre mood; "meditation" seemed not to have been fruitful. Nothing especially pertinent to our narrative had passed between the two young men since Mrs. Light's ball, save a few words bearing on an incident of that entertainment. Rowland informed Roderick, the next day, that he had told Miss Light of his

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engagement. "I don't know whether you 'll thank me," he had said; "but it 's my duty to let you know it. Miss Light perhaps has already done so."

Roderick looked at him a moment, intently, with his color slowly rising. "Why should n't I thank you?" he asked. "I 'm not ashamed of my engagement."

"As you had not spoken of it yourself, I thought you might have a reason for not having it known."

"A man does n't gossip about such a matter with strangers," Roderick rejoined, with the ring of irritation in his voice.

"With strangers — no!" said Rowland, smiling.

Roderick continued his work; but after a moment, turning round with a frown: "If you supposed I had a reason for being silent, pray why should you have spoken?"

"I did not speak idly, my dear Roderick. I weighed the matter before I spoke, and promised myself to let you know immediately afterwards. It seemed to me that Miss Light had better know that your affections are pledged."

"The Cavaliere has put it into your head, then, that I am making love to her?"

"No; in that case I should not have spoken to her first."

"Do you mean, then, that she is making love to me?"

"This is what I mean," said Rowland, after a pause. "That girl finds you interesting, and is pleased, even though she may play indifference, at your finding her so. I said to myself that it might save her some sentimental disappointment to know without delay that you are not at liberty to become indefinitely interested in other women."

"You seem to have taken the measure of my liberty with extraordinary minuteness!" cried Roderick.

"You must do me justice. I am the cause of your separation from Miss Garland, the cause of your being exposed to temptations which she hardly even suspects. How could I ever face her," Rowland demanded, with much warmth of tone, "if at the end of it all she should be unhappy?"

"I had no idea that Miss Garland had made such an impression on you. You are too zealous; I imagine she never appointed you guardian of her happiness."

"If anything happens to you, I 'm accountable. You must understand that."

"That 's a view of the situation I can't accept; in your own interest, no less than in mine. It can only make us both very uncomfortable. I know all I owe you; I feel it; you know that! But I 'm not a small boy nor an outer barbarian any longer, and, whatever I do, I do with my eyes open. When I do well, the merit 's mine; if I do ill, the fault 's mine! The idea that I make you nervous is detestable. Dedicate your nerves to some better cause, and believe that if Miss Garland and I have a quarrel, we shall settle it between ourselves."

Rowland had found himself wondering, shortly before, whether possibly his brilliant young friend was without a conscience; now it dimly occurred to him that he was without a heart. Rowland, as we have already intimated, was a man with a moral passion, and no small part of it had gone forth into his relations with Roderick. There had been, from the first, no protestations of friendship on either side, but Rowland had implicitly offered everything that belongs to friendship, and Roderick had, apparently, as deliberately accepted it. Rowland, indeed, had taken an exquisite satisfaction in his companion's deep, inexpressive assent to his interest in him. "Here is an uncommonly fine thing," he said to himself: "a nature unconsciously grateful, a man in whom friendship does the thing that love alone generally has the credit of — pricks the bubble of pride!" His reflective judgment of Roderick, as time went on, had indulged in a great many irrepressible vagaries; but his affection, his sense of something in his companion's whole personality that overmastered his heart and beguiled his imagination, had never for an instant faltered. He listened to Roderick's last words, and then he smiled as he rarely smiled — with bitterness.

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"I don't at all like your telling me I 'm too zealous," he said. "If I had not been zealous, I should never have cared a fig for you."

Roderick flushed deeply, and thrust his modeling tool up to the handle into the clay. "Say it outright! You 've been a great fool to believe in me."

"I desire to say nothing of the kind, and you don't honestly believe I do!" said Rowland. "It seems to me I 'm really very good-natured even to reply to such rubbish."

Roderick sat down, crossed his arms, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Rowland looked at him for some moments; it seemed to him that he had never so clearly read his companion's strangely commingled character, — his strength and his weakness, his picturesque personal attractiveness and his urgent egoism, his exalted ardor and his puerile petulance. It would have made him almost sick, however, to think that, on the whole, Roderick was not a generous fellow, and he was so far from having ceased to believe in him that he felt just now, more than ever, that all this was but the painful complexity of genius. Rowland, who had not a grain of genius either to make one say he was an interested reasoner, or to enable one to feel that he could afford a dangerous theory or two, adhered to his conviction of the essential salubrity of genius. Suddenly he felt an irresistible compassion for his companion; it seemed to him that his beautiful faculty of production was a double-edged instrument, susceptible of being dealt in backhanded blows at its possessor. Genius was priceless, inspired, divine; but it was also, at its hours, capricious, sinister, cruel: and men of genius, accordingly, were alternately very enviable and very helpless. It was not the first time he had had a sense of Roderick's standing helpless in the grasp of his temperament. It had shaken him, as yet but with a half good-humored wantonness; but, henceforth, possibly, it meant to handle him more roughly. These were not times, therefore, for a friend to have a short patience.

"When you err, you say, the fault 's your own," he said at last. "It 's because your faults are your own that I care about them."

Rowland's voice, when he spoke with feeling, had an extraordinary amenity. Roderick sat staring a moment longer at the floor, then he sprang up and laid his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder. "You 're the best man in the world," he said, "and I 'm a vile brute. Only," he added in a moment, "*you don't understand me!*" And he looked at him with eyes of such radiant lucidity that one might have said (and Rowland did almost say so, himself) that it was the fault of one's own grossness if one failed to read to the bottom of that beautiful soul.

Rowland smiled sadly. "What is it now? Explain."

"Oh, I can't explain!" cried Roderick impatiently, returning to his work. "I have only one way of expressing my deepest feelings — it 's this!" And he swung his tool. He stood looking at the half-wrought clay for a moment, and then flung the instrument down. "And even this half the time plays me false!"

Rowland felt that his irritation had not subsided, and he himself had no taste for saying disagreeable things. Nevertheless he saw no sufficient reason to forbear uttering the words he had had on his conscience from the beginning. "We must do what we can and be thankful," he said. "And let me assure you of this — that it won't help you to become entangled with Miss Light."

Roderick pressed his hand to his forehead with vehemence and then shook it in the air, despairingly; a gesture that had become frequent with him since he had been in Italy. "No, no, it 's no use; you don't understand me! But I don't blame you. You can't!"

"You think it *will* help you, then?" said Rowland, wondering.

"I think that when you expect a man to produce beautiful and wonderful works of art, you ought to allow him a certain freedom of action, you ought to give him a long rope, you ought to let him follow his fancy and look for his material wherever he thinks he may find it! A mother

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can't nurse her child unless she follows a certain diet; an artist can't bring his visions to maturity unless he has a certain experience. You demand of us to be imaginative, and you deny us that which feeds the imagination. In labor we must be as passionate as the inspired sibyl; in life we must be mere machines. It won't do. When you have got an artist to deal with, you must take him as he is, good and bad together. I don't say they are pleasant fellows to know or easy fellows to live with; I don't say they satisfy themselves any better than other people. I only say that if you want them to produce, you must let them conceive. If you want a bird to sing, you must not cover up its cage. Shoot them, the poor devils, drown them, exterminate them, if you will, in the interest of public morality; it may be morality would gain — I dare say it would! But if you suffer them to live, let them live on their own terms and according to their own inexorable needs!"

Rowland burst out laughing. "I have no wish whatever either to shoot you or to drown you!" he said. "Why launch such a tirade against a warning offered you altogether in the interest of your freest development? Do you really mean that you have an inexorable need of embarking on a flirtation with Miss Light? — a flirtation as to the felicity of which there may be differences of opinion, but which cannot at best, under the circumstances, be called innocent. Your last summer's adventures were more so! As for the terms on which you are to live, I had an idea you had arranged them otherwise!"

"I have arranged nothing — thank God! I don't pretend to arrange. I 'm young and ardent and inquisitive, and I admire Miss Light. That 's enough. I shall go as far as admiration leads me. I 'm not afraid. Your genuine artist may be sometimes half a madman, but he 's not a coward!"

"Suppose that in your speculation you should come to grief, not only sentimentally but artistically?"

"Come what come will! If I 'm to fizzle out, the sooner I know it the better. Sometimes I half suspect it. But let me at least go out and reconnoitre for the enemy, and not sit here waiting for him, cudgeling my brains for ideas that won't come!"

Do what he would, Rowland could not think of Roderick's theory of unlimited experimentation, especially as applied in the case under discussion, as anything but a pernicious illusion. But he saw it was vain to combat longer, for inclination was powerfully on Roderick's side. He laid his hand on Roderick's shoulder, looked at him a moment with troubled eyes, then shook his head mournfully and turned away.

"I can't work any more," said Roderick. "You 've upset me! I 'll go and stroll on the Pincian." And he tossed aside his working-jacket and prepared himself for the street. As he was arranging his cravat before the glass, something occurred to him which made him thoughtful. He stopped a few moments afterward, as they were going out, with his hand on the door-knob. "You did, from your own point of view, an indiscreet thing," he said, "to tell Miss Light of my engagement."

Rowland looked at him with a glance which was partly an interrogation, but partly, also, an admission.

"If she 's the coquette you say," Roderick added, "you have given her a reason the more."

"And that 's the girl you propose to devote yourself to?" cried Rowland.

"Oh, I don't say it, mind! I only say that she 's the most interesting creature in the world! The next time you mean to render me a service, pray give me notice beforehand!"

It was perfectly characteristic of Roderick that, a fortnight later, he should have let his friend know that he depended upon him for society at Frascati, as freely as if no irritating topic had ever been discussed between them. Rowland thought him generous, and he had at any rate a liberal faculty of forgetting that he had given you any reason to be displeased with him. It was equally characteristic of Rowland that he complied with his friend's summons without

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a moment's hesitation. His cousin Cecilia had once told him that he was the dupe of his placid benevolence. She put the case with too little favor, or too much, as the reader chooses; it is certain, at least, that he had a constitutional tendency towards magnanimous interpretations. Nothing happened, however, to suggest to him that he was deluded in thinking that Roderick's secondary impulses were wiser than his primary ones and that the rounded total of his nature had a harmony perfectly attuned to the most amiable of its brilliant parts. Roderick's humor, for the time, was pitched in a minor key; he was lazy, listless, and melancholy, but he had never been more friendly and kindly and appealingly submissive. Winter had begun, by the calendar, but the weather was divinely mild, and the two young men took long slow strolls on the hills and lounged away the mornings in the villas. The villas at Frascati are delicious places, and replete with romantic suggestiveness. Roderick, as he had said, was meditating, and if a masterpiece was to come of his meditations, Rowland was perfectly willing to bear him company and coax along the process. But Roderick let him know from the first that he was in a miserably sterile mood, and, cudgel his brains as he would, could think of nothing that would serve for the statue he was to make for Mr. Leavenworth.

"It is worse out here than in Rome," he said, "for here I 'm face to face with the dead blank of my mind! There I could n't think of anything either, but there I found things to make me forget that I needed to." This was as frank an allusion to Christina Light as could have been expected under the circumstances; it seemed, indeed, to Rowland surprisingly frank, and a pregnant example of his companion's often strangely irresponsible way of looking at harmful facts. Roderick was silent sometimes for hours, with a puzzled look on his face and a constant fold between his even eyebrows; at other times he talked unceasingly, with a slow, idle, half-nonsensical drawl. Rowland was half a dozen times on the point of asking him what was the matter with him; he was afraid he was going to be ill. Roderick had taken a great fancy to the Villa Mondragone, and used to declaim fantastic compliments to it as they strolled in the winter sunshine on the great terrace which looks toward Tivoli and the iridescent Sabine mountains. He carried his volume of Ariosto in his pocket, and took it out every now and then and spouted half a dozen stanzas to his companion. He was, as a general thing, very little of a reader; but at intervals he would take a fancy to one of the classics and peruse it for a month in disjointed scraps. He had picked up Italian without study, and had a wonderfully sympathetic accent, though in reading aloud he ruined the sense of half the lines he rolled off so sonorously. Rowland, who pronounced badly but understood everything, once said to him that Ariosto was not the poet for a man of his craft; a sculptor should make a companion of Dante, and he lent him the Inferno, which he had brought with him, and advised him to look into it. Roderick took it with some eagerness; perhaps it would brighten his wits. He returned it the next day with disgust; he had found it intolerably depressing.

"A sculptor should model as Dante writes — you 're right there," he said. "But when his genius is in eclipse, Dante is a dreadfully smoky lamp. By what perversity of fate," he went on, "has it come about that I am a sculptor at all? A sculptor is such a confoundedly special genius; there are so few subjects he can treat, so few things in life that bear upon his work, so few moods in which he himself is inclined to it." (It may be noted that Rowland had heard him a dozen times affirm the flat reverse of all this.) "If I had only been a painter — a little quiet, docile, matter-of-fact painter, like our friend Singleton — I should only have to open my Ariosto here to find a subject, to find color and attitudes, stuffs and composition; I should only have to look up from the page at that moldy old fountain against the blue sky, at that cypress alley wandering away like a pro-

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cession of priests in couples, at the crags and hollows of the Sabine hills, to find myself grasping my brush. Best of all would be to be Ariosto himself, or one of his brotherhood. Then everything in nature would give you a hint, and every form of beauty be part of your stock. You would n't have to look at things only to say, — with tears of rage half the time, — 'Oh, yes, it 's wonderfully pretty, but what the deuce can I do with it?' But a sculptor, now! That 's a pretty trade for a fellow who has got his living to make and yet is so damnably constituted that he can't work to order, and considers that, æsthetically, clock ornaments don't pay! You can't model the serge-coated cypresses, nor those moldering old Tritons and all the sunny pathos of that dried-up fountain; you can't put the light into marble — the lovely, caressing, consenting Italian light that you get so much of for nothing. Say that a dozen times in his life a man has a complete sculpturesque vision — a vision in which the imagination recognizes a subject and the subject kindles the imagination. It is a remunerative rate of work, and the intervals are comfortable!"

One morning, as the two young men were lounging on the sun-warmed grass at the foot of one of the slanting pines of the Villa Mondragone, Roderick delivered himself of a tissue of lugubrious speculations as to the possible mischances of one's genius. "What if the watch should run down," he asked, "and you should lose the key? What if you should wake up some morning and find it stopped, inexorably, appallingly stopped? Such things have been, and the poor devils to whom they happened have had to grin and bear it. The whole matter of genius is a mystery. It bloweth where it listeth and we know nothing of its mechanism. If it gets out of order we can't mend it; if it breaks down altogether we can't set it going again. We must let it choose its own pace, and hold our breath lest it should lose its balance. It 's dealt out in different doses, in big cups and little, and when you have consumed your portion it 's as naïf to ask for more as it was for Oliver Twist to ask for more porridge. Lucky for you if you 've got one of the big cups; we drink them down in the dark, and we can't tell their size until we tip them up and hear the last gurgle. Those of some men last for life; those of others for a couple of years. Nay, what are you smiling at so damnably?" he went on. "Nothing is more common than for an artist who has set out on his journey on a high-stepping horse to find himself all of a sudden dismounted and invited to go his way on foot. You can number them by the thousand — the people of two or three successes; the poor fellows whose candle burnt out in a night. Some of them groped their way along without it, some of them gave themselves up for blind and sat down by the wayside to beg. Who shall say that I 'm not one of these? Who shall assure me that my credit is for an unlimited sum? Nothing proves it, and I never claimed it; or if I did, I did so in the mere boyish joy of shaking off the dust of Northampton. If you believed so, my dear fellow, you did so at your own risk! What am I, what are the best of us, but an experiment? Do I succeed — do I fail? It does n't depend on me. I 'm prepared for failure. It won't be a disappointment, simply because I shan't survive it. The end of my work shall be the end of my life. When I have played my last card, I shall cease to care for the game. I 'm not making vulgar threats of suicide; for destiny, I trust, won't add insult to injury by putting me to that abominable trouble. But I have a conviction that if the hour strikes *here*," and he tapped his forehead, "I shall disappear, dissolve, be carried off in a cloud! For the past ten days I have had the vision of some such fate perpetually swimming before my eyes. My mind is like a dead calm in the tropics, and my imagination as motionless as the phantom ship in the Ancient Mariner!"

Rowland listened to this outbreak, as he often had occasion to listen to Roderick's heated monologues, with a number of mental restrictions. Both in

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gravity and in gayety he said more than he meant, and you did him simple justice if you privately concluded that neither the glow of purpose nor the chill of despair was of so intense a character as his florid diction implied. The moods of an artist, his exaltations and depressions, Rowland had often said to himself, were like the pen-flourishes a writing-master makes in the air when he begins to set his copy. He may bespatter you with ink, he may hit you in the eye, but he writes a magnificent hand. It was nevertheless true that at present poor Roderick gave unprecedented tokens of moral stagnation, and as for genius being held by the precarious tenure he had sketched, Rowland was at loss to see whence he could borrow the authority to contradict him. He sighed to himself, and wished that his companion had a trifle more of little Sam Singleton's evenness of impulse. But then, was Singleton a man of genius? He answered that such reflections seemed to him unprofitable, not to say morbid; that the proof of the pudding was in the eating; that he did n't know about bringing a genius that had palpably spent its last breath back to life again, but that he was satisfied that vigorous effort was a cure for a great many ills that seemed far gone. "Don't heed your mood," he said, "and don't believe there 's any calm so dead that your own lungs can't ruffle it with a breeze. If you have work to do, don't wait to feel like it; set to work and you *will* feel like it."

"Set to work and produce abortions!" cried Roderick with ire. "Preach that to others. Production with me must be either pleasure or nothing. As I said just now, I must either stay in the saddle or not go at all. I won't do second-rate work; I can't if I would. I 've got no cleverness, apart from inspiration. I 'm not a Gloriani! You 're right," he added after a while; "this is unprofitable talk, and it makes my head ache. I shall take a nap and see if I can dream of a bright idea or two."

He turned his face upward to the parasol of the great pine, closed his eyes, and in a short time forgot his sombre fancies. January though it was, the mild stillness seemed to vibrate with faint midsummer sounds. Rowland sat listening to them and wishing that, for the sake of his own felicity, Roderick's temper were graced with a certain absent ductility. He was brilliant, but was he, like many brilliant things, brittle? Suddenly, to his musing sense, the soft atmospheric hum was overscored with distincter sounds. He heard voices beyond a mass of shrubbery, at the turn of a neighboring path. In a moment one of them began to seem familiar, and an instant later a large white poodle emerged into view. He was slowly followed by his mistress. Miss Light paused a moment on seeing Rowland and his companion; but, though the former perceived that he was recognized, she made no bow. Presently she walked directly toward him. He rose and was on the point of waking Roderick, but she laid her finger on her lips and motioned him to forbear. She stood a moment looking down at the handsome young sleeper.

"What delicious oblivion!" she said. "Happy man! Stenterello," — and she pointed to his face, — "wake him up!"

The poodle extended a long pink tongue and began to lick Roderick's cheek.

"Why," asked Rowland, "if he 's happy?"

"Oh, I want companions in misery! Besides, I want to show off my dog." Roderick roused himself, sat up, and stared. By this time Mrs. Light had approached, walking with a gentleman on each side of her. One of these was the Cavaliere Giacosa; the other was Prince Casamassima. "I should have liked to lie down on the grass and go to sleep," Christina added. "But it would have been unheard of."

"Oh, not quite," said the prince, in English, with a tone of great precision. "There was already a Sleeping Beauty in the Wood!"

"Charming!" cried Mrs. Light. "Do you hear that, my dear?"

"When the prince says a brilliant thing, it would be a pity to lose it," said the young girl. "Your servant, sir!"

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And she smiled at him with a grace that might have reassured him, if he had thought her compliment ambiguous.

Roderick meanwhile had risen to his feet, and Mrs. Light began to exclaim on the oddity of their meeting and to explain that the day was so lovely that she had been charmed with the idea of spending it in the country. And who would ever have thought of finding Mr. Mallet and Mr. Hudson sleeping under a tree!

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I was not sleeping," said Rowland.

"Don't you know that Mr. Mallet is Mr. Hudson's sheep-dog?" asked Christina. "He was mounting guard to keep away the wolves."

"To indifferent purpose, madam!" said Rowland, indicating the young girl.

"Is that the way you spend your time?" Christina demanded of Roderick. "I never yet happened to learn what men were doing when they supposed women were not watching them but it was something vastly below their reputation."

"When, pray," said Roderick, smoothing his ruffled locks, "are women not watching them?"

"We shall give you something better to do, at any rate. How long have you been here? It 's an age since I have seen you. We consider you domiciled here, and expect you to play host and entertain us."

Roderick said that he could offer them nothing but to show them the great terrace, with its view, and ten minutes later the group was assembled there. Mrs. Light was extravagant in her satisfaction; Christina looked away at the Sabine mountains, in silence. The prince stood by, frowning at the rapture of the elder lady.

"This is nothing," he said at last. "My word of honor. Have you seen the terrace at San Gaetano?"

"Ah, that terrace," murmured Mrs. Light, amorously. "I suppose it is magnificent!"

"It is four hundred feet long, and paved with marble. And the view is a thousand times more beautiful than this. You see, far away, the blue, blue sea and the little smoke of Vesuvio!"

"Christina, love," cried Mrs. Light forthwith, "the prince has a terrace four hundred feet long, all paved with marble!"

The Cavaliere gave a little cough and began to wipe his eye-glass.

"Stupendous!" said Christina. "To go from one end to the other, the prince must have out his golden carriage." This was apparently an allusion to one of the other items of the young man's grandeur.

"You always laugh at me," said the prince. "I know no longer what to say!"

She looked at him with a sad smile and shook her head. "No, no, dear prince, I don't laugh at you. Heaven forbid! You are much too serious an affair. I assure you I feel your importance. What did you inform us was the value of the hereditary diamonds of the Princess Casamassima?"

"Ah, you are laughing at me yet!" said the poor young man, standing rigid and pale.

"It does n't matter," Christina went on. "We have a note of it; mamma writes all those things down in a little book."

"If you are laughed at, dear prince, at least it 's in company," said Mrs. Light, caressingly; and she took his arm, as if to resist his possible displacement under the shock of her daughter's sarcasm. But the prince looked heavy-eyed toward Rowland and Roderick, to whom the young girl was turning, as if he had much rather his lot were cast with theirs.

"Is the villa inhabited?" Christina asked, pointing to the vast melancholy structure which rises above the terrace.

"Not privately," said Roderick. "It is occupied by a Jesuits' college, for little boys."

"Can women go in?"

"I 'm afraid not." And Roderick began to laugh. "Fancy the poor little devils looking up from their Latin declensions and seeing Miss Light standing there!"

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"I should like to see the poor little devils, with their rosy cheeks and their long black gowns, and when they were pretty, I should n't scruple to kiss them. But if I can't have that amusement I must have some other. We must not stand planted on this enchanting terrace as if we were stakes driven into the earth. We must dance, we must feast, we must do something picturesque. Mamma has arranged, I believe, that we are to go back to Frascati to lunch at the inn. I decree that we lunch here and send the Cavaliere to the inn to get the provisions! He can take the carriage, which is waiting below."

Miss Light carried out this undertaking with unfaltering ardor. The Cavaliere was summoned, and he stood to receive her commands hat in hand, with his eyes cast down, as if she had been a princess addressing her major-domo. She, however, laid her hand with friendly grace upon his button-hole, and called him a dear, good old Cavaliere, for being always so willing. Her spirits had risen with the occasion, and she talked irresistible nonsense. "Bring the best they have," she said, "no matter if it ruins us! And if the best is very bad, it will be all the more amusing. I shall enjoy seeing Mr. Mallet try to swallow it for propriety's sake! Mr. Hudson will say out like a man that it 's horrible stuff, and that he 'll be choked first! Be sure you bring a dish of macaroni; the prince must have the diet of the Neapolitan nobility. But I leave all that to you, my poor, dear Cavaliere; you know what 's good! Only be sure, above all, you bring a guitar. Mr. Mallet will play us a tune, I 'll dance with Mr. Hudson, and mamma will pair off with the prince, of whom she is so fond!"

And as she concluded her recommendations, she patted her bland old servitor caressingly on the shoulder. He looked askance at Rowland; his little black eye glittered; it seemed to say, "Did n't I tell you she was a good girl?"

The Cavaliere returned with zealous speed, accompanied by one of the servants of the inn, laden with a basket containing the materials of a rustic luncheon. The porter of the villa was easily induced to furnish a table and half a dozen chairs, and the repast, when set forth, was pronounced a perfect success; not so good as to fail of the proper picturesqueness, nor yet so bad as to defeat the proper function of repasts. Christina continued to display the most charming animation, and compelled Rowland to reflect privately that, think what one might of her, the harmonious gayety of a beautiful girl was the most beautiful sight in nature. Her good-humor was contagious. Roderick, who an hour before had been descanting on madness and suicide, commingled his laughter with hers in ardent devotion; Prince Casamassima stroked his young mustache and found a fine, cool smile for everything; his neighbor, Mrs. Light, who had Rowland on the other side, made the friendliest confidences to each of the young men, and the Cavaliere contributed to the general hilarity by the solemnity of his attention to his plate. As for Rowland, this spirit of kindly mirth prompted him to propose the health of this useful old gentleman, as the effective author of their pleasure. A moment later he wished he had held his tongue, for although the toast was drunk with demonstrative good-will, the Cavaliere received it with various small signs of eager self-effacement which suggested to Rowland that his diminished gentility but half relished honors which had a flavor of patronage. To perform punctiliously his mysterious duties toward the two ladies, and to elude or to baffle observation on his own merits — this seemed the Cavaliere's modest programme. Rowland perceived that Mrs. Light, who was not always remarkable for tact, seemed to have divined his humor on this point. She touched her glass to her lips, but offered him no compliment and immediately gave another direction to the conversation. He had brought no guitar, so that when the feast was over there was nothing to hold the little group together. Christina wandered away with Roderick, to another part of the terrace; the prince, whose

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smile had vanished, sat gnawing the head of his cane, near Mrs. Light, and Rowland strolled apart with the Cavaliere, to whom he wished to address a friendly word in compensation for the discomfort he had inflicted on his modesty. The Cavaliere was a mine of information upon all Roman places and people; he told Rowland a number of curious anecdotes about the old Villa Mondragone. "If history could always be taught in this fashion!" thought Rowland. "It 's the ideal — strolling up and down on the very spot commemorated, hearing sympathetic anecdotes from deeply indigenous lips." At last, as they passed, Rowland observed the mournful physiognomy of Prince Casamassima, and, glancing toward the other end of the terrace, saw that Roderick and Christina had disappeared from view. The young man was sitting upright, in an attitude, apparently habitual, of ceremonious rigidity; but his lower jaw had fallen and was propped up with his cane, and his dull black eye was fixed upon the angle of the villa which had just eclipsed Miss Light and her companion. His features were grotesque and his expression vacuous; but there was a lurking delicacy in his face which seemed to tell you that nature had been making Casamassimas for a great many centuries, and, though she adapted her mold to circumstances, had learned to mix her material to an extraordinary fineness and to perform the whole operation with extreme smoothness. The prince was stupid, Rowland suspected, but he imagined he was amiable, and he saw that at any rate he had the great quality of regarding himself in a thoroughly serious light. Rowland touched his companion's arm and pointed to the melancholy nobleman.

"Why in the world does he not go after her and insist on being noticed?" he asked.

"Oh, he 's very proud!" said the Cavaliere.

"That 's all very well, but a gentleman who cultivates a passion for that young lady must be prepared to make sacrifices."

"He thinks he has already made a great many. He comes of a very great family — a race of princes who for six hundred years have married none but the daughters of princes. But he is seriously in love, and he would marry her to-morrow."

"And she won't have him?"

"Ah, she is very proud, too!" The Cavaliere was silent a moment, as if he were measuring the propriety of frankness. He seemed to have formed a high opinion of Rowland's discretion, for he presently continued: "It would be a great match, for she brings him neither a name nor a fortune — nothing but her beauty. But the signorina will receive no favors; I know her well! She would rather have her beauty blasted than seem to care about the marriage, and if she ever accepts the prince it will be only after he has implored her on his knees!"

"But she does care about it," said Rowland, "and to bring him to his knees she is working upon his jealousy by pretending to be interested in my friend Hudson. If you said more, you would say that, eh?"

The Cavaliere's shrewdness exchanged a glance with Rowland's. "By no means. Miss Light is a singular girl; she has many romantic ideas. She would be quite capable of interesting herself seriously in an interesting young man, like your friend, and doing her utmost to discourage a splendid suitor like the prince. She would act sincerely and she would go very far. But it would be unfortunate for the young man," he added, after a pause, "for at the last she would retreat!"

"A singular girl indeed!"

"She would accept the more brilliant *parti*. I can answer for it."

"And what would be her motive?"

"She would be forced. There would be circumstances . . . I can't tell you more."

"But this implies that the rejected suitor would also come back. He might grow tired of waiting."

"Oh, this one is good! Look at him now." Rowland looked, and saw that the prince had left his place by Mrs.

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Light and was marching restlessly to and fro between the villa and the parapet of the terrace. Every now and then he looked at his watch. "In this country, you know," said the Cavaliere, "a young lady never goes walking alone with a handsome young man. It seems to him very strange."

"It must seem to him monstrous, and if he overlooks it he must be very much in love."

"Oh, he will overlook it. He is far gone."

"Who is this exemplary lover, then; what is he?"

"A Neapolitan; one of the oldest houses in Italy. He is a prince in your English sense of the word, for he has a princely fortune. He is very young; he is only just of age; he saw the signorina last winter in Naples. He fell in love with her from the first, but his family interfered, and an old uncle, an ecclesiastic, Monsignor B——, hurried up to Naples, seized him, and locked him up. Meantime he has passed his majority, and he can dispose of himself. His relations are moving heaven and earth to prevent his marrying Miss Light, and they have sent us word that he forfeits his property if he takes his wife out of a certain line. I have investigated the question minutely, and I find this is but a fiction to frighten us. He is perfectly free; but the estates are such that it is no wonder they wish to keep them in their own hands. For Italy, it is an extraordinary case of unincumbered property. The prince has been an orphan from his third year; he has therefore had a long minority and made no inroads upon his fortune. Besides, he is very prudent and orderly; I am only afraid that some day he will pull the purse-strings too tight. All these years his affairs have been in the hands of Monsignor B——, who has managed them to perfection — paid off mortgages, planted forests, opened up mines. It is now a magnificent fortune; such a fortune as, with his name, would justify the young man in pretending to any alliance whatsoever. And he lays it all at the feet of that young girl who is wandering in yonder *boschetto* with a penniless artist."

"He is certainly a phœnix of princes! The signora must be in a state of bliss."

The Cavaliere looked imperturbably grave. "The signora has a high esteem for his character."

"His character, by the way," rejoined Rowland, with a smile; "what sort of a character is it?"

"Eh, Prince Casamassima is a veritable prince! He is a very good young man. He is not brilliant, nor witty, but he 'll not let himself be made a fool of. He 's very grave and very devout — though he does propose to marry a Protestant. He will handle that point after marriage. He 's as you see him there: a young man without many ideas, but with a very firm grasp of a single one — the conviction that Prince Casamassima is a very great person, that he greatly honors any young lady by asking for her hand, and that things are going very strangely when the young lady turns her back upon him. The poor young man, I am sure, is profoundly perplexed. But I whisper to him every day, 'Pazienza, Signor Principe!'"

"So you firmly believe," said Rowland, in conclusion, "that Miss Light will accept him just in time not to lose him?"

"I count upon it. She would make too perfect a princess to miss her destiny."

"And you hold that nevertheless, in the mean while, in listening to, say, my friend Hudson, she will have been acting in good faith?"

The Cavaliere lifted his shoulders a trifle, and gave an inscrutable smile. "Eh, dear signore, the Christina is very romantic!"

"So much so, you intimate, that she will eventually retract, in consequence, not of a change of sentiment, but of a mysterious outward pressure?"

"If everything else fails, there is that resource. But it is mysterious, as you say, and you need n't try to guess it. You will never know."

"The poor signorina, then, will suffer!"

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"Not too much, I hope."

"And the poor young man! You maintain that there is nothing but disappointment in store for the infatuated youth who loses his heart to her?"

The Cavaliere hesitated. "He had better," he said in a moment, "go and pursue his studies in Florence. There are very fine antiques in the Uffizi!"

Rowland presently joined Mrs. Light, to whom her restless *protégé* had not yet returned. "That's right," she said; "sit down here; I have something serious to say to you. I'm going to talk to you as a friend. I want your assistance. In fact, I demand it; it's your duty to render it. Look at that unhappy young man."

"Yes," said Rowland, "he seems unhappy."

"He is just come of age, he bears one of the greatest names in Italy and owns one of the greatest properties, and he is pining away with love for my daughter."

"So the Cavaliere tells me."

"The Cavaliere should n't gossip," said Mrs. Light dryly. "Such information should come from me. The prince is pining, as I say; he's consumed, he's devoured. It's a real Italian passion; I know what that means!" And the lady gave a speaking glance, which seemed to coquet for a moment with retrospect. "Meanwhile, if you please, my daughter is hiding in the woods with your dear friend Mr. Hudson. I could cry with rage."

"If things are so bad as that," said Rowland, "it seems to me that you ought to find nothing easier than to dispatch the Cavaliere to bring the guilty couple back."

"Never in the world! My hands are tied. Do you know what Christina would do? She would tell the Cavaliere to go about his business — Heaven forgive her! — and send me word that, if she had a mind to, she would walk in the woods till midnight. Fancy the Cavaliere coming back and delivering such a message as that before the prince! Think of a girl wantonly making light of such a chance as hers! He would marry her to-morrow, at six o'clock in the morning!"

"It is certainly very sad," said Rowland.

"That costs you little to say. If you had left your young precious protégé to vegetate in his native village, you would have saved me a world of distress!"

"Nay, you marched into the jaws of danger," said Rowland. "You came and disinterred poor Hudson in his own secluded studio."

"In an evil hour! I wish to Heaven you would talk with him."

"I have done my best."

"I wish, then, you would take him away. You have plenty of money. Do me a favor. Take him to travel. Go to the East — go to Timbuctoo. Then, when Christina is Princess Casamassima," Mrs. Light added in a moment, "he may come back if he chooses."

"Does she really care for him?" Rowland asked, abruptly.

"She thinks she does, possibly. She's a living riddle. She must needs follow out every idea that comes into her head Fortunately, most of them don't last long; but this one may last long enough to give the prince a chill. If that were to happen, I don't know what I should do! I should be the most miserable of women. It would be too cruel, after all I've suffered to make her what she is, to see the labor of years blighted by a caprice. For I can assure you, sir," Mrs. Light went on, "that if my daughter is the greatest beauty in the world, some of the credit is mine."

Rowland bowed and remarked that this was obvious. He saw that the lady's irritated nerves demanded comfort from flattering reminiscence, and he assumed designedly the attitude of a zealous auditor. She began to retail her efforts, her hopes, her dreams, her presentiments, her disappointments, in the cause of her daughter's matrimonial fortunes. It was a long story, and while it was being unfolded, the prince continued to pass to and fro, stiffly and solemnly, like a pendulum marking the time allowed for the young lady to come to her senses. Mrs. Light evidently,

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at an early period, had gathered her maternal hopes into a sacred sheaf, which she said her prayers and burnt incense to, and treated like a sort of fetich. They had been her religion; she had none other, and she performed her devotions bravely and cheerily, in the light of day. The poor old fetich had been so caressed and manipulated, so thrust in and out of its niche, so passed from hand to hand, so dressed and undressed, so mumbled and fumbled over, that it had lost by this time much of its early freshness, and seemed a rather battered and disfeatured divinity. But it was still brought forth in moments of trouble to have its tinseled petticoat twisted about and be set up on its altar. Rowland observed that Mrs. Light had a genuine maternal conscience; she considered that she had been performing a sacred duty in bringing up Christina to set her cap for a prince, and when the future looked dark she found consolation in thinking that destiny could never have the heart to deal a blow at so deserving a person. This conscience upside down presented to Rowland's fancy a real physical image; he was on the point, half a dozen times, of bursting out laughing.

"I don't know whether you believe in presentiments," said Mrs. Light, "and I don't care! I have had one for the last fifteen years. People have laughed at it, but they have n't laughed me out of it. It has been everything to me. I could n't have lived without it. One must believe in something! It came to me in a flash, when Christina was five years old. I remember the day and the place, as if it were yesterday. She was a very ugly baby; for the first two years I could hardly bear to look at her, and I used to spoil my own looks with crying about her. She had an Italian nurse who was very fond of her and insisted that she would grow up pretty. I could n't believe her; I used to contradict her, and we were forever squabbling. I was just a little silly in those days — surely I may say it now — and I was very fond of being amused. If my daughter was ugly, it was not that she resembled her mamma; I had no lack of amusement. People accused me, I believe, of neglecting my little girl; if it was so, I 've made up for it since. One day I went to drive on the Pincio in very low spirits. A trusted friend had greatly disappointed me. While I was there he passed me in a carriage, driving with a horrible woman who had made trouble between us. I got out of my carriage to walk about, and at last sat down on a bench. I can show you the spot at this hour. While I sat there a child came wandering along the path — a little girl of four or five, very fantastically dressed in crimson and orange. She stopped in front of me and stared at me, and I stared at her queer little dress, which was a cheap imitation of the costume of one of these *contadine*. At last I looked up at her face, and said to myself, 'Bless me, what a beautiful child! what a splendid pair of eyes, what a magnificent head of hair! If my poor Christina were only like that!' The child turned away slowly, but looking back with its eyes fixed on me. All of a sudden I gave a cry, pounced on it, pressed it in my arms, and covered it with kisses. It *was* Christina, my own precious child, so disguised by the ridiculous dress which the nurse had amused herself in making for her, that her own mother had not recognized her. She knew me, but she said afterwards that she had not spoken to me because I looked so angry. Of course my face was sad. I rushed with my child to the carriage, drove home post-haste, pulled off her rags, and, as I may say, wrapped her in cotton; I had been blind, I had been insane; she was a creature in ten millions, she was to be a beauty of beauties, a priceless treasure! Every day, after that, the certainty grew. From that time I lived only for my daughter. I watched her, I caressed her from morning till night, I worshiped her. I went to see doctors about her, I took every sort of advice. I was determined she should be perfection. The things that have been done for that girl, sir — you would n't believe them; they would make you smile! Nothing was spared; if I had been told that she must have a bath every morning of molten pearls, I would have

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found means to give it to her. She never raised a finger for herself, she breathed nothing but perfumes, she walked upon velvet. She never was out of my sight, and from that day to this I have never said a sharp word to her. By the time she was ten years old she was beautiful as an angel, and so noticed wherever we went that I had to make her wear a veil, like a woman of twenty. Her hair reached down to her feet; her hands were the hands of a princess. Then I saw that she was as clever as she was beautiful, and that she had only to play her cards. She had masters, professors, every educational advantage. They told me she was a little prodigy. She speaks French, Italian, German, better than most natives. She has a wonderful genius for music, and might make her fortune as a pianist, if it was not made for her otherwise! I traveled all over Europe; every one told me she was a marvel. The director of the opera in Paris saw her dance at a child's party at Spa, and offered me an enormous sum if I would give her up to him and let him have her educated for the ballet. I said, 'No, I thank you, sir; she is meant to be something finer than a *princesse de théâtre.*' I had a passionate belief that she might marry absolutely whom she chose, that she might be a princess out and out. It has never left me till this hour, and I can assure you that it has sustained me in many embarrassments. Financial, some of them; I don't mind confessing it! I've raised money on that girl's face! I've taken her to the Jews and bade her put up her veil, and asked if the mother of that young lady was not safe! She, of course, was too young to understand me. And yet, as a child, you would have said she knew what was in store for her; before she could read, she had the manners, the tastes, the instincts of a little princess. She would have nothing to do with shabby things or shabby people; if she stained one of her frocks, she was seized with a kind of frenzy and tore it to pieces. At Nice, at Baden, at Brighton, wherever we stayed, she used to be sent for by all the great people to play with their children. She has played at kissing-games with people who now stand on the steps of thrones! I have gone so far as to think at times that those childish kisses were the pledge of a manifest destiny. You may laugh at me if you like, but have n't such things happened again and again without half as good a cause, and does n't history notoriously repeat itself? There was a little Spanish girl at a second-rate English boarding-school thirty years ago! . . . The empress certainly is a pretty woman; but what is my Christina, pray? I've dreamt of it, sometimes every night for a month. I won't tell you I have been to consult those old women who advertise in the newspapers; you'll call me an old imbecile. Imbecile if you please! I've refused magnificent offers because I believed that somehow or other — if wars and revolutions were needed to bring it about — we should have nothing less than *that.* There might be another *coup d'état* somewhere, and another brilliant young sovereign looking out for a wife! At last, however," Mrs. Light proceeded with incomparable gravity, "since the overturning of the poor king of Naples and that charming queen, and the expulsion of all those dear little old-fashioned Italian grand-dukes, and the dreadful radical talk that is going on all over the world, it has come to seem to me that with Christina in such a position I should be really very nervous. Even in such a position she would hold her head very high, and if anything should happen to her, she would make no concessions to the popular fury. The best thing, if one is prudent, seems to be a nobleman of the highest possible rank, short of belonging to a reigning stock. There you see one striding up and down, looking at his watch, and counting the minutes till my daughter reappears!"

Rowland listened to all this with a huge compassion for the heroine of the tale. What an education, what a history, what a school of character and of morals! He looked at the prince and thought of the classic French ejaculation, "Oh, le bon billet qu'a La Châtre!" "I certainly hope you'll keep him," he said

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to Mrs. Light. "You have played a dangerous game with your daughter; it would be a pity not to win. But there is hope for you yet; here she comes at last!"

Christina reappeared as he spoke these words, strolling beside her companion with the same indifferent tread with which she had departed. Rowland imagined that there was a faint pink flush in her cheek which she had not carried away with her, and there was certainly a light in Roderick's eyes which he had not seen there for a week.

"Bless my soul, how they are all looking at us!" she cried, as they advanced. "One would think we were prisoners of the Inquisition!" And she paused and glanced from the prince to her mother, and from Rowland to the Cavaliere, and then threw back her head and burst into far-ringing laughter. "What is it, pray? Have I been very improper? Am I ruined forever? Dear prince, you are looking at me as if I had committed the unpardonable sin!"

"I myself," said the prince, "would never have ventured to ask you to walk with me alone in the country, for an hour!"

"The more fool you, dear prince, as the vulgar say! Our walk has been charming. I hope you, on your side, have enjoyed each other's society."

"My dear daughter," said Mrs. Light, taking the arm of her predestined son-in-law, "I shall have something serious to say to you when we reach home. We will go back to the carriage."

"Something serious! Decidedly, it *is* the Inquisition. Mr. Hudson, stand firm, and let us agree to make no confessions without conferring previously with each other! They may put us on the rack first. Mr. Mallet, I see also," Christina added, "has something serious to say to me!"

Rowland had been looking at her with the shadow of his lately-stirred pity in his eyes. "Possibly," he said. "But it must be for some other time."

"I 'm at your service. I see our good-humor 's gone. And I only wanted to be amiable! It 's very discouraging. Cavaliere, you, only, look as if you had a little of the milk of human kindness left; from your venerable visage, at least; there is no telling what you think. Give me your arm and take me away!"

The party took its course back to the carriage, which was waiting in the grounds of the villa, and Rowland and Roderick bade their friends farewell. Christina threw herself back in her seat and closed her eyes; a manœuvre for which Rowland imagined the prince was grateful, as it enabled him to look at her without seeming to depart from his attitude of distinguished disapproval.

Rowland found himself aroused from sleep early the next morning, to see Roderick standing before him, dressed for departure, with his bag in his hand. "I 'm off," he said. "I 'm back to work. I 've got an idea. I must strike while the iron 's hot! Farewell!" And he departed by the first train. Rowland went alone by the next.

Henry James, Jr.

TRANSITION.

A CLASH of human tongues within
  Made the bright room a dreary jail;
Dull webs of talk the idle spin
  Turned all its glow and color pale.

Outside, the peaceful sunset sky
  Was burning, deepening with the night;

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One great star, glittering still and high,
  Sent o'er the sea its track of light.

And wearily I spoke, and heard
  An empty echo of reply,
Fretting like some imprisoned bird
  That longs to break its cage and fly;

When suddenly the din seemed stilled,
  Rarer the air so dense before;
A mystic rapture warmed and thrilled
  My heart, and I was dull no more.

Joy stole to me with sweet surmise,
  With sense of some unmeasured good;
There was no need to lift my eyes
  To know who on the threshold stood,

More splendid than the brilliant night
  That looked in at the window-pane,
Welcome as to parched fields the light,
  Refreshing touch of summer rain!

She moved with recognition sweet,
  She bowed with courtesy calm and kind,
As graceful as the waving wheat
  That bends before the summer wind.

Swift sped the step of lagging time,
  As if a breeze of morning blew;
Clear as the ring of Chaucer's rhyme
  The vapid, idle talking grew!

I heard her rich tones sounding through
  The many voices like a strain
Of lofty music, strong and true,
  And perfect joy was mine again.

I did not seek her radiant face,
  Bright as spring light when winter dies,
But warm across the crowded space
  I felt the gaze of noble eyes;

And in that glorious look, at last,
  I seemed like one with sins forgiven,
With all life's pain and sorrow passed,
  Entering the open gates of heaven!

Celia Thaxter.

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POLITICAL RESULTS FROM THE VARIOLOID.

A LEAF OF HISTORY.

I DO not think that any nation was ever, within one single sixth of a century, brought face to face with two questions of more gigantic import, or more embarrassing to unravel, than those which within the last fifteen years have presented themselves to our nation for solution. Two questions: the first already solved rather for us than by us; solved by the appointment of God and the wrath of one portion of our population, far more than by the design or the wisdom of the other portion.

For nearly a century we had been trying, originally against our own will, and under protest,[1] an experiment which ultimately failed, because it ought never to have succeeded. Engaged in founding a vast government on the public will, we had sought to reconcile irreconcilable things. Fifteen years ago we had reached a point at which twenty millions of our people were existing under one system, industrial and social, ten millions under another. The twenty millions were still seeking to carry out a declaration made eighty-four years before, touching the equal creation and inalienable rights of man. The ten millions consisted, in nearly equal proportions, of two races: one the descendants of voluntary immigrants who had come to America seeking freedom in a foreign land; the other deriving their blood from ancestors who had been brought hither in chains and been sold as chattels. To these forced immigrants and their descendants laws had denied the rights of property, of marriage, of family, of education, of self-defense, even of self-ownership; the master-race had lived by their labor.

The experiment which we had been trying was whether, over social and industrial elements thus discordant, a republican government could be successfully maintained.

Our long, vain dream that it could be was to be terribly broken; the war-tempest burst upon us at last. Yet it raged for months, even for a year or two, ere we discerned its mission. When our people, in April, 1861, vindicating their Saxon ancestry, deserted farm and workshop at a day's warning, they entered the field as sturdy patriots, not as far-seeing reformers. For them the constitution stood in the place occupied under the monarchical system by the sovereign in person, and they had been taught that this supreme object of their loyalty commanded, "Hands off slavery!" Thus they fought, conscience-shackled; "building better than they knew."

Unfamiliar with the law of war, it was long before they saw clearly that, as the Southern claims to "service and labor" — claims imminently threatening the integrity of the Union — had become enemies' claims, we had a legal right to confiscate them; in other words, to liberate four millions of people. But light came at last. After four years of desperate struggle, at the cost of three hundred

[1] "The inhabitants of Virginia . . . had again and again passed laws restraining the importation of negroes from Africa; but their laws were disallowed. . . . The king in council, on the 10th day of December, 1770, issued an instruction under his own hand, commanding the governor 'under pain of the highest displeasure to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves should be, in any respect, prohibited or obstructed.' . . . Virginia . . . resolved to address the king himself, . . . and these were the words: 'The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and, under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear, will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions.' . . . Thousands in Maryland and in New Jersey were ready to adopt a similar petition; so were the legislatures of North Carolina, of Pennsylvania, of New York. Massachusetts, in its towns and in its legislature, unceasingly combated the condition, as well as the sale, of slaves." (Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. vi., pp. 413–415.)

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thousand lives and three thousand millions of treasure, we had solved the first of the two portentous questions that imperiled the national existence, and we saw our way out. By constitutional amendment we abolished slavery.[1]

But when we stood, victors, on the hither side of the war-gulf, dark and discouraging still was the outlook! There confronted us the second of the two fateful questions, clamoring for solution; a question scarcely less threatening than the first, and even more intricate; for it demanded statesmanship to restore peace — a thing harder to find than generalship to conduct war.

The situation was without a parallel in history. A century-old domestic system for ten millions of people had been forcibly broken up. A conquered nation, exhausted and exasperated, almost reduced to anarchy, needing a reconstruction of society, neither in nor out of the Federal Union, awaited our action. A race of men outnumbering four millions, bondmen for generations past, had suddenly become freemen; our duties to them were imminent and bounden. Then we had our own prejudices and enmities to conquer, and the vicious woe-to-the-conquered sentiment to eradicate from our hearts. Was ever problem more vast or more delicate presented to a national legislature?

Throughout the winter of 1865–66 I had watched, with anxious interest and with some misgivings, the doings of Congress and of her reconstruction committee.[2] This committee had made no sign except a "partial report," on January 20, 1866, in these words: —

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within the Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. *Provided* that whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation."

Nothing more from them during February and March. The principle above set forth was doubtless just and proper, as far as it went; but it touched not the substance of the great problem.

I became restless under this delay. As chairman, during 1863, of a government commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the American freedmen, I had studied the character and the probable future of the negro. I had recognized in his race excellent qualities. I had found our colored population genial, emotional, ruled by the social affections; disposed to cheerfulness and mirth; devotional by feeling; with more humility, resignation under adversity, and trust in Divine Providence than the Anglo-Saxon; and above all, marvelously free from blood-thirstiness and ill-will toward their oppressors. But I had detected in them, also, grave failings and short-comings, partly of race, chiefly caused by the condition of servitude: extreme ignorance, of course, — and the ignorant are ever the prey or the tool of the iniquitous schemer; lack of self-reliance, and therefore constant liability to be misled; dim perceptions of property-rights, and therefore need of a training to honesty; deficiency of enterprise, of breadth of views and habits of generalization, and therefore small capability of taking a lead in the material improvement or in the political advancement of society.

Having, in a general way, made up my mind as to what was our ultimate duty toward this race, so long and so grievously oppressed, I had, as early as the spring of 1864, publicly expressed it thus:

"Three fourths of the States might not to-day, but ere long they will, pass some such amendment to the constitution as this: 'Slavery shall not be per-

[1] Namely, by Amendment XIII., approved February 1, 1865, and declared ratified December 18th of the same year.

[2] Appointed December, 1865, of fifteen members, namely: Senators Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howard, Johnson, and Williams; and Representatives Stevens of Pennsylvania, Washburne of Illinois, Morrill of Vermont, Grider of Kentucky, Bingham of Ohio, Conkling of New York, Boutwell of Massachusetts, Blow of Missouri, and Rogers of New Jersey.

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mitted, and no discrimination shall be made as to the civil or political rights of persons because of color.' "[1]

Toward the close of March — the committee still inactive — I became, to borrow the Quaker term, greatly "exercised" in regard to this matter; and I visited Washington, resolved to do what in me lay toward the judicious settlement of so vital a question; not concealing from myself, however, that an outsider, intermeddling in congressional action, must make up his mind to encounter, from members, a certain amount of impatient opposition.

After sounding several of my personal acquaintances in the House and Senate, also Governor Morton[2] (not yet senator), I called, early one morning, on my friend Thad. Stevens (as we were wont to call him), then chairman, on the part of the House, of the reconstruction committee, and read to him the following, as my proposed amendment to the constitution: —

ARTICLE XIV.

SECTION 1. No discrimination shall be made by any State, nor by the United States, as to the civil rights of persons, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SECTION 2. From and after the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, no discrimination shall be made by any State nor by the United States, as to the enjoyment, by classes of persons, of the right of suffrage, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

SECTION 3. Until the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, no class of persons, as to the right of any of whom to suffrage discrimination shall be made by any State, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, shall be included in the basis of representation.

SECTION 4. Debts incurred in aid of insurrection, or of war against the Union, and claims of compensation for loss of involuntary service or labor, shall not be paid by any State nor by the United States.

SECTION 5. Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

"Read that to me again," said Stevens, when I had concluded. I did so, and inquired if he had an hour to spare.

"I have nothing half so important to do as to attend to this. Take your own time."

Then I set before him, succinctly, the chief reasons for the policy embodied in my amendment. "The freedmen," I said, "ought to be regarded as the wards of the Federal government."

Stevens. — Our very first duty is to them. Let the cursed rebels lie on the bed they have made.

Myself. — But we cannot separate the interests and the fate of the negro from those of the planter. If we chafe and sour the whites of the South, the blacks must necessarily suffer thereby.

Stevens. — Is that your reason for proposing prospective suffrage?

Myself. — Not the chief reason. The fact that the negro is, for the present, unprepared wisely to use the right of suffrage, and, still more, incapable of legislating with prudence, is not less a fact because it has occurred through no fault of his. We must think and act for him as he is, and not as, but for life-long servitude, he would have been. We seclude minors from political rights, not because they are unworthy, but because, for the time, they are incapable. So of foreigners; we grant them the privileges of citizenship only after five years' probation.

Stevens. — I hate to delay full justice so long.

Myself. — Consider if it be not for the freedman's welfare and good name that he should be kept away from the duties and responsibilities of political life until he shall have been, in a measure,

[1] Wrong of Slavery and Right of Emancipation, pp. 197, 198. (By Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864.)

[2] My plan, which I fully discussed with him, met his approval.

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prepared to fulfill these with credit to himself and advantage to the public service. He thirsts after education, and will have it if we but give him a chance, and if we don't call him away from the school-room to take a seat which he is unfitted to fill in a legislative chamber. If he occupies such a seat prematurely — perhaps before he can read a word of the constitution — and becomes a nuisance or a laughing-stock, we, in case we mismanage our African wards, ought to bear the blame.

Stevens. — You seem to take it for granted that as soon as the negro is admitted to political rights, he will set up as legislator.

Myself. — In South Carolina and Mississippi the blacks outnumber the whites;[1] and in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, the numbers approach equality.[2] The negro can count, if only on his fingers; and knows well enough when he has the power. Are we reasonable if we expect from uncultured freedmen self-restraint and abnegation of political aspirings which we never find among ourselves?

Stevens. — If the negroes don't rule, impenitent traitors will. Is n't that as bad?

Myself. — I think not; and if either are to make a mess of it and lose character, I 'd rather it should be the planters.

Stevens. — But if they dictate the laws, what security have the freedmen against outrage and virtual return to slavery?

Myself. — This. We shall have invested them, beyond repeal by law, with political rights, if it be prospectively only; and their former masters will feel that they have now to deal with men who, in a few years, will be able to control elections, make governors and congressmen, and confer office on whom they please.[3]

Stevens picked up my manuscript, looked it carefully over, and then, in his impulsive way, said: "I 'll be plain with you, Owen. We 've had nothing before us that comes anywhere near being as good as this, or as complete. It would be likely to pass, too; that 's the best of it. We have n't a majority, either in our committee or in Congress, for immediate suffrage; and I don't believe the States have yet advanced so far that they would be willing to ratify it. I 'll lay that amendment of yours before our committee to-morrow, if you say so; and I 'll do my best to put it through."

I thanked him cordially, but suggested that, before he did so, it would perhaps be well that I should see Senator Fessenden and other prominent members of the reconstruction committee on the subject; to which he assented.

Then I laid before him, as supplement to my Article XIV., the following draft of a joint resolution to amend the constitution and to provide for the restoration to the States lately in insurrection of their full political rights: —

"*Whereas*, It is expedient that the States lately in insurrection should, at the earliest day consistent with the future peace and safety of the Union, be restored to full political rights, therefore

"*Be it resolved*, etc., That the following article be proposed to the several States as an amendment to the constitution, etc." (Here my proposed Article XIV. was set forth at length.)

"*And be it further resolved*, That whenever the above-recited amendment shall have become part of the constitution, and any State lately in insurrection shall have ratified the same and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity with the first section thereof, then and in that case all laws, or parts of laws, confiscating the property of any

[1] According to the census of 1860 South Carolina had whites, 291,388, and colored, 412,320; while Mississippi had whites, 353,901, and colored, 437,404.

[2] Louisiana, whites, 357,629; colored, 350,373. Alabama, whites, 526,431; colored, 437,770. Georgia, whites, 591,588; colored, 467,693. Florida, whites, 77,748; colored, 62,677.

[3] I made memoranda, at the time, of the arguments to be used with Stevens and others on this subject; and these, with many details touching this matter, I have preserved; so that I am enabled to state that the above conversation is narrated substantially as it occurred.

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of the inhabitants of such State, or imposing on any of them pains, penalties, and disabilities because of their participation in the late insurrection, shall be deemed and held to be repealed and of no effect, so far as the said inhabitants are concerned. And the senators and representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, shall, after taking the usual oath of office, be admitted as such. *Provided* that no person who, having been an officer in the army or navy of the United States, or having been a member of the thirty-sixth Congress or of the Cabinet in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, did afterwards take part in the late insurrection, shall be eligible to either branch of the national legislature until after the fourth day of July, 1876."

Stevens flared up at this. "That will never do! Far too lenient. It would be dangerous to let these fellows off on such easy terms."

I reminded him that if the ex-rebel States (as they surely would) postponed negro suffrage till 1876, then, according to the third section of my article, instead of *sixty-six* representatives in Congress (as under the apportionment then in force), they would be entitled, under a purely white basis of representation, to *forty-two* representatives only. "Surely," said I, "you can manage that number, even if they should happen to be ultra secessionists."

"Perhaps we could," replied Stevens. "But you forget the Senate. The eleven insurrectionary States would be entitled to their twenty-two senators, suffrage or no suffrage."

I admitted the force of this; and I failed to bring him over to my views of a clement policy. He had been terribly stirred up, like so many others, by the assassination of Lincoln, and he was ruled by an embittered feeling toward the South.

I found Senator Fessenden, who was chairman of the reconstruction committee on the part of the Senate, the very reverse of Stevens. Cold, deliberate, dispassionate, cautious, he heard me patiently, but with scarcely a remark. At the close, while assenting to the importance of the subject, he withheld any opinion as to my amendment; asked me to leave the manuscript with him, said he would give it careful attention and would be glad to see me again. When, two days later, I called upon him, he told me, in guarded and general terms, that he thought well of my proposal, as the best that had yet been presented to their committee. Washburne (E. B.) agreed to my amendment, with some enthusiasm. Conkling approved it. So, strongly, did Senator Howard. So, in a general way, did Boutwell. So, qualifiedly, did Bingham, observing, however, that he thought the first section ought to specify, in detail, the civil rights which we proposed to assure; he had a favorite section of his own on that subject. All the republican members of the committee received the proposal more or less favorably. The democrats held back.

Stevens adhered strictly to his promise. He submitted my amendment to the committee, frankly avowed his approval of it as the fittest measure to meet the case, faithfully pressed its consideration, perseveringly exerting to that end the great influence which, as the oldest member, and one among the most respected members, of the House, he possessed. He had about him none of that petty jealousy which is wont to deter selfish men from earnest advocacy of a measure, because they may have had nothing to do in preparing it. He was rough in expression, had strong prejudices, and was sometimes harsh in his judgments; but he was genuine to the core, upright and patriotic beyond the reach of sinister motive, inflexible and enthusiastic of purpose in the right; above all, he was a stanch friend of the poor and the oppressed, and benevolent at heart, despite outward severity. The public has learned to value in him these last noble qualities since it has become recently known that (with reservation of a few small bequests) his entire estate, valued at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, goes by will to found an asylum for orphans; no

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distinction to be made because of denomination, race, or color.

I called on Charles Sumner. "I cannot vote for this amendment," he said frankly; "it contains a tacit recognition that the ex-slaveholders have a right to withhold suffrage from the freedmen for ten years longer."

I repeated to him the arguments which I had laid before Stevens. He listened attentively, but they produced no effect upon him. "It is a question of abstract principle," he said, "not of expediency."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that an amendment providing for immediate suffrage can pass this session, or even the next?"

"Probably not, this session; and it may be several years before it does. If so, let the responsibility rest on those who reject it."

"But, in the mean time, the negro will not have the protection even of a prospective right."

"I shall be sorry if that prove so," answered Sumner. "I think no one feels the wrongs of the negro more strongly than I do. But not even to mitigate his sufferings for the time can I consent to palter with the right, or to violate a great principle. I must do my whole duty, without looking to consequences."

I saw that it was useless to say more. Admiring the inflexibility of the man, I held to my opinion that he did not take a practical view of this question. With his colleague, Senator Wilson, I was more successful. He heartily approved the amendment, and said he hoped, for the country's sake, that it would pass.

During the next two or three weeks I saw Stevens from time to time. "I am not yet at liberty," he said, "to tell you just what has passed in committee; but be assured that it is coming out all right, and that I am neglecting nothing to forward it." I was greatly encouraged.

On Sunday, April 22, a vague rumor reached me that my amendment had, by the committee, been adopted and ordered to be reported to Congress; but as, in the next day's proceedings, I could find no reference to it, I supposed that there was a mistake.

On Sunday morning, April 29, I found published the plan proposed by the committee, which was reported next day to Congress. It had evidently been hurriedly thrown together, and it contained no reference whatever to negro suffrage, present or prospective. Greatly vexed, I called on my friend Stevens for an explanation. "So that was all labor lost?" said I.

"Yes," replied Stevens hotly; "but not by my vote. Don't imagine that I sanction the shilly-shally, bungling thing that I shall have to report to the House to-morrow."

"But how came it?"

"It 's all over now, so I need not conceal the particulars." And this is what he told me.

The amendment had been elaborately debated in committee, the deliberations upon it running through several sessions; then it was taken up section by section, each section being discussed and separately voted on. With some unimportant verbal alterations it had been, on April 18, adopted; but that vote was reconsidered, to give time for further reflection and amendment. Finally on Saturday, April 21, the vote was a second time taken on the plan as a whole, was carried, and it was ordered to be reported to Congress on Monday, the 23d.

"It was actually ordered to be reported?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," said he, "on Washburne's motion. It got every republican vote in the committee except one. We rose to depart."

"And then?"

"Ah, then! Fessenden happened to be absent from our sitting that day, sick of the varioloid, but was reported convalescent. As we were about to leave the room, some one suggested that he would probably be well in a few days, and that it would seem a lack of courtesy if the most important report of the session should be made without his agency. I had it on the tip of my tongue to say that we ought not to delay the presen-

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tation of a great public measure, for a mere matter of form; but I bethought me that, being myself chairman on the part of the House, it would seem uncivil in me to the Senate chairman. So I let it pass, thinking that a few days would make no difference. God forgive me for my folly!"

"But what happened?"

"Our action on your amendment had, it seems, got noised abroad. In the course of last week the members from New York, from Illinois, and from your State too, Owen, — from Indiana, — held, each separately, a caucus to consider whether equality of suffrage, present or prospective, ought to form a part of the republican programme for the coming canvass. They were afraid, so some of them told me, that if there was 'a nigger in the wood-pile' at all (that was the phrase), it would be used against them as an electioneering handle, and some of them — hang their cowardice! — might lose their elections. By inconsiderable majorities each of these caucuses decided that negro suffrage, in any shape, ought to be excluded from the platform; and they communicated these decisions to us. Our committee had n't backbone enough to maintain its ground. Yesterday the vote on your plan was reconsidered, your amendment was laid on the table, and in the course of the next three hours we contrived to patch together — well, what you 've read this morning."

I was silent, thinking to myself how often, in this riddle of a world, results of the most momentous import turn on what seem to us the veriest trifles. But, mortified as I was, I could not help smiling when Stevens, after his characteristic fashion, burst forth, "*Damn the varioloid! It changed the whole policy of the country.*"

It remains to supplement this narrative of facts by reminding the reader that nothing was done in the way of granting suffrage to the negro for four years after the above events occurred. On the 30th of March, 1870, was declared adopted the fifteenth amendment to the constitution, providing that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

During the interval — that is, for about two fifths of the ten years' probation which I had proposed — we had nothing better (beyond the mere abolition of slavery) than the present fourteenth amendment, so disparagingly characterized by Stevens. It embodies, substantially, —

SECTION 1. A declaration who is a citizen: unnecessary, if we had given suffrage to the negro; since there could be no possible doubt that an elector, native-born, is a citizen of the United States. Also a specification of the particular civil rights to be assured: out of place, I think, in a constitutional amendment, though necessary and proper in a civil rights bill.

SECTION 2. The same provision which I have above recited as reported by the committee on January 20, only much more clumsily worded; the express enactment being that when the right to vote was denied or abridged by any State to any of the adult males thereof, "the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years old in such State," — a proportion which could not be ascertained except by taking, at the time of such denial, a special census of the inhabitants within the State. My proposal could have been worked out without any difficulty; it being practically this, that if South Carolina, for example, denied suffrage to a single negro, her basis of representation should be reduced, if prior to publication of the census of 1870, by 412,320; if after such publication, then by the total colored population of South Carolina, according to that later census.

But a much graver objection still lies against the above provision. The enactment declares that if the right to vote for president, congressmen, or State representatives by any of the adult males in a State is "in any way abridged," the basis of representation shall be reduced accordingly. This is, in fact, to

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impose a penalty on any State which sees fit to make the ability to read, or the payment of a poll-tax, or any similar restriction, a qualification of suffrage. If this was not intended, the clause is a gross blunder, and the wording should have been, as I had it, that no discrimination shall be made on account of color; if it was intended, then it is a reversal of a policy sanctioned by the framers of the constitution (Art. I., Sect. 2; Art. II., Sect. 1) and ever since held inviolate, namely, that each State shall have the right to determine the qualifications of its electors. It seems probable that it was *not* intended, or else that public opinion ignores it; seeing that, while various States have abridged suffrage by imposing qualifications,[1] no attempt has been made, or is likely to be made, to ascertain how many adult males are thereby excluded, or to deduct, proportionately, from the basis of representation in these States.

SECTION 3. A denial of the right to suffrage and to office of all persons who, having previously held office and taken an oath to support the constitution, did afterwards engage in rebellion or give aid and comfort to the enemy: certainly out of place in a constitution, since such penalties, made repealable by law, should, if needed, have been imposed by law. But aside from this, it was in my judgment a measure of wholesale exclusion, injudicious and unstatesmanlike; even — to take a lower view of it — very impolitic. Why so odious and galling a measure, excluding, not only from Federal offices but from State offices also, every man whom the South had thought worthy of such office, and who did not desert her? To what practical end? The number of Southern representatives in Congress was the important thing, not the shade of opinion held by each individual. In truth, the frank, outspoken opponent was the least dangerous. And after all, the North, for a decade at least, had to depend on her own votes.

SECTION 4. Similar to mine, except that it contains the very superfluous declaration that the Federal government, remaining honest, shall not question the validity of its own debts. In this article, too, crept into our constitution for the first time the word "slave;" studiously excluded throughout by its original framers.[2]

SECTION 5. The same as mine.[3]

[1] Here are a few examples. In the Pennsylvania constitution of 1875 the fourth qualification for an elector is: "If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax . . . at least one month before the election." (Art. VIII., Sect. 2.)

Massachusetts has a similar provision; and among the amendments to her constitution stands the following: —

"Article XX. No person shall have a right to vote, or be eligible to office, under the constitution of this commonwealth, who shall not be able to read the constitution in the English language and write his name." Ratified May 1, 1857. But this provision applies only to those who come of age, or enter the State, after the date of ratification.

Finally, in the constitution of Rhode Island (1842) we find a property qualification: an elector must own real estate to the amount of one hundred and thirty-four dollars without incumbrance, or its equivalent in other property. (Art. II., Sect. 1.)

[2] They were careful, even, so to word the article containing a provision for the surrender of fugitives from service and labor, as to exclude the idea that slavery was morally lawful. The provision, as originally reported to the convention, read thus: —

"No person *legally* held to service or labor in one State, escaping to another, shall," etc.

It was amended so as to read: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping," etc.

"This was done," says Madison, "in compliance with the wish of some who thought the term *legal* equivocal, and favoring the idea that slavery was legal in a moral view." (Madison Papers, vol. iii. p. 1589.)

It is doubtful whether, in strictness, the constitution recognized chattel slavery, or only tolerated claims to service or labor in the nature of dues or debts, or of what are technically called *choses in action*.

[3] For facility of reference, I here reproduce the text of this, the fourteenth amendment of the constitution.

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law.

SECTION 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the

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The entire article, crude and verbose, bears abundant marks of its hasty composition. It is a thing very remarkable (though such short-comings are frequent in legislation), that after the reconstruction committee had suffered five months of the session to elapse without definite action in this matter, they should finally have spent but three hours in concocting and adopting their official report on a subject fraught with as much of good or ill to the future destiny of the nation as perhaps any other that was ever presented to an American Congress.

But for one deplorable national misfortune the issue might, I think, have been other than it was. I knew Abraham Lincoln well, and had so often conversed with him on similar topics that I feel assured I should have had his cordial and active aid on this occasion. Add to this that if that noble life had never been attempted by the assassin, the feeling in Congress and throughout the country would have been far less embittered than I found it; and the disposition would have been correspondingly greater to deal liberally with the insurrectionary States. But all this was not to be.

Under the light of the experience that has been gathering throughout the last nine years, and more especially in view of the present political condition in South Carolina, in Louisiana, and in other States with a large colored population, I have often — after seeking to divest myself, so far as one may, of selfish bias toward a favorite scheme — set about reflecting whether the policy of prospective suffrage was the wisest, and, under the circumstances, likely to have worked the best. I distrust my judgment in the matter: we are all dim-sighted where self is concerned. Yet it still seems to me that if the project had been another's I should have supported it heartily and lamented its failure. I have seen no cause to change the views which I expressed to Stevens and his fellow-committeemen: on the contrary, the actual results, political and financial, consequent upon legislation by illiterate and undisciplined negroes, misled by demagogues, have strongly confirmed what, at the outset, were anticipations only.

Nor should it be forgotten that if the time for negro suffrage to take effect had been postponed till July of next year, we should have had during the interim, and should still have, as representatives in Congress from the ex-insurrectionary States, but three fifths as many as now take their seats: surely an item of some importance.

As to the policy marked out in the joint resolution which I proposed, of clemently treating the South, though the reconstruction committee rejected it and though Congress would probably have voted it down, I am not convinced of its unwisdom. It was a terrible crime to levy war against a just government, in order to maintain and perpetuate human bondage; but terribly, also, had that crime been expiated. Our opponents lay prostrate, little needing acts of ours to add penal force to their deso-

members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SECTION 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress, or elector of president and vice-president, or hold an office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two thirds of each house, remove such disability.

SECTION 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for service in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

SECTION 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article

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lation: never had a people, by their own acts, brought upon themselves more bitter retribution. Precautions it was our bounden duty to take; but to take in the way of defense, not in the spirit of requital. To avert evils in the future better befits a Christian people than to avenge injuries of the past.

I thought it a precautionary measure of vital moment, and not unduly severe, to exclude from the national legislature, during a decade, a few of the chief ringleaders in the rebellion; to wit, those who had stepped from their posts as Federal officials to join the enemy. The list included, in the Cabinet, Howell Cobb, Jacob Thompson, and Floyd, the arch-traitor who, while yet Secretary of War, robbed the arsenals of the nation to place arms and ammunition in the hands of those who sought that nation's life; in the Senate, such names as Jefferson Davis, Slidell, Mason, Toombs, Benjamin, Hunter, and Yulee; in the House, sixty-six influential politicians, almost all of whom probably owed their elections to their secession proclivities. The entire list embraced more than a hundred persons — the very soul of the insurrectionary movement. These shut out from Congress, I thought then, as I think still, we might take our chance with the remainder. Coupled, as in my proposal the above provision was, with the repeal of all confiscatory laws, I believe the Southern people would have felt that, in going only so far as this, we had treated them with clemency.

It was of moment that they should feel thus toward us. The sword conquers — it does not convince; and the vanquished are not wont to love the victors. It was gravely important that sectional exasperation should not, by any act of ours, be kept alive among those who had been lately our enemies in war, and were now, in peace, our friends. Exasperation, in such a case, when self-control is lacking, breeds outrage; and there is danger that the victors, taking short cuts to repress outrage, may overstep constitutional bounds. There is temptation to resort to enforcement acts; temptation to clothe our chief magistrate with extraordinary and dangerous powers; for example, with permission to suspend, at his discretion, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, even in advance of overt act. It would be lamentable if it should prove that negro suffrage, granted without probationary novitiate, can be maintained only at cost of time-honored safeguards of liberty, and by despotic exercise of executive will. Conciliation, on fitting occasion, is not weakness; it may be an element of strength; and we need from the South more than the consenting act, a consenting mind also.

And here again I have not a doubt that — but for the dread bereavement which had then recently overtaken us — the gentlest and truest heart that ever cared for a nation's welfare would have cordially approved and sustained some such lenient scheme as I had proposed. We have recent testimony, from an unimpeachable source, disclosing what Abraham Lincoln's policy toward the deluded secessionists was, as expressed on the very last day of his life. On the 14th of January last, Mr. Frederick Seward, son of the late Secretary, narrated, in the New York Assembly, what passed during the Cabinet meeting which was held on the fatal April 14, 1865; he himself having, on account of his father's illness, been present as his representative, on that occasion. He tells us that the president, "in that terse and homely mode of speech, the memory of which still lingers pleasantly in the hearts of the American people," said, "We can't undertake to run State governments in these Southern States. *Their people must do that*, though I reckon at first they may do it badly." And Mr. Seward adds, "Secretary Stanton produced some sheets of paper on which he had drafted the outlines of a plan of reconstruction, embodying the president's views. . . . In substance it was that the treasury department should take possession of the custom-houses, and proceed to collect the revenues; that the war department should garrison or destroy the forts, take possession of arms, etc.; that the navy department should

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occupy the harbors and take possession of navy-yards, ships, and ordnance; that the interior department should send out its surveyors, land and Indian agents, and set them to work; that the Postmaster-General should reopen his post-offices, and the Attorney-General reëstablish the Federal courts: in short, that the machinery of the United States government should be set in motion, its laws vigorously enforced, and all domestic violence or insurrection be suppressed; *but the public authorities and private citizens should remain unmolested, unless found in actual hostility to the government of the Union.* . . . That night Abraham Lincoln passed from earth." [1]

[1] The entire speech from which these extracts, slightly abridged, are taken appeared in The Albany Journal of January 15, 1875.

It little avails, with the inexorable past behind us, to speculate on what might have been. But if that great and good man whose last address to the people who loved him breathed "malice toward none, charity to all," had lived to assist at the coming celebration of the republic's hundredth birthday, he might perhaps have been called on, in Philadelphia as at Gettysburg, to harangue the assembled multitude; and he might perhaps — who knows? — have had to announce, to a country less distracted than ours to-day, that henceforth, the war-fever over and justice and mercy prevailing, there should be no longer forever among us either political proscription or political exclusion; but for all, without limit of section or race, universal amnesty and universal suffrage.

Robert Dale Owen.

"FOLDED HANDS."

(THE STORY OF A PICTURE.)

MADONNA eyes looked at him from the air,
  But never from the picture. Still he painted.
The hovering halo would not touch the hair,
  The patient saint still stared at him — unsainted.

Day after day flashed by in flower and frost;
  Night after night, how fast the stars kept burning
His little light away, till all was lost! —
  All, save the bitter sweetness of his yearning.

Slowly he saw his work: it was not good.
  Ah, hopeless hope! Ah, fiercely-dying passion!
"I am no painter," moaned he as he stood,
  With folded hands in death's unconscious fashion

"Stand as you are, an instant!" some one cried.
  He felt the voice of a diviner brother.
The man who *was* a painter, at his side,
  Showed how his folded hands could serve another.

Ah, strange, sad world, where Albert Dürer takes
  The hands that Albert Dürer's friend has folded,
And with their helpless help such triumph makes! —
  Strange, since both men of kindred dust were molded.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

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BORING FOR OIL.

THERE needs no skill of ready pen or graphic pencil to portray the Land of the Lamp — kerosene — to dwellers in Western Pennsylvania, or to the Eastern strangers who came thither to seek fortune at the bottom of a well. Too often, alas! she was missing at the "third sand-rock," and they had naught but a "dry hole" to show for their trouble; but at least the strangers carried away with them memories of a singularly wild and picturesque country. Doubtless Berks's fertile plains were dearer than ever to the Dutchman who had been beguiled into transporting oil and oil equipments over Venango's steep and barren hills. Hills they are to Pennsylvanians, but mountains to easy-going Marylanders, or to the "smart" Western Yankees from Ohio, who look upon the face of the earth as a race-course, and consider the slightest elevation of surface an abnormal and undesirable development.

"I say!" called out a traveler, drawing rein beside a dilapidated old stone farm-house.

The master of the house slowly made his way to the front door. "If it 's the road to the oil-well you want, it 's straight over the hill."

"We have been there before, thank you; I want to know the name of that mountain," in clear, curt, decisive tones. A city lawyer, one would say, from tone and manner, used to make his questions go straight to the point. Plain as his request had been, the words seemed to miss their mark, for the man only looked at him with a blank stare.

"I said," — the lawyer raised his voice in case his hearer should be deaf, — "I asked you what was the name of that mountain?" The traveler pointed across the gleaming river to the steep crag that loomed up, darkly purple against the pale green of the evening sky.

"*That!* A mountain, d 'ye say, mister? I don't know nothin' 'bout mountains; we don't hev sich lifts in these parts; but if it 's that little rise ye want to know 'bout, I 've seen that hill every day since ever I kin mind seein', an' I never heard it called a thing but Woolly-Creek Hill, till a stranger chap took it into his head to ask if 't was n't a mountain!"

"Sharp, the old fellow was, was n't he?" said the gentleman to his companion, with a laugh, as he urged his horses forward. "I ought to have known better than to call that peak a mountain; only the Alleghany range has that title here. But I wonder what kind of idea our friend has of a mountain?"

"Nothing lower than five miles admitted to the royal circle," returned the other. "I think he might find the Himalayas tame."

And truly, "mountain" is a misnomer, for the lofty, darkling aspect of the hills comes less from actual height than from abrupt inclination. Some rivers flow broad and calm through fertile, smiling valleys, whence the hills slowly lift themselves in successive ranges, bluer as they rise, the loftiest one tint deeper than the clouds that flit above; and the whole landscape, seen from the river-bank, suggests the profanely prosaic idea of a company of school-children marshaled on a platform, the babies in front and the big boys and girls behind. Other rivers have no broad borders; the line of green that runs on either side is the merest ribbon in the world; and the hills stand dark and grim, full of water-worn caverns and unearthly echoes. Here is no holiday parade; say, rather, the grave, stern, expectant look of veteran soldiers ready for the battle.

To the latter class of streams does the Alleghany belong; and it is among such sentinel hills that speculators seek what they call "oil territory;" changed, by easy transmutation, into "turritory." Many are the theories of such specu-

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lators: now the best oil sites are on the hill-tops; now it is useless to buy land anywhere save in a valley, and then the favored tracts lie only within a certain limit from the stream running through it; now the oil is gathered in a basin, now it is distributed through a belt. One thing only seems thoroughly proved by experience in the Alleghany district in which my particular well is located: where the hills are steepest and ruggedest, where the barren land contributes its worthlessness to the scanty vegetation that covers it, where the trees are poor and stunted, and the oak, king of the forest that he is, has grown so ashamed of his degenerate self that he hides trunk and timber underground, and protrudes only a mean little bush to the light of day, to be henceforth recognized as "scrub-oak," — in such a quarter as this, oil is apt to be found; the shabby cup holds liquid gold; and you may set up your derrick and go to boring, with the flattering unction laid to your soul that at least outside appearances are in your favor.

I do not know whether it be so elsewhere, in more thickly settled districts; but the removals westward that I remember, — removals to Wisconsin, Minnesota, California, — have oftener been from the driving pressure of bustling city, or the dull stagnation of country town, than from the hard labor of the farm, albeit that farm was poor to begin with, and thoroughly worked out at last.

Such a farm as this had descended to William Maxwell by inheritance; and he and his wife had been content to remain there, both active, strong, and young, and both showing, before thirty years had passed over their heads, the marks of their hard, careful life. Eliza Maxwell was a good woman, and a sound Presbyterian; but one sentence there was of the Master's own speaking that troubled her greatly: "Take no thought for the morrow." How was it to be done? The children must be cared for, the cows must be milked, the butter must be churned, the harvesters must have their five meals a day! Not that she grudged the toil and care that were making her grow old early, as her mother, the farmer's wife on the other side of the hill, had grown old before her — but could it all be done without taking thought? What if that taking thought was not a matter of her own free-will? what if she were predestined to be lost forever by the very work given her to do?

Something like this she said to her husband, in shy, halting words, as they sat one restful Sunday evening, enjoying the quiet hour between the children's bed-time and their own. Busy people know the charm of Sunday evening converse, when, after the day's refreshment to soul and body, hearts and tongues make the most of their holiday, dimly descrying Monday morning in the distance. Such charm the time had for William Maxwell and his wife; week-day sunsets often found them too tired to wish to speak one unnecessary word; but this evening there had been leisure for Eliza to touch on such shadowy fears, and for William to listen, in spite of visions of a meadow where the grass was growing all too ripe, and of a cupboard wherein was just bread enough for breakfast.

The woman's thin, white, eager face sought her husband's as she asked at the end, "What do you think, William?"

It was a commonplace face that met her gaze, with coarse features, deeply-set eyes, and hair and skin that plainly showed they had known little shelter from sun or wind; but the brow was fine, and the countenance lighted by that subtle something we call "expression," and fancy the riddle read because we have given it a name. Looking at the man, you would have said that the neighbors were wise in deferring to William Maxwell's judgment as they did, and safe in reckoning on his sweet, steady temper. There was a smile in his eyes, but his lips were grave and reverent as he answered, "I don't know, Eliza. It 's too hard a matter for me; but I 'm sure of one thing: the good Lord has made you a farmer's wife, and he will never blame you for doing your

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best to be a good one." So Eliza's fancies were chased away that harvest-time.

The hay was stacked, the wheat and oats were in the barn, and there was a breathing-time before the ripened corn would be ready for the crib. For months back, William Maxwell had been pondering over the late oil strikes in a new and hitherto untried quarter, some miles away. In the winter, when the hard-frozen ground rang under his footsteps, he had wondered whether Jack Frost and oil tools worked well together; in the spring, turning up the soil, all too light a brown, he had speculated on the results of going deeper; and now that harvest was over, the plan of sinking a well began to take more tangible form.

He talked of it to his wife, half jesting, half in earnest. She took it all as "Will's fun;" something that was good to turn a fret into a laugh, or to satisfy the children's cravings for the glories of Brandon stores. "You shall have it when father's ship comes home, Willy," she said, gently urging the reluctant boy past a window where pranced a hobby-horse, resplendent with trappings of gold and scarlet.

"What ship? and when will it come?" inquired unbelieving Willy.

"When father strikes oil," was the reply.

"O-h-h!" returned the child, much better satisfied; for had he not been over to Davis Landing with his father in the spring, and seen a great tank full of oil with his own eyes?

One later trip Maxwell had taken, to see a man who had acquired great distinction in the neighborhood. Whether Mr. Grayby carried a lucky-stone in his pocket, whether the spectacles that rested on his long, inquisitive nose helped him to see to the centre of the planet, or whether he were a walking wand of witch-hazel, drawn by occult magnetic influence to the right spot, none could tell; but all averred that he had never yet failed in his prophecies, either for himself or for other people. William Maxwell pished and pshawed at the Brandon gossip about the marvelous stranger; but when news came one day that an old well, long abandoned, and sold to the prophet for a mere song, had given forth its treasure after a fortnight's boring, he owned, "The man may know something about the matter, seeing he makes it his lawful business. At any rate, it will do no harm to go and see him."

"No harm in the world," laughed Eliza, not checking her needle in its task of darning and patching.

"And no good either, I know you think," returned her husband, giving the fire a vigorous poke that shivered the great piece of coal into a thousand fragments, and sent a shower of bright lights about the room. She only laughed again; and again he poked the fire. "I know I 'm half a fool about it," he said, drumming with the poker on the bars of the grate. "But I can't get rid of the notion that there 's oil on this farm."

Eliza's mouth was still twitching at the corners. "Half a fool must feel bad enough," she said. "But might n't a whole one feel worse?"

He groaned aloud, "'Liza, 'Liza! That you should talk to me like that, and we not seven years married yet! Perhaps if you had a little more money and a little easier time, you would n't be quite so sharp on a fellow; so I reckon I 'll go at the oil well to-morrow, and not mind thrashing out that buckwheat."

Nervous, sensitive, tired as she was, the touch of blame implied in the good-humored teasing, made Mrs. Maxwell's face flush. "Oh, William, you know I did n't mean that! I only meant we have to work hard now, but things might be a great deal worse; and if we put all we have into an oil well, and it comes to no good, what will become of us?"

"We need n't put all in," answered William, cheerily. "Lambert wants that land near Brandon, and will give forty-five hundred for it. I think that is about what they say it costs to bore — that is, if you are careful, and see to things yourself. So that money could go into a hole in the ground, and we not miss it much; d' ye see?"

"Y-yes," with rather a doubtful inflection.

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"That means, you don't. Well, that is where it is to go." Maxwell spoke decidedly, getting up to give the fire a final stab, that sent a hail-storm of cinders rattling through the bars. "I 'll ride over to the Landing to-morrow, and ask Grayby to come and take a look at the Double Hill. Perhaps I can bring him back with me; but I ought to make an early start, so let 's to bed now."

It was a rough, hilly road to Davis Landing that Maxwell traveled next morning; the nine miles passed, he put up his horses and set out to seek Mr. Grayby among the groups of men scattered along the river-bank and the hillside above. He found him by the side of Little George, this George being not a small boy, but a thriving well. Beside Little George Sister Anne was rapidly descending, as told the sound of the sharp tool drilling through solid rock; and a rough-looking company were discussing the feasibility of putting down a third well, that should be known to the world as Uncle Pete.

"In my opinion, gentlemen, you had better not put down another well," spoke Grayby. "The risk is too great. Uncle Pete would probably be dry; and if you take my advice, you will give up Anne, and let George have the field to himself. There is not room enough for so large a family."

"That 's so!" agreed the spokesman of the party. "Lonesome for George, but better for us."

"Exactly," said Grayby, wheeling round to where William Maxwell stood. "Are you looking for any one, sir?"

"For you, sir, if you are Mr. Grayby."

"Yes, at your service."

William had grown slightly ashamed of his errand at the last, and thought, "As if I ought n't to know more about my own farm than a stranger! But I 'm in for it now." So, clearing his throat, he told his story, winding up with "Can you come over and look at my farm?"

The revealer of hidden things had fidgeted about a good deal while William was talking, and did not answer for some moments. "I 'll tell you what it is, Mr. Maxwell," he said at last. "I don't believe my opinion is worth *that* to you," with a snap of his fingers. "The one I gave a moment ago was worth something, for those numskulls had not the wit to see that there would only be one vein of oil for three wells, and that multiplying outlets was just an expensive way of wasting fluid. I am an engineer by profession, and used of course to note how the land lies; I have been through all these petroleum districts, and sometimes I think the more I see of such places, the less I know about them! This belt theory, now; as yet I see no reason why it may not be true; but if you get oil — did n't you say your land lay nine miles west of this place, and sloped to another stream?" William nodded. "Then if *you* get oil, that 's the last of the belt."

"Bad for the belt," gravely responded William.

"Very," laughed Mr. Grayby. "That would not hurt you or any one much, unless you had been buying land, or were one of the sort who think the inside and outside of the world were made by their pattern. I tell you plainly, I don't value my own opinion on such matters, and I never take money for it," glancing at the wallet in Maxwell's hand. "Nor do I attempt to explain my own success. But I *do* want to get out of this wretched atmosphere for a day; and if convenient, I should like to drive over with you and take a look at the farm to-morrow."

William gladly agreed, and greatly enjoyed his companion's bright, fresh talk about men and things during the drive home. But neither then nor that evening would Mr. Grayby talk about oil. He told pleasant stories of foreign countries, making his listeners laugh over divers odd experiences of travel; and later, when all were gathered about the fire, he chatted to Mrs. Maxwell of the household where he was the youngest son. "Maxwell may bore for oil to-morrow if he likes," was the man's thought. "I 'm determined he shall not bore me with it to-night."

Next morning he was early ready for action, and, breakfast over, the two started off to the Double Hill. It formed the

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most deserted quarter of the farm: for the homestead looked out upon comparatively level fields, and the orchard slope stretched lazily to the south, as if to get the full benefit of the sunlight; yet even there the clear, keen air made one conscious of the elevation of the country. Mr. Grayby and William Maxwell had touched the northern boundary of the plateau that lifted itself in the centre of the county, when they stood on the eastern crest of the Double Hill and looked down into the little hollow that lay between twin peaks clothed from base to summit in a mean, yet not unpicturesque mantle of scrub-oak. There was a tradition in the neighborhood that the sun never climbed above the eastern peak till after ten o'clock, and that he sank behind the western summit before two; certainly there was a much scantier supply of daylight there than elsewhere.

"Humph!" said Mr. Grayby, as they paused. "Any way of getting down into that hollow?" pointing to the narrow cleft below them.

"This way," said William, taking the narrow foot-path that successive generations of cows had worn down the hill to the muddy little stream at its base. "Ugh!" muttered Grayby, as a low oak-branch thrust itself in his face. "When cattle lay out roads, why can't they guess that their betters will come after them, and make them just a little wider?"

At last they stood between the two hills. It was still early morning, and the air of the valley, chill and damp at noonday, made both men shiver. Maxwell was too anxious to ask many questions, and only watched the reputed wise man, busy prying up the loose soil with his cane, scanning horizon lines, and noting the dip of the strata where a ledge of rock cropped out from the starveling bushes. "Well," he said at last, speaking slowly and deliberately, "from what I can tell, I do not see but that you run as good a chance of striking oil here as over at the river."

"Then you think this land would do to bore?" Maxwell spoke quickly and eagerly.

"I should think it would do better to bore than to farm," returned the other, shrugging his shoulders. "Mind, I am very far from saying that there is oil here. You say your farm does not slope to the river?"

"No, the other way; it slopes down to a little creek that runs into a larger one south of this; they don't go to the Ohio by way of the Alleghany."

"That is against you; it shows that you are outside of one oil-bearing section. As I said yesterday, there 's no belt I know of wide enough to take you in; but, if I had not more wells than enough on my hands already, I 'd go in with you, and try my luck here."

"You think it sure enough for that?"

Mr. Grayby eyed the questioner narrowly. "Sure enough," he said, "for me, who have twenty-five flowing wells to make up for the loss of one. But it is probably another thing to you, Maxwell. How many of your neighbors would join with you?"

"Four — or five," counted Maxwell, vainly trying to think of others who had means to risk in such a venture.

"Four or five. Well, that would not be so bad. But if it involve your own affairs, let it alone, man! Don't stake all you have got on a game like this. It 's not worth it!" Mr. Grayby was growing emphatic and excited. "You may go on boring and boring, through first, second, third sandstone, until you have lost money and health and peace of mind, and are ready to make the well your grave, if it were only wide enough to take you in. I say again, the place looks like a first-rate oil site; but don't let this miserable hollow give you the oil fever!"

Maxwell shook his head. "Thank you, sir," he said. "Your advice about that comes too late; I've had it these six months."

Mr. Grayby groaned. "Then there 's no use in my talking; but I wish you may never rue the day when you came over to Davis after me. I wish I had n't come!" turning on his heel in comical disgust.

"You did me a great favor, sir, and I am very much obliged to you."

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"Time enough for thanks when you come to oil," returned the other, making an effort to shake off his vexation. "Come, let us get to the top of the hill; if oil fever is about, so is intermittent."

The mail-wagon passed the Maxwells house on Mondays and Thursdays; and the old man who drove it carried Mr. Grayby away with him that afternoon. He did not find the engineer sociably inclined, and set him down as "a sassy chap, mighty savin' of his tongue; it was too good to waste on common people, p'r'aps." All the while, his passenger was fretting that he had ever seen the Double Hill. "Nice fellow, that Maxwell; nice wife, too; and here I have been and put him in the way to ruin himself. I declare, I was ashamed to look that woman in the face at dinner! There is one comfort, though: if his mind had not been pretty well made up beforehand, he never would have taken the trouble of coming over to see me."

The last thought was a relief. Still, the matter worried him; and he was glad to have his reverie ended by the sudden jerk that not only announced that the wagon had stopped, but nearly unloaded it of its freight. There was a telegram awaiting him from the New York shippers of petroleum, and in another hour he had taken the evening train for the city and forgotten the Double Hill in his own business perplexities.

But he had left William Maxwell in high spirits, only shown, however, by a clearer ring in the cheerful voice, and a quickening of his steady, even pace. Eliza allowed that there *was* encouragement in what Mr. Grayby had said, but — It was plain to be seen that Mrs. Maxwell was not the stuff for a pioneer. Not a spark of the spirit of prophetic enterprise fired her breast, and she owned that she could not believe in that barren, desolate Double Hill ever making any one rich.

During the next fortnight, Maxwell went from one to another of the neighboring farm-houses, in search of stockholders for an oil company. All in vain; few had any funds to spare, and none were willing to risk what they had in developing land which might or might not prove oil territory. Everywhere Maxwell had "No" for an answer; till coming to the last house he found that he was just too late: the master had only that week decided to invest in Western lands, and was now dreaming about Missouri dividends.

However, Brandon remained untried; and some wealthy people lived there. Some of them, too, had grown rich by oil speculation; and with Mr. Grayby's words as a sort of letter of credit, William Maxwell introduced the Double Hill to the moneyed men of the town. No better luck; the gentlemen pricked up their ears when Mr. Grayby's name was mentioned, listened attentively to the report of his dicta, but drew back when Maxwell invited them to join him in putting down a well in the valley. Money was scarce; oil was low; good reasons were as thick as hops; but, underlying all excuses, Maxwell saw the truth shine through: "Too poor a prospect for such risk."

A little disheartened but no whit less determined, Maxwell left Brandon behind him, and went home to plan out operations by himself. He had sold the Two-Mile Farm, — so called on account of its distance from Brandon, — and the money lay in the bank. Next week he would go to the city and see about the engine and tools; also, he must have some one over from Davis Landing to superintend the work until he himself should have learned how to manage the drilling.

"William," said Eliza one night, as he sat conning over a schedule of necessary expenses, trying hard to devise some way of lessening them, "don't you sometimes feel afraid you 'll get too much bound up in that oil well?"

"You never said that to me in harvest-time, Eliza," he returned, his eyes twinkling.

"No; but that was different."

"I don't think it was. Then I was trying to do my best with the old farm; and as far as my lights show me, that 's just what I 'm trying to-day. Make the best of what you have, Eliza; I thought

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that was one of your women's tests for a good cook or housekeeper."

She could not gainsay him here, the more because her work was on his side, she being busy "making the best" of a merino that had seen seven years' service.

One thing came of Mr. Grayby's opinion, as sent abroad by Maxwell's Brandon expedition. Four or five gentlemen managed to buy up a goodly number of acres in the neighborhood of the Double Hill. The land was poor, and the owners were glad to find it marketable, until it oozed out that a land company was forming, whose tracts would be priceless in case of an oil strike. This brought the buying and selling to a speedy end; but it showed William that Brandon merchants deemed the project worth some thought and a little money. Poor encouragement, doubtless; but yet, better than none at all.

All was ready at last, after considerable outlay of time and money. The boring was to begin Monday morning; and Saturday night William Maxwell went to sleep with the comfortable feeling that all was in readiness for work, with a quiet day before beginning it. There was religious service that Sunday in the little brown school-house, and a stranger preached, taking for his text, "Thy will be done." Perhaps the worn, weather-beaten faces that looked up at him saved the preacher from what is hardly an error, yet surely only half a truth. Preachers and poets are apt to read that holy scripture as setting forth passive submission rather than active effort; they fashion us a resignation from wax rather than from marble, a recumbent form with closed eyes and folded hands, and miss, by some strange chance, the calm, grave, steadfast figure, with eyes that see the lions in the way, but with hand on sword-hilt, and feet that swerve not from the appointed path.

"The will of God is to be done as well as borne; obedience to that will is oftener an act than a state of feeling." So Mr. Hepworth closed his sermon, and gave out

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve!"

for a finish. The people waited about the door to have a word with him, stranger as he was; the habit had come down to them from the elder generations. Among the rest, William Maxwell put out his hand, saying heartily, "I 'm very glad I came to church this morning, sir."

"And I 'm very glad to hear you say so," returned the minister, his quick eye taking in at a glance man, wife, and wagon. "I hope you are in the habit of coming?"

"Oh, yes," returned Maxwell. "But you see, my wife and I do not always agree."

"That is a pity; still, neither of you look as if it was a serious matter," said Mr. Hepworth, — his laugh reassuring Eliza, who had felt doubtful as to what the minister might think of such levity on Sunday. "I suppose nobody 's to blame?"

"That 's just it, sir," answered Maxwell. "But I thought that sermon of yours to-day had saving doctrine for us both. You see, Mr. Hepworth, I have one of these old scrub-oak farms that barely give people a living. I don't want to abuse the land; it does the best it can; but the best 's bad. So, I 've thought the matter over and taken advice about it, and have sold another piece of land, — but perhaps, sir, you don't wish to hear about buying and selling, to-day?"

"I do not see what my sermon has to do with it," said the minister, smiling but puzzled.

"Just this, Mr. Hepworth. The place looks like oil, so say the folks that know, but it is a great venture for me; and my wife, here, is afraid to have me try, for she thinks I 'm sure either to fail, and lose my money, or to find, and lose my soul."

"Oh, William! I never said that," exclaimed Eliza, deeply horrified.

"No, Eliza, you never did; but that is where the risk comes in, and you felt it. Well, sir, you stood up and preached about the Lord's will; and it seemed to me that what you said was just a few good words over that well I 'm going to work at to-morrow. As far as I see, it is no more his will that I should scratch the face of the earth for a poor living

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than it is that I should go farther down to find a better one; and to me, the first way looks like laziness or cowardice until the other has been tried!"

Mr. Hepworth looked closely at him. "So far, so good. Two things come after: Granted, that it is his will you should find what you seek, he is to be honored in the using of it; but what if that will be that you fail?"

William drew his mouth up closely for a minute. "Well," he said at last, "I hope if he helped me to begin boring, he would help me to give it up!"

"Then I think your husband is pretty safe, Mrs. Maxwell," said Mr. Hepworth, *shaking hands.* "I *should like* to see your farm, if I had not to be back in Brandon to-morrow morning. Good-by; and I wish you success, whether your well proves one or not."

"What did he mean by that, I wonder?" pondered William, as he turned the horses' heads homewards.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," softly quoted his wife.

It was early spring when the derrick was set up in the cleft of the Double Hill. Before long, William Maxwell had fathomed the mysteries of the engine, and the workman from Davis Landing went home again, wishing his employer "ile by the tank-full." To tell the truth, the farm suffered a little that season; for, though he tried hard, the master could not be in two places at once, and hired laborers ill supplied his place; and in September the crops showed the difference. Nevertheless, there was plenty for the household; not so much to sell that fall as in other years, but that loss could be balanced by buying less, and accounts would still be even at the end of the year.

All through the summer and autumn, the little tool — I do not know its name, but it suggests a sharpened iron pencil, — went deeper and deeper into the heart of the rock, tapping so as to compel admittance; but November came, and still it struck only sandstone, and that the first of the three strata.

"Hallo, you there! Puttin' down a well?" called out a passer-by, driving his wagon along the ridge of the eastern hill.

"Yes," Maxwell shouted back.

"How far down ha' ye got?"

"Six hundred feet."

"Hi! What sand are ye in? third?"

"First," came sharply back.

"Third, did ye say?"

"First," shouted Maxwell again.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled the questioner, driving on. "Ef I had gone six hundred feet into one sand-rock, I'd think my chances further down were pretty slim."

So also thought the neighbors; Maxwell may have been more of a mind with them than he cared to own, but he never showed discouragement, and laughed, as the tool kept on its downward way, over his seven hundred feet of good, soft, yellowish sand stone. "I might set up a quarry, but — the stone is n't good for anything."

However, the first sandstone *did* come to an end at the depth of eight hundred feet. Maxwell felt as if he saw the oil spouting up already, and was surprised at his wife's indifference as to what sandstone they were working in. But when he had drilled two hundred feet into the second layer of rock, friends thought it their duty to remonstrate with the deluded dreamer. Did he not know there was no well along the river more than a thousand feet deep?"

He did. "The sandstones are thinner there."

"But it stands to sense, they are too thick here for you to get through them!"

"At any rate, I'll go as far as I can go," was the answer.

"You are wasting your money; and it's a sight easier to send dollars out than to bring them home again. You have a wife and family, remember."

Remember! He drew his arm closer about the little daughter on his knee. "I'll have stopped boring for oil long before I forget that, neighbor," he said quietly.

Others came and discoursed to the same effect, and to no better purpose.

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Every spare day, Maxwell was to be seen by the derrick. "Maxwell's mad, and his wife's a martyr," was the general opinion; while the members of the Brandon land company were twitted about their ventures: what would they take for an acre now? or how soon did they hope to be millionaires?

The little pencil was now fourteen hundred feet from the surface. "Bound for China?" queried a ragged urchin, whose cow had made her way down the hill-side, and stood viciously horning the derrick.

"Yes, by a bee-line."

The money! At first it had seemed a bountiful supply, but there had been many unreckoned expenses, with some accidents to machinery; and one evening Maxwell showed his wife the last hundred in the wallet. "The best part of this must go to repairing the engine," he said. "What is left will carry us down a few feet farther, perhaps to the third sandstone; who knows? Anyhow, I could n't borrow if I wanted to; every one thinks me a fool now. Besides, I think it will be safe to make the bottom of my purse the turning-place; when my money's done, I 'll take it as a sign that it is time to give up, and not try mortgaging the farm."

"You know there is the five hundred Uncle Silas left me. It has been in the bank these six years, and never been touched."

"Yes; and I mean it to stay there for you. No, Eliza; I won't squander your money on my whim."

She was setting the table, and her back was towards him as he spoke; but she turned on him, the butter-plate in her hand, and indignation in her eye. "I wonder you 're not ashamed of yourself, William Maxwell! One would think, to hear you, I was n't your wife at all!"

An outburst of wrath from the gentle little woman was such a novelty that her husband only stared at her blankly. "I 've heard of husband and wife keeping their money separate, and living like two strangers; but I never thought you had any such notions in your head! And if you don't take that money and put it into the well, I 'll — I 'll go and do it myself!" with a vast amount of explosive stress on the last sentence.

"Run the engine yourself, — hey? Don't be unreasonable, Eliza; I did not mean to vex you, but 't is well for you to have that bit of money laid by, in case anything should happen to me. And the children will be growing up, too."

But the idea of "something happening" Eliza flatly refused to consider at all; and as for the children, what comparison could be made between an oil well and five hundred dollars? So the discussion ended in the injured wife having her own way, and sending her uncle's legacy down into the sandstone with what remained of the sale-money of the Two-Mile Farm.

Fourteen hundred and fifty feet, and lo, a sudden jet of oil and gas that burst into flame on reaching upper air, lighting the sky for miles around! Brandon people saw the illumination, and drove out the next day to find a great puddle of oil, a new derrick, with the charred timbers of the old one beside it, and Maxwell busy at work, congratulating himself on having saved the engine, not on the oil vein he had reached. For in the second sandstone an oil strike was rather a bad sign than good, generally indicating that the lower vein was poor, if indeed it were there at all; and now that oil was down in the market, a pumping well fifteen hundred feet deep would not be worth the working.

That bubble burst, the Brandon gentlemen went home again; and the engine kept driving the pencil through the rock, until, eighty feet deeper, Maxwell found that he had tunneled the second sandstone. He was anything but a nervous man; but eighteen months of toil, anxiety, and discouragement had told upon him, and when he found himself nearing the test rock, his head grew dizzy and confused, and his hand unsteady. At last he gave up, and turned to the half-grown boy who was his only helper: "We 've got through two rocks, Jem; let 's take a holiday to ourselves before we go to work on number three.

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Put out the fire; I reckon the engine needs a rest, too."

Jem obeyed right willingly, and scrambled up the hill as fast as his long legs could carry him; was not the circus to be in Brandon that very afternoon? Maxwell went home at quite a different pace, gravely thinking over the past, hardly daring to glance at the future. "We have come to the third rock, Eliza," he said, sitting down in the doorway.

"The third sandstone? You don't mean it, William!"

He laughed at her excitement. "I think you and I have changed places lately, Eliza. You have put your money in at the last, and just begin to hope now."

"But is n't there always oil in the third sandstone?"

He laughed again at her woman's wisdom. "No; sometimes there 's a vein of coal through it; but that would hardly pay for the working, when the one at Willard's crops out right by the roadside."

This was rather a damper. "But why should you be so discouraged now, after all your work?"

"After all my work; I guess that 's just what 's the matter. I tell you, Eliza, I stopped work to-day just because I was afraid to go on! If it is cowardly, I can't help it."

Maxwell was not given to moods, and his wife hardly knew what to do with him in one. Fortunately, she had the good sense to see that the best thing to do was to let him alone; and held her peace about sandstones, first, second, or third, while he sat silent all the evening. Eight o'clock came, and with it the commending of the little household to God; and for once in his life the man's voice broke over the familiar prayer, "that we may know thy will, and do it."

"That sets it right," he said, after the children had gone up-stairs. "I believe it was right to put that well down, even if it has taken all my spare cash and yours. Next week we stop; and if" — he drew a long breath — "if we fail, it is his will. There 's many a riddle in soils and stones as well as in books; and if I made a mistake in reading this one, I 've no one to blame but myself."

"Mr. Grayby," quickly suggested his wife.

"No; he told me he did not set much by his own opinion. I fancy Grayby 's had the starch taken out of him by some pretty hard rubs. And I tell you, Eliza, this oil well has made a difference in me. I don't feel quite so sure as I used to, that when a poor fellow fails it 's all his own fault; and I don't feel quite so sure of doing things myself."

"You never did brag, William," interrupted Eliza, not liking to hear her husband blame himself.

"Not out loud; but there 's no telling what I thought to myself. Oil wells would n't be counted the best sort of places to experience religion; but I don't know. That seems to be a little like the oil itself; only the good Lord can say where it is, and where it is n't."

Another day's boring in the long-looked-for third sand follows. At sundown the engine stops working, and surely the little pencil has a glisten different from the brightness due to constant friction! Examination shows the tool greasy, with an odor not exactly that of Araby the blest, but sweeter than attar of rose in the nostrils of eager fortune-hunters. Certainly they are nearing oil! Maxwell and Jem have had company at their work to-day; for the news that the third sand is reached has drawn half a dozen neighbors to the place; and these now begin to talk, surmise, suggest, advise, till Maxwell is almost beside himself.

"Start the engine again, Will, and let us see how the tools look."

"No, let it alone till morning; what 'd you do if you struck oil now, with no tanks ready?"

"Had n't I better go over to the landing and order a tank? Maybe it would be as well to say two," volunteers a third.

"Strange you did n't think to have tanks ready, when you 've been at work so long," puts in an old opponent of the enterprise, seemingly oblivious of former

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objections, as also of the fact that oil vessels are not to be had for the asking.

"I guess when I have waited so long, I can afford to wait till to-morrow," Maxwell good-humoredly answers. "Put out the fire, Jem. You 'll all be here to-morrow, boys?"

"For sure," all agree, as they start on their different ways. The neighborhood is astir late that night, and the Double Hill is the one theme of conversation. Many are the new oil theories propounded, calculated to make a geologist's hair stand erect with horror. The hill's owner, too, comes up for discussion; yesterday, his obstinate pig-headedness made him rather a disgrace to his neighbors; to-night, they glory over his plucky perseverance.

They are early on the ground next morning, and the engine begins work again, with the dull, monotonous sound that has so often been pain and weariness to William Maxwell's ears during the past year. Presently they have proof that admits of no gainsaying; a drop of real, genuine petroleum has run down the tool, and fallen on Jem's outstretched hand. "Hi!" shouts Jem, and turns a somersault; after which he extends his greasy palm for the admiration of the company. Soon, a spectator verifies the fact for himself; and the Double Hill rings with cheers.

But there is no time for nonsense. They are nearing the vein, and have no vessels ready; therefore one of the party must ride off to Davis at once and order a tank to be made and sent over. They hope to have it by evening, for the dealers in such articles are used to filling orders at short notice.

Up and down goes the iron pencil, the group of men around it growing silent from very eagerness. There is a sudden gurgle, as if a giant choked below.

"It 's coming, I tell you! Put out that fire there, quick!" shouted one, more experienced than the rest. They stumbled back in haste, and Maxwell rushed to the engine. Too late, however. With one spurt the imprisoned fountain leaped high into the air, drawing to its breast the fire that it loved. Derrick, engine, grass, trees, all were alike shrouded in the flame, and the men ran for their lives, not stopping till beyond the turn of the winding path they paused to count heads, and found that Maxwell and Jem were missing.

To venture back was running into the very jaws of death, yet two volunteered. They were met by Jem, who, badly burned about face and hands, had yet made shift to drag Maxwell from the very heart of the fire, and now was vainly trying to carry him up the hill. The fire was spreading through the woods; and while one division of the company carried home William Maxwell, conscious only of maddening pain in the crowning moment of success, another hurried off to seek help to extinguish the fire; so the grand fountain, a magnificent jet of flame one hundred and fifty feet high, burned on for some hours, absolutely unheeded. The giant had been long imprisoned, but he took his revenge that autumn morning; and the Double Hill shows to-day the scars of the encounter.

Little warning had Eliza Maxwell of the shock in store for her. She had sent the children to the orchard for apples, and stood watching them, as they vainly tried to steady the basket they had filled to overflowing. Some one spoke over her shoulder: "They have struck oil, and the well is on fire. They are bringing William home; he is burned." And just beyond were the rest with their burden. That picture is burned into the woman's brain for life: the still, sweet October morning, the laughing children, the basket heaped with scarlet fruit, the man's frightened face, and the writhing figure that the others carried. It is more distinct now than it was then, for the need of action chased away feeling; her husband wanted care too much for anything else, even her own pain, to be present to her consciousness.

But alas, there was so little she might do! The others were kind and helpful, and it was not long till the doctor came. But his skill was of no use here. The burning gas had penetrated wher-

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ever it could find a lodgment, and life could only be reckoned by hours. Eliza turned sharply on the physician as he spoke the words that sounded like a death-warrant in her ears, but by sunset she had only one thought, one prayer — that the agony might soon be over.

And it did end soon. There came a brief respite of pain before the last, as if the exhausted nerves had borne all that they could bear, and had died before the soul departed. At the beginning of that quiet hour, before the lethargy of death crept on, William Maxwell's eyes looked into his wife's; the old, bright look came back for an instant to his poor, marred face, and the burned lips whispered, "God's will!" That is the other picture for remembrance that Eliza Maxwell cherishes in her heart to-day.

Mr. Warden's house is one of the pleasantest of Brandon homes, and it looks cheerier than ever in the October twilight, with the firelight illuminating the windows, and the hall door hospitably open. But the lady of the house seems uneasy, and moves restlessly from door to windows, while her ears keep basely deceiving her by hearing wheels that never come any nearer. She has some ground for uneasiness; husband, brother, and cousin have all gone to the Double Hill; and the road thither is narrow and steep, and Mr. Warden's horses entirely too spirited for his wife to approve of.

At last the real wheels are heard, and the gentlemen hurry in, bringing with them a current of fresh, keen, outside air. "Well, Annie, I'll own it at last," says the cynical brother, who thinks his sister buried in a wilderness, "Brandon has got up something worth going to see; I never saw anything like the force of that oil stream."

"What did you say the average yield was, John?" from the other visitor, busy getting rid of his overcoat.

"Three hundred barrels a day, they tell me; and there 's no saying how further boring may increase the yield."

"What do you suppose they have called the place, Annie?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returns the lady. "There are so many Petroleums and Petrolias, I should think they would be puzzled for a new variation."

"It is Leipsic; nothing less. Some old German from Leipsic is the largest land owner in the township, so it is Leipsic to please him. Fancy the bookish, musical old city's horror of its greasy namesake!"

"Funny to see the name written on a shingle nailed to a tree," lazily says the brother, taking out a cigar. "I have seen cities in their prime, also towns that had come to their life's end; and saving your presence, my dear sister and brother, I always thought Brandon belonged to the latter class. But I never before saw a town beginning the world."

"What did you say that land was leased for, John? What is the royalty reserved?"

This question opens a long oil discussion, and Mrs. Warden slips into the dining-room, sure that the excursionists have come home in a state of starvation, and anxious to put the last touches to her dainty tea-table with her own fingers. Her eyes are so busy inspecting glass and china, that her ears hear nothing of the talk that floats in through the open door, of stocks and bonds, pipes and tanks, Virginia dividends and Antwerp securities. Some stray word attracts her attention at last, for she sets down the sugar-bowl and goes to the door-way.

"John, did you see the man?"

"Your land? Yes, ma'am, I saw the lovely spot. Teddy Maguire is putting up 'The Brandon Hotel' just beside it; Teddy 's a small man, but his house is going to be rather a tight fit for him. And, Mrs. Warden, in the course of six months I expect to see that beauteous half-acre of yours as full of derricks as to-day it is of ground oaks! Did you know Annie was a land-holder, Harry and Ned? I made her one last January, and have rued it ever since; she has grown fearfully independent. It is

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no use for any one in the family to think of buying her out; she asks too exorbitant a price; she 'll have to fleece some Down-Easter. Then she 'll either found a hospital or go to Europe; one takes just about as much money as the other, according to her notion. What is the matter, ma'am? You don't look quite comfortable in your mind!"

"I should n't think I would! You never hear a half or a quarter of what I say to you!"

"Ahem! I never contradict a lady; but I feel as if my memory had improved wonderfully! I know I hear a good deal; but what was the last sweet thing I missed, Mrs. Warden?"

"I did n't ask you about land; I hear enough of oil talk. I wanted to know if you saw the man — the man who put down the well?"

"The man? Why, did n't you hear yesterday? It is odd; I certainly thought I had told you. He 's dead, poor soul!"

B. W.

WASTE.

Down the long orchard-aisles where I have strolled,
On fragrant sward the slanted sunlight weaves,
Rich-flickering through the dusk of plenteous leaves,
Its ever-tremulous arabesques of gold!

In globes of glimmering color sweet to see,
The apples greaten under halcyon sky,
Green, russet, ruddy, or deep-red of dye,
Or yellow as the girdle of a bee.

But o'er the verdure's blended shine and shade
Small blighted fruits lie strown in dull array,
Augmenting silently from day to day,
Gnarled and misshapen, worm-gnawed and decayed.

Ah me! what strange frustration of intent,
What dark elective secret, undescried,
Lurks in this dreary failure, side by side
With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment?

Oh seeming mockery! Oh strange doubt, wherein
The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
If made at all, why only made to be
In irony for that which might have been?

Nay, vain alike to question or surmise! . . . .
There, plucking white moon-daisies one by one,
Through yonder meadow comes my little son,
My pale-browed hunchback, with the wistful eyes!

Edgar Fawcett.

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THE CALIFORNIA RANCH.

THERE is a story related of one of those nomads of the far West whom Blumenbach might classify as belonging to the genus emigrantes, species remigrantes, who was met returning from California with his family and all his worldly possessions in an ox-wagon.

"Why are you leaving California?" he was asked.

"I'll never live in a country," said he, "whar straw is called hay, and men do the cookin'."

This remark illustrates two of the points wherein the Eastern farmer will find his ideas upset on becoming a California ranchman. What a curious farm-world it is! More than three hundred clear working days in a year, with all the rainy weather collected in one balmy and liquid season, and all the long, cloudless days in another. Never a white dart of lightning, never a blare of the great trumpets of the thunder through all the monotonous year, so that the spirit of man wearies of this strange, eternal silence, and longs for only one thunder-storm of his native East, with all its soul-stirring pomp, until, some sullen, murky day of this treacherous stillness, the Sierra itself cracks, and the lightnings leap out of the summit instead of falling down upon it! For five, six, seven weary months the sun comes up with a pale orange, burns all day across an unwinking and pitiless heaven, and goes down as he came up. If there were so much as one little capful of fog, one square foot of green grass! The whole face of the earth is seamed with cracks; the coarse grass-stems crumble even to dust beneath one's tread; there is no sod; at least a half-dozen species of small burrs spread everywhere, and woe betide the lounger who reclines on his back beneath a tree! for he will acquire a thousand burrs, and the ants will insinuate themselves into every crevice of his garments. A thin film of almost impalpable dust gilds everything, and rises like a magic exhalation when touched. But the halo of the earth amid the violet hills — that certain something of desert lands which Solomon, after mentioning all the sources of light, calls "the light," — atones for all. There is a subdued warmth and softness in the earth's reflection — for the sun itself is phenomenally white and pitiless — which breathes through the soul of man a languor and a great content. The old Californian feels this delicious quality, even if unable to analyze it, and it holds him like the charms of a mistress. How he sighs for it beneath your cold, sour sky! The dryest day of your Eastern heavens has a washed and wet-blue color which is chilling even to remember; but here the sky is ever pale and warm. The singular purity of the atmosphere causes the new-comer to have a strange feeling as of nakedness, and in late autumn Nature certainly seems to be *en déshabillé.*

These huge and treeless hills of the Coast Mountains, seen far off, seem clad in deerskin, smooth and soft as velvet; or a rich, cold brown; or, when they stand beneath the sun, they take on a damson-purple, all frosted with a soft and sunny flush of haze. Look over, now, across yon distant slope, where each humble house or splendid villa seems to sleep as light as a thought, on its broad, tawny-velvet floor, as if scarcely touching. Often as one may execrate these California autumn landscapes, one cannot elude their secret power. There is that strange desert glory, that wild and wizard transparency, breath, halo, which has for me an inexpressible fascination. Nowhere else on earth, and I have been a wanderer in many lands, have I seen the light of the sun rest on this beautiful world so tenderly as it streams down through this white-lilac autumn haze of California; such a light alone as could have inspired the passionate laments which Euripides puts into the mouths of Alcestis

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and Iphigenia as they close their dying eyes. Hard was it for the ancient Greek to leave his beloved light; and to go down from this witching breath of California into the grim, black grave — that were the saddest death which earth could give!

Then comes, from Christmas to the end of May, the revival of earth, the one long-drawn spring, with its "vivid, incessant green." Here autumn and winter are omitted from the roll of the seasons. Grass and grain are up by Thanksgiving, and grow slowly until the robins come out of the mountains; then, like magic. Plowing goes on all winter, except in an excess of rain. The overland cars, after climbing the lofty Sierra, descend into Sacramento with their backs covered with snow, like an apparition from another planet; and the California boys stare at it.

Of pointing out many contrasts there is no end. In summer the earth bakes so hard that plowing is impossible (I have seen *ten horses* hitched to a farm-plow in July); in winter a horse will bog down in almost any ravine in the forest.

Rain comes from the south, and simooms from the north, sometimes even burning off a small circle of bark from young fruit trees, close to the ground. Robins winter in the mountains, and appear in the valleys in spring. Many birds which migrate in the Atlantic States here remain throughout the year. Away in the dryest of the dry October days, in the wooded coast valleys, early in the morning I have heard a most sweet jangle of many tunes — the lark, the magpie, the California quail, the red-winged blackbird, the oriole, the bluebird, the paysano, and the grossbeak, if not others: such a concert as is possible in the East only in spring. California has the reputation of producing songless birds, an erroneous impression which arose from the fact that the journeys of most early pioneers lay across the naked and arid central plains, where no birds lived. Cronise, in The Natural Wealth of California, asserts that her flowers are notably scentless; but they are certainly gorgeous, to suit that "tropical Spanish taste" of which she is accused by her poets, and the copses of the Coast Range are remarkably aromatic. Mint, rosemary, sweet-scented shrub, honeysuckle, sage, fennel, — all these in several varieties you may find in the space of a single square rod, in Los Angeles County.

The average ranchman plants no Indian corn, no vegetables. In the East the country supplies the town; here the town supplies the country. The town is furnished by San Francisco, the latter by the vegetable-growing counties of the bay and coast. In one way or another Indian corn gives the Eastern farmer employment three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; but the wheat ranchman does no work of any consequence save twice a year, in harvest and seed-time. The all-year-round Ohio corn is a nourisher of industry and virtue; the wheat of California greatly promotes idleness, gambling, and horse-racing between seasons. There is a traditional and time-honored interval of a few days between corn planting and the first plowing in Ohio, when "all hands go a-fishing," the one, solitary play-day of the year; but the rancher works with amazing energy in the two busy seasons, then takes many a play-day, idling away his time in the village.

The California boys have no corn to plow and hoe and cut and husk and crib and shell, for months; no garden to hoe after school; no hopeful, spotted steers to break; perhaps no chickens to feed; no old cow to milk; no briers and bushes to mow out of the fence-corners. There is very little firewood to be cut. Whatever is burned is generally picked up dry beneath the trees, or if that supply is exhausted, a superfluous limb or two is lopped from an oak, after the excellent economical fashion of the old padres. (To their credit be it recorded, the Californians do not slash down their all too sparse valley forests, but the wheat flourishes amid the white-oak parks.) Under these conditions the boys gravitate to mischief and a shotgun, as the sparks fly upward. A pair of huge Mexican bell-spurs and a buckskin bronco are the least objection-

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able forms in which this disease of juvenile idleness breaks out. The boy rides to school on a vicious beast, by an exceedingly devious and uncertain route, and hitches him to a tree, where he meditates the livelong day on the bunch-grass pastures which once he was cognizant of. It is a pity to see these fine lads going in troops to the bad for lack of those old-fashioned, homely, Yankee chores to do. Pity California does not produce more weeds, more hoe-handles, and more birch!

The great majority of farm laborers dwell in the towns, except about four months in the year. In this dry climate wheat, instead of sprouting, lies sacked in the field for months, and is transported to market on open platform cars. It is so flinty that the millers have to moisten it at the rate of twelve or fifteen pounds of water to a hundred pounds of wheat, before it can be ground. Instead of shrinking, as in the East, it gains, the increase in bulk going far toward paying the transportation to Liverpool. Wood is so hard and knaggy that it often has to be burst asunder with powder before it can be converted into firewood. That grubbing which the Eastern farmer so dreads is often performed here, during the softest winter weather, with a long rope and a yoke of oxen.

All through the State, until you penetrate to the remote and lonely cattle-ranches and the habitations of the Pikes, there is a suggestion of city life, of city atmosphere, about a California ranch, which renders it thoroughly unlike an Eastern farm. There is little rusticity in the dress, for the rurals are so often in the village that they keep abreast of the fashions. I do not remember ever to have seen a patched garment on a farmer, and the "old clo'" man is only found occasionally in the vicinity of the largest cities. Daily or semi-weekly the butcher wagon, the fruit and wine wagon, and the vegetable wagon make their appearance, far out from the village; and they will execute small commissions on the grocery ten miles distant. Daily papers from San Francisco travel hundreds of miles by rail, then are carried twelve or fifteen farther by the rancher, arriving out forty-eight hours old. Four hundred miles from the metropolis I have stopped the mail-carrier, riding on a mule in a bridle-path, and bought the daily journals. On that same bridle-path you shall see scores of letter-boxes nailed to trees, though the ranchers' houses are not in sight. The young men drive spanking teams to spick-and-span new sulkies or buggies, with elegant cashmere or wolf-skin afghans. Their talk is the talk of the town: it has gold in it, and stocks, and horse-races. A ranch has two or three great, high-seated California wagons, with a splendid four-in-hand to each; the corral (speak, corrèl) is so full of trig and painted gimcracks that it looks like a magazine of agricultural machinery. There are few cozy, comfortable, middle-class homes. The house is either a magnificent country residence, or a mean, unpainted redwood shanty, though either may be occupied by a man immensely wealthy. Everything seems put there, adventitious; nothing grew out of the soil. There are no ancient trees, no shrubberies, no grass. Instead of homely farmer-messes, you eat urban fare of beefsteak and hot biscuit made with Boston yeast-powder. You hope for pumpkin pie, and get a can of Baltimore oysters. There are Oregon apples, Cincinnati hams, and stewed prunes from Germany. A man may be worth one hundred thousand dollars and have no milk to whiten his coffee. The cow runs on the range and comes home when she lists. A boy may be dispatched for her on his tough little shaggy cow-horse, and a man must be sent to bring the boy home. The yard-fences all look imported, as they are; all things have a contractor-like look, a little tawdry, a little cheap. Everything is so naked and so new, that no one can hang a tradition on it. There is no moss on the fences; the newly sawed boards and posts and the houses stand out painfully ugly and prominent beneath the lovely sky. Yet you never hear the wind whistle or malignantly yell around them, as in the East in winter; it always gurgles

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softly around those hideous corners. Fortunate it is so. Nowhere else could the flimsiness and cheapness of our American material civilization stand revealed with more appalling ugliness. It would require the finest and subtlest art to bear the searching test of this pellucid atmosphere. In the East the fog and humidity conceal something; they lend garments of moss; they blind your eyes to deformities. When one goes abroad in California, he shudders and shrugs his shoulders and wishes to draw a mantle around him. Especially does he wish to draw a mantle around those stark and rigid fences and naked houses.

Let us recur to the disgusted Pike's complaint. It is necessary to admit that nowhere else has the "tyrant man," white, black, or yellow, so completely intruded himself into the scullery, so audaciously peeped into the mysteries of the Bona Dea. It is safe to assert that there are few men who have been on the coast long enough to entitle them to admission into the society of California pioneers, who cannot prepare a beefsteak and decoct a cup of Mocha as well as their spouses, if not better. And that is nothing especially creditable to them, for the time once was when to a majority of them cooking was a grim necessity. In the days when the watchers on Telegraph Hill signaled to the incoming steamer, as the first question, "Have you any women aboard?" and when reputable merchants of San Francisco robed beardless boys in feminine apparel and placed them behind the counter, as a legitimate means of attracting customers, it was not strange that men acquired the science of Francatelli per force. There were only two alternatives, of which the one was painful to contemplate, while the other was death. And often it was a dilemma of only one horn, for death was in the pot anyhow. Many a hapless ranchman came to an untimely end before the great truth became generally disseminated, that the beans must be boiled two hours before the pork is introduced into the pot. Dried apples have slain their thousands, heavy bread its tens of thousands. While California has probably the healthiest climate in the Union, it supports to-day over twenty mineral spring resorts, some of them with scores of patients apiece. These consist principally of two great classes: the rheumatics, victims of mining; and the dyspeptics, victims of ranch cooking.

Probably the wheat-ranch is the best present representative of the coast. With a crop of this cereal reaching in 1872 the great figure of twenty-nine million bushels, California outranks all other wheat-growing States. It is, fortunately, no longer preëminently the Golden State, but the agricultural as well, or, as Starr King happily described it, "The beloved Benjamin of American States, whose autumn sack is filled with grain, while the mouth of it contains a cup of gold." The first thing that impresses one in this department is the multifarious and almost humanly conscious machinery, which gives one man dominion over so many acres, and has elevated California in twelve years from an arid waste to the first wheat-producing State. Down in the San Joaquin Valley there is a ranch so vast that the men start in the morning with their gang-plows, travel on until noon, take dinner at a midway station, then drive on until the going down of the sun, and return the day following. So immensely is one man's profitable ownership broadened by machines. True, the plowing is only skin-deep, and the average yield per acre has already fallen off over five bushels in the State; but who takes thought for the morrow? Then in harvest, the field actually swarms with machinery. As the cumbrous header moves on, with its long guillotine reaching far out into the wheat to be decapitated, a wagon is driven dexterously alongside to receive the heads. Every header thus employs five men, three wagons, and twelve horses. Sometimes three or four headers are going at once, each with its little army, and simultaneously in the middle of the field a steam thresher, with its greater army of men, dark as mulattoes with tan and dust, working with an amazing energy, even running at their several tasks, while the header wagons

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come and return on a trot. Perhaps a spark from the thresher ignites the standing grain: the farmer leaps on a reaper and whips his horses to a gallop to cut a swath around and arrest the progress of the conflagration. The wind sweeps the billowy flames upon him; he dismounts, slashes off the traces, bestrides a horse, and gallops for life, leaving the reaper to its fate. It might as well be burned as lie outdoors all winter. It makes one's head dizzy to see how they do things in California in harvest.

The more careful farmer harvests his grain with a reaper, and binds it into sheaves. In the hot and dry interior the straw is too brittle to be bound by day, so you shall sometimes see John Chinaman binding wheat all night long by the light of the moon and the stars, and sleeping by day in a dirty tent or underneath a spreading oak, perfectly secure from rain. The ranchman's house is generally too small for this sudden host of laborers, quite small enough for himself and his family, and the workmen sleep outdoors, like Boaz, at the end of the heap of corn, wrapped in their gray California blankets.

Usually the grain is sacked and left in the open field for months together, without fear of rain or thieves. By and by it accumulates around the little country depots, corded up in quarter-acres and half-acres. For month after month immense trains of platform-cars are rolling down to the bay with this gorge and plethora of wheat, and frequently the rainy season begins before it is all removed.

As soon as the first rain comes, in October or November, the torch is applied to the straw piles. I have stood in Sacramento in the evening and seen the whole circle of the horizon one red, angry glare of flaming ricks. Wasteful California! For lack of that straw next winter hundreds of cattle may go to the crows. This straw is not fired before a considerable rain has fallen, because sooner there would be a good likelihood of consuming the whole surface of the earth. The one constant, deadly peril of the farmer in summer is fire. He plows fresh strips of earth parallel with the railroad to keep the locomotive from burning up his ranch. Standing near the railroad track after a train passes, you may presently see a hand-car propelled by two burly, red-jowled Irishmen, running in a mad chase after the great thunderer, to discover and extinguish the sparks he may have left in his flight. Nothing is so terrible as the snaky swiftness with which the fire will flash along an old brushwood fence in the mountains. The Indians used to fire the woods on these red, dusty foothills, that they might devour the roasted grasshoppers, and they kept the forests swept clean as a park; but nothing will rally out a neighborhood so quick as a column of smoke, and now there is increase of undergrowth. Those evil and miserable vagabonds who migrate to Oregon one year and return the next frequently fire the ranges from their bivouac fires. Farmers seeing a "blanket man" crossing their fields with a lighted cigar follow him until he disappears over the outside fence.

The most common fashion of ranch-house is the pioneer redwood shanty, which has neither posts, joists, nor braces, neither lath, plaster, nor paper; the merest shell of savory, cedar-smelling boards, with a ceiling of cotton drilling, if any. Unfenced, unshaded, unplaned, unpainted, it looms stark and rigid across the tawny plains, where broods a dead, grim silence, like a desert spectre. Ten thousand acres of splendid, golden wheat may wave around it, but not one tree within eye-shot. A cabin of this description is frequently seen in the San Joaquin Valley, tenanted by two or more bachelors. They rent land at a cash rental of two, three, or even five dollars an acre, go in debt with Californian recklessness, establish a rude *cuisine*, and sow five hundred, perhaps one thousand acres of wheat. Last year the windows of heaven were opened without stint, and men reaped seven hundred bushels for every man, woman, and child in the county (that has been done); but this year comes a drought, a killing drought, and dries up

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the bud of all their prospects. Those vast plains, so fertile in themselves, become as naked as the back of a man's hand. The sheriff attaches everything for the merchants, but they finally relent and restore one horse, whereon our two bachelors, riding and walking by turns, set out for Oregon, execrating California, but as certain to return to it as curses come home to roost. Fortunate they were bachelors, else they would have been too poor to get away, and ever-generous San Francisco would have been obliged to send them provisions and seed for a fresh start. Perhaps they escape from the wreck with a wagon and horses, and turn teamsters until they accumulate enough to repeat the foolhardy venture. Thus they will vibrate to and fro, and five out of a hundred may make a fortune in a single year, while the ninety and five have their noses on the grindstone all the while. There are immense bodies of land owned by San Franciscans which are seldom wrought by other than tenants. They do as above described, perhaps putting one thousand dollars' worth of improvements on the portion rented by them, then abandon them totally, and they go to the owls and the bats before another tenant comes along. And yet, notwithstanding all this waste and this recklessness, all this miserable shilly-shally and vagabondage, the prodigal soil of California, in a good year, pours forth its millions upon millions, until the outgoing wheat-ships whiten the seas.

You see everywhere deserted cabins like that above described. I suppose I have seen one for every five miles I have traveled in the State, though it is often a shell made by a preëmption or homestead claimant to hold his claim, and visited by him perhaps once in six months, perhaps never.

A second style of ranch-house is the great, barnlike affair, something in the Southern plantation manner, with outhouses leaning in various directions with entire indifference, and perhaps a few giant cottonwoods about; a broad veranda stretches all across the front, reached by a flight of steps of equal length. The veranda floor and steps are cumbered with saddles, bridles, huge Mexican bell-spurs, cougars' and coyotes' skins, ox-hides, whips, etc. There is no carpet in any room, and the chair-legs are worn off up to the first round. All the doors are open the year long in this delicious climate. In the yard is one of those Connecticut pumps which when sent to far California never yield any water until they are irrigated. There is also one of those Indiana wagons whose tires never stay on in this climate, unless they are watered as often as the horses. California and Texas are the ultimate receptacles of all the wooden nutmegs, sanded sugar, and split-leather boots manufactured in the Union. Eastern-made garments, when purchased in either of those two commonwealths, commence shedding their buttons the first day. In a land of bachelors the latter insult would almost justify the secession of the State.

In the interior the ordinary fence is constructed of boards, running along the top of a slight embankment to economize lumber. Owing to the extraordinary shrinkage of lumber in summer and the corresponding swellage in winter, farmers are more and more planting the posts independently and fastening on the boards with wire. Nothing is done thoroughly on the ranch, hence the fence soon sags over, and the above circumstance added makes an affair which would be a grievous eye-sore to a well-regulated farmer in the East. This variable quality of lumber is a source of infinite annoyance. In winter you can kindle a fire several mornings off the edge of your door; then in summer, if you are as small and humble a person as little Dr. Chillip, you can slip in sideways between the door and the post. In the coast valleys, near the great redwood forests, the common fence is made of espaliers driven into the ground and capped with a board, which is rather pretty than otherwise in a landscape of golden, lilac-tinted wheat-fields islanded with live-oaks. In the mountains the hideous brushwood fence largely prevails. In Southern California cottonwood logs

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are set on end in a ditch, suggesting the earlier company-drills of the war, wherein a six-footer would stand alongside of a boy, and a slim man beside a Jack Falstaff.

Throughout the more populous bay counties, in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Los Angeles, etc., there is nearly as great a proportion of tasteful farm-houses as in Ohio, for instance. A white farm-house with green shutters is seen less frequently than East, yet too often, for it looks painfully stark and staring in the pellucid air and straw-colored landscape of summer. A new-comer will weary of the houses sicklied over with yellowish, brownish, drabbish, or leaden paints, but this is inevitable, for unless one lives far from the main road and remote from the prodigious and execrable clouds of dust, white is the last color that should be put upon a dwelling. Probably the windmill is the most distinguishing feature of the farm picture. Above all others it is the one thing that California has contributed to American agriculture and American landscape. It is not the unwieldy Dutchman, swinging his four huge arms around as if fuddled with schnapps, but a genuine, money-making American, working right lustily. It is neatly painted white, smirk and smug, and looks very pleasant and chipper on a summer day, amid the still, dead landscape, running so fast that it seems a solid wheel. It stands astride the well with a huge tank hoisted high on its shoulder, and it is its constant business to keep this filled and overrunning into the garden and orchard through a rubber hose, which the ranchman has only to change now and then, to set the water running in a new direction.

Representative of Southern California is the stock-ranch. Far down in the San Joaquin Valley, where the cars (a bit of the nineteenth century injected into the eighteenth) bowl over the infinite dead wastes, singing with a clear, dry whir through the desert air — there is the land where yet the Lethe of Spanish life rolls its lazy waves. Across this seeming desert sluggishly creeps a stream, coming out of somewhere and ending nowhere, for its ends are concealed in the all-enveloping murk. A few willows and cottonwoods fringe its banks, and beneath them ruminate the Spanish cattle, with their long, shining horns; sleek-looking but leggy and high-headed brutes, with a disposition to inspect closely a pedestrian's heels. On the mighty plains around there is not a spear of green herbage, nothing but the coarse burr-clover stems and leafage, now reduced even to powder. But the cattle thrust out their long tongues and gather up the farinaceous seeds, thriving thereon. On the river-bank stands the ranch-house, a structure of the meanest description, perhaps a "dobie," long and windowless. It has been there sixteen years, yet there is not a panel of fence nor a single green leaf to shelter the inmates against the fervid heat. Hard by is a little inclosure, just spacious enough to contain three graves and a poor, struggling tree-of-paradise. It is little wonder that the son pistoled his step-father and graduated from this accursed spot to San Quentin. Living in such a house at such a temperature, a man might even take the life of his mother-in-law. A little farther away there is a rick of alfileria hay, the natural product of some moister river meadow, and harvested for the supply of the vaqueros' horses. Such "hay" were best handled with a shovel, as it consists largely of vegetable powder, though exceedingly nutritious. The surroundings are completed by the spacious circular corral of poles.

Early in the morning, while it is cool, the Mexican and Indian vaqueros saddle their wiry little broncos, gather their riatas and cow-whips, leap into the saddle, and scour away over the plains, disappearing from sight. Toward meridian the Chinese cook emerges from the cabin, his shaven pate shining in the sun and his pigtail gayly flapping, and with his telescope sweeps the horizon. If the black specks far in the distance are moving homeward, he goes in and hastens on the dinner. In half an hour the vaqueros gallop up, with their ponies' flanks smoking and bleeding from the

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cruel laceration of the spurs, loosen the sinches a little, and make their toilet with a comb which is kept hanging in the switch of an ox-tail. The casual stranger riding up is saluted with a quiet "*buenas dias*," after which he draws up to the table, as expected to do, without ceremony. Everything eaten, to the gammoned pork and the cabbages, was brought down from San Francisco. After the meal the cigaritos are rolled and puffed a while, then the herdsmen sinch and are off again like a shot, while John, sly dog, brings out a lickerish morsel and discusses it alone. He is not eligible to sit at table with Greasers and Diggers, but he has his little revenge.

Meantime, what are the vaqueros doing afar off? Perhaps amusing themselves by lassoing up the survey stakes, to keep "the —— farmers" from settling in the vicinity, or to annoy the railroad surveyors. Perhaps they are purposely herding their enormous droves so as to trample down some poor man's little grain patch, his solitary hope of the year for the maintenance of his wife and children. The cattle-lords do things that way in the "cow counties." Lumber is too costly to be thought of for fencing by any person not owning a fortune. The farmer watches his hard-earned crop as long as human nature can endure, but there comes a night when he must sleep. In the morning it is a field of dust. And so at last, bullied, badgered, "pastured out," trampled out, run over, insulted, he appeals, perhaps, to the first and last law-maker of California, the six-shooter, and blood is spilled. Yet this infamous system is upheld year after year by State legislation! And for what purpose? Simply that these brutal bullies, these domineering "ox-born souls," may monopolize the shambles of San Francisco with their mustang beef and cow-heel.

If these bull-baiters reared valuable animals, their infamous tyranny and stamping out of small farmers would be more tolerable. But, like everything acclimated in California, the Digger, the mustang, the mission grape, the club wheat (will it be so with the American?), the cattle are "runts." In a good year they are eatable, but in droughty times, after the horns and hide are subtracted there is little remaining, and that were best fed to a menagerie. Day after day they have to travel out farther from the water to procure grass, day after day they grow weaker, until at length they are mere skeletons, and their instinct tells them infallibly they cannot accomplish the journey again and return. Then they may be seen staggering, feebly thrusting and fighting about the pools, and mournfully rolling their hollow eyes around, until they go down in some untoward lurch, and yield themselves up to the ravens, if indeed those foul birds have not plucked out their eyes before they ceased to struggle.

Kindred with this is the great sheep-ranch. It is on all hands agreed that the occupation of a sheep-herder (the word "shepherd," so haloed round about with memories of the poetic Orient, is not heard here) is the most degraded in the whole category. A man who has fallen from society and passed down through all the menial and despised avocations outside of San Quentin, ends at last by herding sheep. Suicide in San Francisco Bay comes next. The Greaser and the Digger have contributed something to make this employment what it is; decrees of social outlawry and prison service in the East have contributed more. The great sheep-runs of California, like those of Australia, are a mollified form of Botany Bay for their respective mother countries, and not in any vocation known to civilization, outside of prison walls, are there so many sad and melancholy human shipwrecks or downright caitiffs. A large wool-grower in Salinas Valley once told me that he had in his employment during one year (according to my recollection) a bishop's son, an editor, a civil engineer, a poet, a book-keeper, etc., all college graduates.

Of itself it is rather a romantic pursuit. Far in among the broken hills of the Coast Range, beneath a live-oak grove and hard by a living spring or

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pool, is the brushwood corral and the shepherd's hut of shakes (long shingles). He cooks his own provisions, — the inevitable mutton, beans, and tea, — wraps himself in his blankets, and is lulled into a delicious condition of semi-sleep by the puppy-like chorus of the coyotes, or starts up in terror at the lumbering crunch of the grizzly over his corral. Once a week or once a fortnight he hears from the great outside world, when there is brought to him a donkey-load of supplies. Through the long-drawn summer of California he loafs with his gadding flock over the hills yellow with the gold of the ripened wild oats and aromatic with mint and rosemary, or through the live-oak parks of the valleys, where the long, pea-green streamers of moss sweep and sway in the breeze. But there comes also the winter of his discontent, when he must wrap himself closely in his waterproof or seek the friendly shelter of a tree.

The life of the great southern wool-grower is almost the stupidest possible to be conceived. Living far from neighbors, with all his shepherds away in the mountains, his wife perhaps a native lady and compelling him to speak Spanish to her, no improvements around his house to occupy his attention, but all about a sheep-trodden waste, he is oppressed with intolerable ennui. Early in the morning he saddles his horse and gallops away to the old Mission to meet his compotators. Deep within the cool, dark, earth-walled recesses of its wide-stretching wings he gambles the livelong day, only now and then casting a glance out through the massive arches upon the crisped plain beyond, where the heat-waves wimple and quiver like a wounded serpent.

Time has been when fortunes were reaped in sheep-farming with only less suddenness than in the most successful mining ventures. With his flock frequently increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent., and self-supporting the year long, with only a little nucleus owned in fee-simple, but rimmed with a boundless margin of government land, at a trifling outlay for tendance, clipping and hauling of fleece, etc., he saw himself grow rich without effort. Many colossal fortunes of the South have been thus made, and impregnably intrenched by the owners "pasturing out" all poor neighbors, until the Land Office wearied of offering land for pre-emption and let it drift off in vast masses at private entry. Nearly all the native grasses of California are annuals, depending for their continuance on seeds, and these the sheep ruthlessly consume, so foreshortening the pasturage year by year; and as the government ranges have been pared down continually, and one flock after another wedged into a given region, the wings of the wool-grower have been seriously clipped, though this is still one of the best paying industries on the coast.

Here it will be in place to say a few words concerning that beautiful and interesting animal, the Cashmere goat, with its fleece like a summer cloud, wavy and long and shining after a rain, like white-gold satin. William M. Landrum says in his pamphlet on the subject that there are already seventy thousand animals in the State with more or less of this noble blood in their veins. Always hardy and healthy in this climate, clean as a cat, inodorous, never deserting its young like the base Spanish goat, contentedly browsing on chaparral, pine, poison oak, and a hundred things where even the little Merino would die, never so happy as when picking moss off a rock or a decaying log, never getting lost like the stupid sheep, but always cleaving to its fellows and always coming to the corral at night of its own accord, yielding the purest milk of all animals, which is never bitter, no matter what the goat eats, with flesh sweeter than mutton and mohair twice as valuable as wool — this little animal is one of Nature's priceless boons to the poor man. It thrives wonderfully on the thinnest, rockiest farms of the foot-hills, where the miners have peeled off the top-soil, and in my opinion it is destined to be the regenerator of those very regions, otherwise beyond hope. In addition to its beauty and its

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value, it is an affectionate animal, and if indulged by its master with a casual handful of grain or salt, it will become greatly attached to him, and distressed when he is out of sight, running and bleating in quest of him. How any man with a knowledge of these facts can still cleave to the filthy, accursed, abominable hog — which may I live many years to kick! — passes my comprehension. Dry wines, fruits, nuts, and mohair are destined to be the great staples of the Sierra foot-hills.

Of the vineyard, the orchard, the mountain bee-ranch of Los Angeles, the strawberry garden, the mulberry grove, and many other forms of the ranch with which I am personally less familiar, it is not needful here to speak. But there is one other deserving brief mention, because it is so characteristically Californian, and that is the turkey-ranch. Along the base of the Sierra for hundreds of miles, between the foot-hills and the plains proper, there is a strip of rolling land, arid, gravelly, and uninhabitable. Certainly no human being can gain a livelihood here. But a Californian would extract blood from a turnip. What have we? First, grasshoppers; second, a little, harsh, miserable plant, called by the Americans mullein, by the Spaniards *poleo*. Its prickly capsules are as full of farinaceous seeds as they can hold. Just the place for turkeys, but it required a genius to think of that. It is very curious to see a man on these desolate and burning wastes, afoot or on horseback, herding five hundred, one thousand, sometimes two thousand or three thousand turkeys in a flock, and perhaps assisted by a shepherd dog, who gently admonishes the stragglers. But, in Californian parlance, "it pays." I know an old man and his son who are said to clear three thousand dollars a year in the business. A man is considered to be getting pretty well down in the social scale who will circle turkeys; but when he comes to town at Christmas with his cribs of fat gobblers at sixteen cents a pound, no true Californian will refuse him respect. He is the more entitled to that tribute because he has gained an honest living where Nature seems to have displayed her ingenuity in making it impossible. Even heathen John is entirely respectable when he turns his turkeys into "Christian ducats."

There are many nuisances encountered by the farmer in this part of the world which do something to countervail the surpassing loveliness of the climate. Of these, ants are one. Frequently food can be preserved only by being suspended in sacks, or placed in cupboards with their legs standing in vessels of water. The native Californians scrape all the grass out of their yards and tramp the ground down hard to keep the ants away. Choppers are sometimes driven from a tree by the amazing multitude and the stench of them. They collect great quantities of grass-seed into their holes, leaving the chaff on the surface, and these chaff heaps become quite a resource for stock in the winter. The fleas have given rise to a fashionable folly known as the "California wriggle," which even young ladies practice in the presence of their lovers. In the high mountain regions, strange to say, and around the salty lagoons of the bay, mosquitoes are so intolerably bad that men often wear mosquito-bars on their heads. On the portion of the plains overflowed in the wet season, gnats are so thick that many people live for weeks in a smoke, with their hands and faces lacerated by themselves to a bloody blotch. In the coast valleys and the interior basin, ground-squirrels swarm in countless hordes, honey-combing all the surface of the earth, and devouring every green thing, unless the farmers make banded war on them with strychnine pot, shotgun, trap, sulphur smoke, water, and all other conceivable devices. Summer brings a plague of impalpable dust which penetrates even into a watch; winter, a plague of fathomless mud and of miring down.

Though making more pretensions to a lofty generosity, ranchmen treat laborers more shabbily and niggardly than their Eastern brethren do. They keenly contract with them for one dollar a day, or thirty dollars "for twenty-six dry days."

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No shelter is provided where they may labor on a rainy day, but they are meanly compelled to lose that time. The amount is not great, but the principle is pitiful. At night they are relegated to the horse-stable. A story is related of an Irishman who came to breakfast in the morning, snatching the while at the barn straw in his hair, and was greeted by the proprietor, "Good morning, sir." Whereto Pat made reply, "And is it 'sur' ye says to the likes of me? Shure and I'd like to trade that same for a bed, bedad."

There is a favorite bit of blarney which calls this "the workingman's paradise." If a poor man can acquire a piece of land without borrowing, or is a skilled artisan, then it is indeed good for him to be here — as the forty-eight million dollars in the savings-banks of the State attest. But a hireling, *as such*, for the most part leads a precarious and miserable existence. Finding steady employment only about four months a year, he is eternally in quest of "a job," eternally impecunious, eternally a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth. On the other hand, farmers have had their tempers infinitely tried by the thieveries, the barn-burnings, and the infamous wastages of property done by these tramps. It is a melancholy spectacle to see them wearily approach with their rolls of blankets a-shoulder, and timidly or with reckless bravado — one or other, because they have been so often rudely repulsed — "ask a brother of the earth to give them leave to toil." Time has been when, for half the year, there were probably ten thousand men to whom their good gray blankets were at once house, bed, pillow, trunk, chair, and cushion. Happily, thrice happily for California, the great "blanket brigade" is fast being mustered out. As good men as ever knapped ginger have trudged in the dusty road, carrying their blankets — and as infamous. The former have received one kind of discharge-papers; the latter, another. It has taken California many years to absorb all the men who drifted down out of the placers, and all the riff-raff of the East; and there were plenty of them that required to be absorbed seven feet deep.

An unfavorable symptom appearing to the traveler is the number of ranches over which is posted in conspicuous lettering that melancholy legend FOR SALE. There is little hazard in asserting that there is not a ranchman of them all who would not sell "if he could get his price." Everybody wants to "realize." Nobody is content to sow the long seed of the future. Who plants olives for his son? or a grove of hard-wood trees for his son's son? Interest is reckoned by the month, laborers are hired by the day. People know not how "to labor and to wait." The one baneful error of thousands is that they think they are making nothing unless they are working for a wage. They want to see and finger every night what they have accumulated during the day. The old, ineradicable virus of the mining days is in their blood, and it can never be gotten out of them unless it is stamped out or burnt out. When a generation of men grow up who have never seen a "chispa" or handled a sluice-fork, then and not till then will farming affairs be managed with some steadfastness and good discretion. No farmer now, or farmer's wife, drops a tear of sentiment or of regret over the rough and uncanny dwelling which the hammer of the roaring auctioneer knocks off amid a ribald throng. No long-drawn chain of sweet and tender recollections grapples the old homestead back into the storied past, or binds it to scenes rendered forever sacred by participation of beloved hearts which now lie low in the church-yard graves, turning to silent dust. There is no spreading tree which Benny planted long ago, when a boy, or rose-bush which Mary's tender hands placed in the ground, watered, and taught to twine itself across the casement. All these matters are the growth of time alone, and they will come to California at last, when the wild and reckless wanderers who planted the foundations hap-hazard are sleeping in the ground.

Let us hope also that the California farmer may not always preëminently deserve the epithet given by Virgil to the

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universal class, *avarus agricola*. It makes one's blood bitter to be compelled always, when about to do a matter of business, to be braced in every direction like an Olympic wrestler. The pitiless and eternal hunting down of "a bargain;" the backing and filling and hedging; the higgling and chaffering; the bated breath with which one party ventures an offer at last, and the other listens; the sickening of heart and bitter chagrin with which one or other or both contemplate the dawning suspicion that they have been overreached — these things are pitiful. This accursed, insatiable rapacity of California is the one "damned spot" on its character.

Agriculture has had to make a hard and bitter fight to secure even the poor modicum of recognition which it has. For nearly fourteen years no man came here to get any good out of the soil itself. The vaquero and the "forty-niner," the old Spanish *régime* and the mining system, have been the serpents to throttle the young Hercules, but are themselves gasping instead. The former still holds the legislature to the nefarious fence-law in its home counties, against the farmer's behoof; the latter still cracks the whip in Sacramento which it has swung ever since the "legislature of a thousand drinks," forcing on the agricultural counties certain wrongs in regard of taxes and representation; though the seat of wealth and population long ago migrated to the plains, leaving the prematurely old, bankrupt, skinny mining counties in the mountains like a haggard young debauchee.[1] Farmers as a class are still highly contemned and disparaged by miners, both in the legislature and outside of it. Truthful James has no admiration for dull John Hodge. In the agricultural fairs the most pitiful premiums are awarded to stock and field products, which are huddled in a corner, while thousands are lavished on the races. A farmer on the soundest basis cannot borrow of the San Francisco money-jugglers as easily as a stock-gambler can. Addressing a farmers' club, Ross Browne bitterly but too truly said, "Even now I believe he could raise money more readily on diamond lands than on swamp or agricultural enterprises." Ranchmen are scattered and powerless; the men of the cities are united and strong; hence the former are outrageously fleeced by them. Wheat is often sold at one hundred per cent. over what the farmers received; wine at one dollar and a half a bottle, while it was sold at Los Angeles for forty cents a gallon, or eight cents a bottle; grapes at eight or ten cents a pound, when the grower was glad to get seventy-five cents a hundred; and tons of fruit are cast into San Francisco Bay every summer because the petty hucksters cannot work it off at five cents a pound, though the farmer was obliged to accept twenty dollars a ton. Thousands of tons rot under the trees yearly, while the poor of the cities go without, because the infamous extortions of the middle-men place it above their reach.

Despite all these drawbacks, the outlook for agriculture in this great commonwealth is hopeful. The skinning and shiftless methods of the present are passing away. There are two great and cardinal ideas slowly permeating the rural mind. One is the absolute necessity of getting the seed into the earth in time to receive the earliest autumn rains, comprehended in one word, *summer-fallowing*. The other is the economy and the greater security of planting several crops on every ranch, so that if one is a failure another may succeed, comprehended in two words, *diversified agriculture*. Another equally important matter is the breaking up small of the colossal ranches owned under Mexican grants or got together through the enormous rapacity of speculators. Cronise says in his preface,[2] "It will be a grand day for California when the word 'ranch,' like the idea and system it represents, has only a historical meaning, and when small farms, well tilled, dot the lovely

[1] In 1859 thirteen mining counties returned $31,615,000 total taxable values; thirteen young agricultural counties only $17,101,000. In 1867 the former returned $29,230,000; the latter $26,404,000. In 1870 the former had still largely declined, while the latter returned $45,413,000.

[2] The Natural Wealth of California. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

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plains now abandoned to herds of cattle." Only consider the vast area of cultivable land, of which men have as yet tilled merely the tithe! In the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys there are twelve million eight hundred thousand acres of arable land in an unbroken body! True, this will yield only about four years in seven, while in the remaining three drought brings the harvest to nothing. But Nature has provided an exhaustless resource in the mountains, of which men have only to avail themselves in order to regulate the machinery of the heavens and bring water upon the thirsty earth at pleasure. The immense area of condensation and catchment afforded by the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range creates vast reservoirs in the form of snow and mountain tarns, which at present all run to waste, flowing down in swift and ice-cold rivers across the sweltering plains. It is not that Nature scatters rain upon California with a niggard hand, but that it is mostly precipitated upon the summits, whence it runs down two or three months too early. It is necessary to create artificial reservoirs in the elevated valleys, and retain there this magnificent supply of waters until later in the season. Otherwise expressed, it is necessary to construct eaves-troughs for the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, which can be plugged and tapped at pleasure.

Already a chartered company have quietly expended over five hundred thousand dollars in surveys and initiatory works toward the setting on of this vast undertaking, the irrigation of an empire. There is a loose and large swing of phrasing in their certificate of incorporation — "the construction of irrigating canals in the State of California, . . . the supplying of cities and towns with pure, fresh water," etc. — which is peculiar to the lordly Western speech. But when great deeds unostentatiously follow hard on the heels of these large, unconscious utterances, the case is hopeful. The time may come when this arid basin will be netted with irrigating canals, making possible a dense population.

Stephen Powers.

CRUISE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN CALAIS HARBOR.

In the year 1863 I was one of the English residents at the country village of Fréthun, about six miles from Calais, when rumors of a most extraordinary nature began to circulate. It was confidently stated that a pirate ship had been brought into the harbor; some averred that she had come in of her own accord for the express purpose of burning Calais and massacring the inhabitants. To ascertain the exact truth, my two sons speedily walked into town, and having well examined this redoubtable craft, brought back more certain information. The ship was a Confederate cruiser bought at Sheerness under another name, by Confederate agents, which had been brought over to Calais by a lieutenant of the Southern navy, with only a few men; on nearing Calais harbor they had hoisted the Confederate flag and christened the vessel the Rappahannock. Very soon after her arrival she had gathered together a motley crew of one hundred and eighty men and thirty-two officers, who expected, after getting stores and ammunition on board, to sail out of the harbor fully prepared for action. Such was not the intention of the authorities; an embargo was laid upon the Rappahannock, and to prevent any sudden attempt of her commander to take her out of port, she was placed in the Bassin à Flots, and kept there for more than a year.

My two sons, of the respective ages of twenty-one and eighteen, were heartily tired of the monotony of their country

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life, and I felt uneasy when, after the arrival of the Rappahannock, every day found them prepared for a walk into Calais and a further inspection of the Southern vessel; I was certainly more grieved than surprised when one day they informed me that they had shipped as two of the crew of the Rappahannock, and would be expected to join immediately. All remonstrance was useless, and I had no option left but to do my best towards preparing them comfortably for their new life. This I did, and my daughters and myself bade them farewell with many tears, many blessings, and many sad misgivings as to their future prospects. In a short time our kind friend the Protestant clergyman, who was the English consular chaplain at Calais, wishing if possible to comfort me, brought down with him on a visit one of the lieutenants of the ship, that I might ask him all the questions my maternal solicitude prompted. This officer was a young Virginian of good family, whose uncle was an admiral in the Confederate service, his family being all stanch supporters of the Southern cause. He had been educated at West Point, and was very good-looking and agreeable. I heard afterwards that both in principles and in manners he was greatly superior to his brother officers. This prepossessing young man was most enthusiastic as to the cause he had espoused, and seemed to feel certain of its favorable issue. He gave me every promise and assurance that my sons should be speedily promoted, that their comfort and welfare would be well looked to, and even that, if inclined to study, time would be allowed them for the purpose. I knew too well that much of this would be impossible on board such a ship, but he certainly left me much comforted, and as far as he was concerned amply redeemed his promises, for he proved a very kind friend to both my sons. As he had predicted, they were speedily promoted; the elder was made an officer, and the younger a quartermaster. They went on board in December, 1863, and during the summer of the following year the time of our old gardener was greatly taken up in carrying books, fruit, flowers, clean linen, and many little delicacies on board their ship, to insure their own comfort and to recommend them to their messmates.

In the mean time all Calais and its environs became stanchly Confederate. I am bound to say that the crew of the Rappahannock were a goodly assemblage of robbers, murderers, pirates, deserters, and pickpockets, and even according to their own account of themselves, there was hardly one who did not deserve hanging. The officers, however, were all gentlemen, mostly young and good-looking, and they certainly were caressed, fêted, and lionized to their hearts' content. Enthusiastic young ladies wore the Confederate colors of gray and blue, and fastened their collars with Rappahannock buttons presented by their gallant admirers. In musical families among the English residents, sweet voices sung Southern songs to admiring audiences, and breakfasts, dinners, concerts, balls, picnics, and, I must add, desperate flirtations, enlivened the whole neighborhood. The officers returned the civilities of their town friends by many pleasant parties and one splendid ball given on board, at which they spared neither expense nor trouble. Nor was the delicate attention omitted of providing a dressing-room for their fair visitors, and ladies' maids to assist them in the adjustment of their dress. Great was the curiosity of all classes to go over the vessel, and inexhaustible the politeness of the officers in showing it off. The throngs on the quay, which assembled every day to watch the proceedings of these rovers of the sea, seemed never to have seen enough, and especially at the sailors' dinner-hour their curiosity was powerfully excited. A wag on board having suggested that they came to see the wild beasts feed, the crew entered into the joke, and not only pretended to snatch up their food and claw it to pieces like wild animals, but, simulating bears, gave utterance to sundry horrid growls, to the great terror of the female portion of the lookers-on.

It might have been supposed that the

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Rappahannock, being peaceably moored by the side of the quay, would have been in no danger of law proceedings. Not so. A timber vessel came into the Bassin à Flots, and injured her bowsprit rigging by running into the rigging of the Southern ship. The matter was referred to the Tribunal de Commerce, and one of my sons, who was only too well acquainted with the very unsatisfactory course of French justice, told the captain at once that the Rappahannock, and not the aggressive timber ship, would bear the brunt of the affair, and for this simple reason, that the president of the Tribunal de Commerce was father-in-law to the owner of the timber vessel. He was right; the Rappahannock was condemned to pay a fine of three hundred francs, and as the captain positively refused to pay, the town bill-sticker was ordered not only to paste up bills of sale all over the town, but also to go on board the ship for the same purpose. Having fulfilled the first part of his commission, the public functionary strolled along the quay and fearlessly stepped on to the deck of the Rappahannock, with his pot of paste and bundle of bills. The officer of the deck instantly signaled to two stalwart tars, who, seizing the man, each by an arm and his trousers, hove him on to the quay, which, being at least ten feet above the level of the deck, made his rapid ascent rather perilous. He was not hurt, but, from the impetus given, fell into his paste pot, and the day being stormy his bills were scattered to the four winds of heaven. He shook his fist at the ship and hurried to tell his tale to the authorities. In half an hour a fierce-looking gendarme was sent to parley with the recalcitrant ship; but by this time the officer of the watch had completely lost his patience, and sending the steward for his sword, laid it on the capstan and swore that he would cleave the head of the first man who dared to set foot on the deck. Afraid any longer "to beard the lion in his den," the gendarme disappeared, and what more came of the matter history does not record.

An incident of a more serious kind, which under other circumstances would have led to a naval execution, took place while my sons were on board. A tall, good-looking young man came one day and shipped before the mast, and though rated as a common seaman, seemed marvelously conversant with nautical affairs. He attracted notice at last by his constant examination of every part of the ship to which he could gain access, and he was specially addicted to prowling about the powder-magazine. A whisper began to circulate in the ship that a Northern spy was on board, and suspicion at once fell upon this young man. The captain intercepted and read a letter from his mother, which fully verified the fact of his being a spy. It was supposed that he belonged to the Kearsarge, which kept cruising between Cherbourg and Calais, and which sometimes came almost to the entrance of the harbor. He was at once made prisoner, heavily ironed both hand and foot, and confined on the lower deck, where he remained nearly two months strictly guarded. My sons, whose hearts had not been hardened by the cruelties of war, so far as they had known them, found means of supplying the unfortunate man with clean linen, of which he was dreadfully in want, and other small comforts which were rigorously denied him. If the captain had dared he would at once have hung his prisoner, but in a foreign harbor that was impossible. It was, however, fully decided that if the ship were ever released and got out to sea, the spy would swing from the yard-arm. He was saved from this fate. It was found so difficult and troublesome to have him constantly guarded, that at length it was decided to dismiss him with ignominy. The crew and the officers were accordingly mustered upon the deck, and the prisoner being brought up, his irons were taken off and he was very unceremoniously put on shore in nothing but his shirt and trousers, much broken down by his long imprisonment. Far from being ashamed of his detection as a spy, he gloried in it, and maintained that he was in the strict line of duty and was performing a most heroic act of

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patriotic self-devotion. He openly acknowledged that it had been his intention to blow up the Rappahannock with all on board, could he once have gained access to the powder-magazine, and he had taken the precaution of having always a small boat at a short distance to facilitate his own escape. He must have had friends and resources in Calais, for the day after his dismissal he reappeared in gentlemanly dress and took up his abode at one of the best hotels. He wrote once afterwards to my sons to thank them for their kindness.

While these events were passing, my daughters and myself spent a summer of torturing anxiety. We had always the dread that the Rappahannock might be allowed to go out to sea, in which case my sons would be carried away from us. We also knew that the notorious Alabama was off Cherbourg and in want of more hands. I fear that it will be thought very shocking in an Englishwoman, but I confess that when I heard of the total destruction of the Alabama in her fight with the Kearsarge, I felt nothing but an inexpressible relief and thankfulness. My sons, longing for active service, and heartily weary of the idle, droning life they led in the harbor, had signed their names as volunteers for the Alabama only a few days before her destruction. My long trial was, however, coming to a close. Early in August, 1864, Antoine, our old gardener, returned one day from the ship, bringing back with him all the parcels I had sent in the morning. He told me that he had seen and spoken with both his young masters, who had sent me word that they were both coming back for good the next day, and wished nothing more sent. Seeing me still incredulous, the old man added that the crew were being paid off as fast as possible, and that many of the officers had already quitted the ship. The next day this joyful news was confirmed by the arrival of our two absentees, and if we did not actually kill the fatted calf, we at least received them with heartfelt thankfulness.

How many broken hearts the gallant Confederate officers left behind them, I am not prepared to say; but this I do know, that great grief and lamentation took place at their departure, and that for months afterwards the very spirit of dullness brooded over the old streets of Calais. The Rappahannock was for years a standing joke in our family, and was christened Mamma's Sinking Fund, so great was the outlay of money and everything else it had cost me.

H. B. K.

BENJAMIN JACQUES.

In an iron-bound valley of the Adirondacks, Ben Jacques was financially ruined in the summer of 1842 by a mining speculation. His ruin did not mean so very much in dollars and cents, perhaps less than his previous failures in the same barren field, but somehow this last failure seemed to mean a great deal to him personally. His open, honest face revealed keen suffering.

Jacques had been very temperate and industrious. He would have gained success if there had been half a chance. But mining in the Adirondack Mountains was hard. So long as a man was young, and new at the business, he could endure the disappointments after a fashion; but when he was turned of forty years of age, and had learned that mining in the Adirondacks was contending against great commercial odds if not natural laws, he was apt to think that he needed a change. One's best strength for "fighting the rocks" was likely to be impaired before middle life. Jacques, however, was still strong. It was the check upon earnest purposes and honest hopes that wrung his heart. He had tried so many times, he said, and so fair, and every time a failure.

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On this last occasion Jacques's brown locks were turning to silver, as the assets of his venture were made over to "the company," leaving him without a dollar; and he explained to his friends, in his simple, direct way, with tears in his frank, gray eyes, that he was tired.

"More than twelve years ago," he said, "I brought a little money and a hopeful heart to these mountains, and you all know whether I have worked faithful. I own I am down now, and my heart is sore. It an't no use, boys," he added. "It is a hard country. Them few black holes over there in the hill is all I have to show for my work. And them an't mine any longer," he added, struggling with a sob. He said to a friend, privately and with tears, "It 's all right, George, to talk of settling down, but when a man has had his hopes, and sees it 's too late, and he has nothing to offer, what can he say?"

Three days after the failure, Ben Jacques started away from the mining settlement alone for a walk among the mountains. He was trying to get a mental view of what else there might be in the world beside iron ore and speculation and heart-ache. It was a July morning, all brightness, and cheered by the birds, he walked along a little road up by a cabin where his newly-married friend, Nellie, and her husband lived. The little home was a sweet picture. Beyond it were the woods and the dark mountains. To the toiler whose existence had been for so many years a struggle to wrench a fortune from these rocky hills, they seemed implacable and pitiless. What was the serenity of their heights but contempt for his feeble struggles?

He passed on from the settlement into the woods. There was an old mining road that he knew of. It led many miles into the wilderness. It had been "cut out" and speedily abandoned in a mining speculation years ago. He followed this track five miles, to Cherry Lake. The lake was very solitary. A dark, rugged hill clothed with black spruce rose beyond it. Where Jacques was, there was a plain covered with maple and beech trees. He noticed how fine the prospect was, and how wonderfully the blue waters sparkled in the July noon. Then he sat down upon the shore and smoked his pipe, and thought it all over again. When he returned to the settlement that evening, he remarked that he had considered the matter fully, and was sure that he had done with mining forever.

A week later the news was circulated that Ben Jacques had put up a log-cabin away off in the woods at Cherry Lake, and was going to turn hermit. There were diverse comments upon this intelligence. Some reckoned that he had found a new mine out there, others were "afeard" that Ben had a soft spot in his head. His own statement of the case to Nellie was plain. He said he was tired. He declared, also, that it was pleasant at the lake, and that he loved to dream there in the silence. "I remember a world outside of these mountains, Nellie," said Jacques, "that you have not seen." When Nellie said, anxiously, that she feared he was giving way to some secret sorrow, he did not reply.

Jacques's cabin at the lake was a pleasant place. During the autumn he cleared a little ground, that he might have a garden in the spring, and he improved the old road so that a team could be driven over it. A few weeks' labor at "The Works" supplied him with means to procure the necessaries he required. Then a little furniture and a few books were taken to the cabin, and the toiler settled down to rest.

Jacques was a sensitive man. The isolation of his hermit-life soon had its natural effect upon him. That unseen world that surrounds the living, both when they wake and when they sleep, seemed to him to come nearer and nearer. The strange spirits that woo and win the solitary found him in the wilderness. It was observed that he was becoming quiet and shy, and that the little he saw of society when he visited the settlement oppressed him.

The seasons came and went with much feverish anxiety, and many baffled

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enterprises, at the mining settlement. Amid the worry and the failures, Ben Jacques, the hermit, was little cared for, and rarely remembered.

The little settlement did not encroach very rapidly upon the woods. Jacques's cabin was still miles away in the forest. His acre of garden was a rose in the vast wilderness. In spring the flowers bloomed around his door-way, and the bees from his hives hummed around the tiny clearing. Remote as it was, the robins and the bluebirds found this lonely home. It was one of the picnic journeys in summer, for the young folks to travel the long, unfrequented road through the woods, and visit Jacques, the hermit. These visits were received as a great honor by the venerable man, and he always gave the visitors honey and flowers. But only Nellie, and her husband and children, knew "old Mr. Jacques" as something more than a strange man, or a curiosity. Twice, at least, every summer, a horse and rude wagon were driven by Nellie's husband or by her own hands over the rough road to Mr. Jacques's. Almost every month in the year Jacques came to see Nellie and her family. It was the tie that bound him to the outward world.

Nellie used to say to her husband that although she could not imagine what it was, she was sure there was some sad secret in Mr. Jacques's life. Her eyes grew dim with tears, as she saw that her own little Mary, so timid and shy toward all others, yet found a friend in this lonely and aged man. She wondered at the pretty blush that came to his withered cheeks as the quiet child welcomed and kissed him.

But no one knew the life or the thoughts of Benjamin Jacques. The dreary years, the brightness of summer, and the winter's dreadful cold, found him dwelling ever alone in the silence of the great woods. As the long decades were passing, the silver of his locks changed to snow.

It came to pass that a message from the years gone by penetrated to his seclusion, reaching his saddened spirit more to wound than to cheer.

It was an August night and was raining. Jacques sat in his cabin, reading a newspaper dated three months back. The light of a candle which he held in his hand fell upon his face, revealing how strangely and sadly it was chastened by his lonely life. The rain beat dull and dreary upon the window-pane. A mouse nibbled in a cupboard and then ran across the floor. A low, moaning sigh came from the forest. Jacques put his candle upon the table, pushed up his spectacles, closed his eyes, and sat thinking. There were strange stories in the newspaper he had been reading, about spirits coming back to this world. He was not surprised by the idea. He had felt his deceased mother near him many times, when he was utterly heart-broken and weeping in his solitary hours. But he did not think it likely that the spirits would make noises and disturb people. He was satisfied that the accounts in the newspaper were not true. Then he wondered again what it was that he had felt coming all day. Perhaps it was nothing. Yet why should he feel it always before people came? He would not have believed such things years ago.

Jacques opened his eyes. Was that a faint lightning-flash upon the window? It was too long and steady for that. He rose and peered out into the blackness of the rainy night. His window overlooked the lake. Across, upon a point of land that projected out from the main shore, a ruddy fire was burning. Its red glare came in a misty, shimmering track across the waves.

"Some hunters, probably," thought Jacques. And yet the hunters never came to the lake, and there was no fishing there. "It must be somebody who has come all the way through the woods on the old mining road," he said to himself. He tried to believe it was not remarkable; but he did not sleep very soundly that night for thinking of it, although the beat of the rain upon the roof soothed him.

The next morning was clear and beautiful. The green, wet woods were steaming in the warm summer air, and

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the bees were humming. At eight o'clock Jacques sat reading in his open door-way. A bright, active boy, dressed in a blue suit, and about twelve years of age, came along the lake shore, and to the door of the cabin.

"Good morning, Mr. Jacques," said the boy, with a cheery smile; and his clear blue eyes looked kindly and curiously at the long, white hair and grave, sad face of the hermit. Jacques pushed his spectacles back upon his forehead, and turned his dreamy look upon the eager young face before him.

The boy proceeded to tell Jacques that he and his older brother had walked sixty miles along the roads through the woods for a vacation, and were camping over on the point. He said that as it was Sunday, they should stay over until to-morrow. "They told us back at Smith's that you lived here, and that your name was Mr. Jacques," said the boy with juvenile volubility; and turning partly away, the lad commenced biting the green bark from a fresh birch branch in his hand, glancing at the man meanwhile, to discover what impression he was making. When the hermit spoke a few kind words in reply, the boy seemed to judge that it would be safe to develop his policy. "You see, Mr. Jacques," he said, "we want some new potatoes from your garden, and I guess you will hate to let us have any."

The boy found little difficulty in arranging with kind-hearted Mr. Jacques. The hermit was ready to do more than was asked of him. He urged that the lads should come and stay at his cottage.

The boy departed, and soon returned with his comrade. They brought a knapsack full of trout, and a rifle. The elder boy was also dressed in blue; he was grave and sedate.

The young talkers made it lively at the cottage. Jacques had not heard such music there for many a dreary day, — not since the picnic, three years before.

The boys looked at the bees and the flowers, and the younger one explored all the surroundings of the place. Will, the elder, sat with Jacques and conversed quietly of the news of the day. The conversation turned upon books. The boy was well-informed.

"You are a student," said Jacques. "When I was young, I too had some schooling; in my solitude I still find in reading my chief enjoyment and solace." And then Jacques produced a worn volume of Milton's Poems, and read, in a slow, measured manner, a part of the poem beginning at man's first disobedience, that brought death into our world and all our woe.

The old man became confidential with the sober, scholarly lad. "I know a little," said Jacques, humbly, "of the great world in which you live, and of literary men and fame; my grandfather was a writer for the press in France." And then Jacques, with diffidence and embarrassment, confessed that in the long, silent hours, just to amuse his thoughts, he had himself composed a few lines, and had them in memory. They were not much, he said, but they gave him something to think about, and imparted to his solitary hours a certain pleasure.

"I am not skilled in punctuation," he remarked, in his unaffected way, "and so I have never written them down." As the two became more acquainted, the old man, blushing a little, repeated a poem of his own, and the young student jotted it down in cipher in his note-book. The hermit was greatly pleased at this, and smiled with a simple, honest pride, as his words were read back to him to see that all was right. Jacques was correct in saying that the lines were not very much. They were evidently inspired by Milton's Paradise Lost, and treated of the same great theme. With all their rudeness, however, they revealed the native grandeur of his soul, and I would fain believe that they reflected in some degree the light of the great epic that inspired them.

As the sun was going down, the boys and Jacques sat in the cottage door.

"You call each other Will and George," said Jacques, "but if I may ask, what are your full names?"

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The boys gave their names and the name of their father.

What was it that made Jacques tremble and then remain so still? The boys noticed the agitation and the silence, but knew no cause. By degrees the conversation was resumed. A half-hour passed away.

Jacques said to Will, as if casually, "Your father is the missionary-pastor that has recently come to this region and visits the settlement sometimes?"

Will replied in the affirmative. The conversation turned again to other matters. An hour later Jacques said to Will, "*You* favor your *father* in your looks, I suppose."

"Yes, so they say," replied Will, smiling at the old man's curiosity.

"But *he* is not like your father," said Jacques, pointing to George.

"No," said Will, unconsciously, "he is like mother, they say."

Why was the old man so quiet? Why did his voice tremble when he spoke? The boys noticed how humble and sad and subdued he seemed that evening, and wondered why he consulted every wish of theirs so anxiously, and seemed to strive so hard to serve them.

In spite of their expostulations the hermit gave up his one bed to the boys. The brothers sat by their bed before retiring. They were whispering a moment together. What was it? Jacques heard the words, "George, mother said we always must," and then the two knelt silently at the bedside. When they rose they saw that Jacques was also kneeling, and a low sound like a sob came from the dim corner where he was, as he rose from his knees. There were kind good nights said, and wishes for a bright to-morrow, and the lads slept.

The wishes for a bright morning were realized, and the youthful travelers prepared to resume their journey. Before they went away Jacques said, "I was acquainted with your parents many years ago; that is," he continued, with a strange faltering, "I do not know as I was acquainted with your *father*—You might tell them," he added, "that Mr. Jacques sends his respects,—if they should remember me."

It was seven o'clock, and the sun was shining very brightly, when the rosy-faced boys left Jacques's cabin, and with kind words of "good-by" started along the road out toward the mining settlement. As they passed into the woods they turned and looked back once more at the garden and the flowers, and they waved one more adieu with their caps to the hermit. As they did so Jacques stood by the road-side, leaning upon his staff and weeping bitterly.

"That is a very strange old man," said George.

"So he is," said Will; "I think he was crying all last night." And the two, so young and inexperienced in the voyage of life, passed on, not knowing what message they had brought to this shipwrecked mariner, upon his lonely rock in the vast, mysterious ocean.

Jacques's health declined. Nellie thought it was not safe for the old man to live alone. She urged upon her husband the propriety of bringing their friend to their own house. But Jacques when invited said, no, he could not leave his home. In the winter following, Nellie's husband visited Jacques several times, making the journey upon snow-shoes. But he always found the hermit in about his usual health, and able, he said, to visit the settlement whenever he desired it.

It was spring again. Robins and bluebirds came; and Jacques's garden hummed with the bees and bloomed with flowers. There came a bright, warm day, when the fire-pulsed, leafy June was glowing with the life of a new summer. Nellie and little Mary went in their wagon to visit "old Mr. Jacques," at the lake. They came to the cottage. The timid little maiden sprang out of the wagon and went forward through the gate, while her mother remained to tie the old gray horse to a post. Mary went close up to the cottage. The door was open and she stepped in. Then she called back to her mother that Jacques was asleep. Nellie felt the presentiment. She entered the cabin, and there

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upon the bed was the weary traveler, forever at rest.

It was plain that the great conqueror had surprised him. Jacques was dressed with his usual neatness and care. His Milton had fallen from his hand and was lying upon the bed by his side. The clock was ticking upon the shelf, and the flowers upon the little table at the bedside were still fresh with the morning dew. The little window toward the lake was open, and the light summer air stirred the white muslin curtain that shaded it. Nellie and little Mary stood for a while awe-stricken in the great hush and stillness of the presence of death. Then Nellie closed the house, and her tears fell as she realized that she was doing the last service she could render her friend. Then she and little Mary returned to the settlement, and suitable aid was secured and sent to the cabin.

It was proposed that Jacques should be brought out to the common burying-ground; but it turned out that he had strictly charged Nellie that his grave should be at his home. The place he had chosen was where the flowers grew, and the bees and the birds and the sunshine came first in spring.

The hermit's wishes in regard to his last resting-place were complied with. The funeral was upon the Sabbath; and a service at the settlement was omitted, in order that the people might assemble at the hermitage. It was esteemed fortunate that the missionary-pastor was making his round, traveling with his wife in the bright, summer weather, along the roads to the settlements in the wilderness. They came to the meeting that bright Sabbath, at the little clearing in the woods.

The missionary-pastor was a venerable man, who had seen service in the cause of his Master in many fields. His wife was a tall, quiet woman, bearing well the dignity of age. The silver was thickening in her hair, but her features were still symmetrically molded and she retained her queenly tread.

The pastor spoke from the door of the cabin, while the women were within, and a congregation of men was upon the outside.

Why did the pastor's wife manifest so much interest in the cabin and the things there? She observed the hermit's furniture and his books. After the sermon, when there was a little stir in arranging before burial, she ventured to lift a worn copy of Milton's Poems from the table at her side. What was it upon the fly-leaf that brought a little flush to her face? Only these faded words, written in an unformed, girlish hand, "Happy New Year to Mr. Jacques, 1829."

Soon the arrangements were made, and the people, according to the country custom, passed in file by the coffin and looked their last. It was noticed that the pastor's wife wept, and placed a flower from the garden upon the breast of the aged sleeper.

The services were over. The body of Benjamin Jacques had been committed to its kindred dust. The pastor observed that his wife trembled as he aided her to get into the stout buggy which was his traveling carriage. As the line of wagons filed along the road under the trees, the pastor said in his kindest tone, "My dear, you were very much affected by the services, to-day." The wife placed her hand tenderly upon her husband's arm and replied, "It is the *same man*, Joseph; I was acquainted with Mr. Jacques when I was a young girl in Salem."

P. Deming.

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STORY OF A CONTRABAND.

THE hero, and indeed the author, of this little story (since I took it down almost word for word from his own lips) is a huge, jet-black, powerful negro, whose trials and sorrows have never damped the courage or soured the sweetness of a singularly brave and kindly nature. I first saw him in the soft twilight of a lovely summer evening, working most energetically in a friend's garden, and was instantly attracted by the fact that he was not only willingly and cheerily working after hours, but was doing so with immense energy and rapidity. He replied to all his master's entreaties to stop work and go home with the assurance that he was "interested in dese yer raspberries; goin' to rain to-morrow, and dey won't be nice fur de mist's jam if dey 's wet."

Finally he emerged, carrying a big basket, a tin pan, a hoe, and a rake, all in one hand, in a peculiarly dexterous manner. For Joe McEntyre had but one arm, and with this, as I soon discovered, accomplished much more than most men with two. He was a great favorite with his employers, and equally so with his fellow-servants, while his skill, cleverness, and willingness made him factotum in general. In the rosy dawn, the first sounds that greeted our ears all that summer long were the mellow tones of Joe's naturally deep bass voice, subdued to softest accents of persuasion, as he coaxed a refractory cow to let down her milk. It was not his business to milk this particular cow, but it became his habit, because she invariably kicked over stool, milking-pail, and milker, if any one else attempted to handle her. This is only one instance out of many, of his happy gift of managing animals. The kindly paternal way in which he used to coax, and pet, and feed the young calves and colts would have filled an orphan child's heart with longing; indeed, the dominant instinct of the man's nature led him to delight in making all creatures happy, and I remember well the odd sight he presented one morning, shambling across a field, with colts, calves, and cows all following him in affectionate and uncomfortable proximity, while he expostulated with them: "Now, honeys, ye done come fur enuff; yer knows I 's got to go home to my dinner, and I carn' take all on yer along. Lemme go now, and I 'll bring all on ye some salt when I come back."

The story which follows I took down at different times, as I followed Joe about the garden, for he never paused in his labor for an instant. It will be seen that his diction is peculiar, the ordinary negro phraseology being diversified by some high-flown expressions which he has picked up at various times, while occasionally a singularly happy and picturesque phrase will find its way into his speech. At first his recollections were given in rather a fragmentary form, but at my earnest request he devoted a Sunday afternoon to my notebook, and appeared in resplendent attire, arrayed in stiffly starched nankeen pantaloons and a showy shirt, his shoes — he wears sixteens — brilliantly polished, a handsome coat much too small, and a large white hat surmounting all, while four gorgeous breastpins shone radiant upon different parts of his person. One blazed in his cravat, a second adorned his shirt-front, a third the bottom of his waistcoat, while the fourth gleamed like an order upon his empty sleeve. I give his story as nearly as possible in his own words, though unfortunately I cannot claim to have preserved, in anything like its native freshness, the racy charm of his narrative, to which indeed his tones and gestures added not a little.

Yes, mist', I was bohn in Guinea, and de fust t'ing I 'member is woods, woods, woods, stretchin' away like de

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ocean dar now. We was happy enuff in dem days. Not as I 'member so much, neither. I was eight years old, 's nigh as I can guess, when I was took, me and my brudder Alfred, and my fader and mudder. Dey was two sisters too, but dey got away, and I suppose is livin' dar now. Well, beside de woods, dar was de ocean dar, jus' like it is yere, only dar was dar, so it seems to me, brighter-colored pebbles on de sho'.

We was mighty fond of goin' down to de sho', all on us, young and old, to bathe, but we young ones 'joyed ourselves de best. We went dar day arter day, like young lambs, to play. My mind sometimes goes wanderin' over dem days, so you must 'scuse me, mist', if I don't bring my 'collections togedder as smooth as beads on a string. Well, 'bout our bein' took. Dar was a colored man dar; don' know nuffin 'bout how he came, only know he was dar, and spoke our language like he was one of us, which was likely he had been, though now he was paid by pirates, which of course we did n't know. He was roun' dar a long time, tellin' stories to de chil'en, and talkin' eberlastin' wid de grown-up folks, till he got mos' of de leadin' Africans under his belief (Guinea, you know, mist', is in Africay; so that 's why dey call my nation people Africans) dat he had a ship full of red blankets and red caps and beads and sich. 'Pears like de fus' t'ing cl'ar like a picture to my mind is a follerin' on, a lot of us, chil'en, parents, old folks, and all, fro de woods, follerin' on, I say, jess like birds a charmer. By and by we see de sea shinin', and dar shore enuff was de ship, white sails spread, and goin' softly up and down on de waves, like she was dancin' or courtesyin'. Den dis yer man turns 'roun', and he makes a speech. He seen dey was a lot of old folks along, for dey was covetuous of de beads an' caps an' red stuffs, as well as de rest; an' he tuck mighty good keer to let dem old folks know he had n't nuffin fur dem.

Finally we got aboard de ship, and we was tuck down to a place dat was all lit off wid lookin'-glasses and colored lights and beads and red and yellow stuffs hangin' 'roun'. A gorgerer place I never saw. We all got in dar, and den he tole us to stand up close, and den when we was all fixed de t'ings would be give out to us. So he got us till we was all settin' by, expectin' of great treasures, an' all dis time he was edgin' hisself to de do'. All of a sudden like a streak of lightnin' he jumped out, an' de do' was shut on us. De ole uns of us saw den how 't was, an' of all de jumpin' an' boltin' an' hollerin' an' roarin' dar ever was in dis world, you bet dar was nuffin like what was on dat ar boat. Some of dem big, double-j'inted African men struck de ship like dey 'd break it in two. 'T wa' n't no use, we could n't git out, and 'fore many minutes was over we felt de ship movin' over de water. I 've heerd since, she hung about de sho', skirtin' 'roun' Africay a good while, 'fraid of anodder ship huntin' of her, and that it was about two months 'fore we got compass right, and off for de United States. Ef de ship had been caught, dey 'd have fastened us all togedder wid big ball chain handcuffs an' pitched us overboard. 'T was a bad time, anyhow; we was packed so close we could n't hardly breathe, and de food, beef an' sich, was forked in to us fro' de rails. Dar was fightin' den, you bet. Ef it had n't ha' been fur my big, double-j'inted brudder Alfred, we 'd ha' died, fader an' mudder and me. He fit de others and saved enuff to keep us alive. Dey was a good many deaths, more 'n half; a good many more 'n half, I guess; but at las' de ship sailed inter New Orleans. Hundora was her name. I heern arterwards she was burnt on de high seas, 'stroyed fur de business she was in, carr'in' niggers.

De fust t'ing arter we came to land dere came down a lot of strappin' big nigger-drivers, all dressed out in white coats and pants and hats, and carr'in' mighty big whips. And dey came and looked at us fro' de rails; we had n't never been let out; 'cause de sailors was 'fraid of us. By dis time we was too weak to fight much, but we was that

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vicious that it would n't have been safe for any of 'em to come amongst us widout bein' mighty keerful. Arter a time dey got us out on deck. We was all naked and barefoot, in course, all on us. De nigger-drivers brought out, fust t'ing, plenty of hominy and coarse Indian meal and milk. Dey put it in a big trought on deck, an' we helped ourselves. When we was all full, den come de tug of war, 'cause dey brought along shirts and shoes and pants and hats, and begun to put 'em on us. Well, of all de rippin' an' tearin', when dem ar clo'es got on, you bet, mist', you never seen nuffin to beat it. Dem ar clo'es went lickety-split; hats and shirts and pants, dey was all ripped and teared. 'Pears like de feelin' ob de clo'es jus' drove us crazy. We was all sold in one lot, — me, an' my brudder Alfred, an' my fader and mudder. Dey all died in slavery too, 'ceptin' me. Dey had to treat Alf like a beast, he was that desprit and strong, and some of de others 'peared like their hearts was busted in 'em. When we got to de plantation, orders was give to de nigger-driver to teach us how to hoe, 'ceptin' me. I was too little, an' was let run along of de odder pickaninnies. Dey put a clean shirt on me fust t'ing, and I tore mine inter strings. 'Peared like I could n't b'ar clo'es nohow. Den dey put on anodder shirt, and dat I durst n't take off. Dat shirt tormented me so, I was off my feed nigh two days, and den I went for 't like a tiger.

De fust work I ever done was scrapin cotton. I broke down over dat, an' den I was set to tote water. I used to car' it on my head. I had to go down to de ribber to git it, and mos' allers used ter git in an' have a good royal bathe. I used ter stay in a good while, till I 'd see de nigger-driver huntin' of me with a whip. He did tan me mis'able one time, an' arter dat I was n't a good water toter no more. I was mighty lazy and mischievious in dem days, and de judge, — Judge Annesley was our boss, — he tole Essex ter timber me well, so 's ter teach me ter behave. I fit Essex when he done it, and de judge larfed ter see me pitch into him. Finally I ran away, and stayed in the hay till I got starved out, and arter dat I had a real nice time, 'cause de judge he would n't let me be tanned so hard ag'in. Judge Annesley was a real kind man, good to all his hands. Dere wa' n't no runnin' away when he was to home, but the gardeen,[1] he was a cross man. When I 'd been growed up a few years, de judge was tuck sick; he was sick a good long time and finally he tuck to his bed. I was 'roun' about him a good deal, and de day 'fore he died he had me in ter lift him, and he shuck hands with me. "Good-by, Joe," says he; "you 've been a good, faithful boy, Joe," he says. He died next day, and arter the death of him my days began ter git kind of ashy.

Arter he 'd been buried 'bout a week, madam had us all, field hands and all, up to de house; the new overseer she 'd engaged, he was dar too, stan'in' 'longside of her chair and lookin' mighty fierce. Soon as we was all dar, madam spoke up. "Now, boys and girls," says she, "do you know what you are?" she says. "You 're jus' de laziest, good-for-nuffinest set of hands in Louisiana. Now I 'm goin' ter make workin' niggers of you," says she. "I 've got a overseer now as 'll manage things, and I 'm agoin' to make money by my cotton; and if ye don't work your stent you 'll get the stick." With that she made us all stan' up in a row 'fore de oberseer, and den she give her orders fust, and arter dat she sung out in a angry voice, "Will you all obey?"

Den de oberseer spoke up, and says he, "Now, Mrs. Annesley," says he, "I 'm de man to fulfill yer orders. I 'll keep 'em all up ter time, but I don't want no questionin' nor interferin' 'bout de way I deal wid 'em. I hope you 'll agree to dis, madam," says he.

Well, she did n't like it, but she said she 'd agree to it, and a little while arter dat she went off summerin' and left all her keys in de keepin' ob a favorite nigger-driver named Caleb. She tole Caleb not to let on to anybody, 'specially de oberseer, that he had 'em, and Caleb

[1] Overseer.

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was a mighty faithful hand, and he did n't; but de oberseer suspicioned it, and Caleb he allers tole him no; course he did, 'cause de mist' tole him not to let on.

Howsomdever, spite ob de oberseer's suspicionings, eberyt'ing went along tol-'able smooth till de mist' came home. I was dar, up roun' de house, when she arrove, an' Mass' Matthews, de oberseer, he was dar too. De mist' asked him ef eberyt'ing was goin' on well, and de hands all well and behavin' theirselves, and he says yes, eberyt'ing was goin' along fust-rate. Well, dis yer pleased de mist', and she gin Mr. Matthews quite a flatteration on his management; but right on top of it she sung out loud, "Joe, take de pony, an' go down to de south plantation and ask Caleb to send me my keys." Mass' Matthews gave mist' de blackest look I ever did see, but he did n't say nuffin, only walked away quick. He did n't say nuffin to Caleb, neither, but from dat day nuffin dat poor nigger done was right. He 'd give him orders mortal man could n't fill, an' den he 'd be down on him 'cause he did n't do de stent ob four men. Ye see, mist', dat ar key was in his mind all de time, an' dis yer fault-findin' about pickin' cotton and sich was ter drown de t'oughts ob it out ob our minds. But we 'membered of it all de time. Arter mist' had been home most a week, de oberseer came down ter de cotton-field whar Caleb and me was workin'. "Ye damned, lazy, good-for-nothin' nigger," says he to Caleb, as soon as he came close up to us, "ye have n't done yer stent, I see. I 'll teach ye ter disobey my orders. I 'll give ye some ile ter limber yer j'ints, ye lazy dog." Wid dat he called up four ob de biggest and savagest ob de nigger-drivers, and made 'em drive four stakes into de groun', an' strip Caleb, an' lay him down, an' tie him to de stakes. He stood close by, hisself, an' made 'em put on de lashes. I won't tell yer no more 'bout dat, mist'. Only he was jus' cut to pieces. Why did n't we tell mist'? Lord! we would n't dar'. Ef she 'd ha' found it out, she 'd ha' stopped it mighty quick, but we did n't none of us dar' to run off an' tell her, and de whippin' place was more 'n two miles from de house. Ef we 'd ha' started to run, he 'd ha' killed us. Lord! jus' as easy as you 'd kill a fly. When Caleb was tuck up he was 'most gone. De oberseer was frightened, den. Dey carr'd him home and put sweet ile and cotton on him, and de oberseer went fur de doctor. De nex' day mist' hearn he was sick, and came ter see him, and brought him wine and medicine and sich, but she nebber suspicioned nuffin. He was all covered up close in bed. De oberseer he 'd threatened de doctor ter shoot him dead, ef he did n't say dat pneumony was what was de matter of Caleb, so de doctor did say so, and mist' nebber know no better. Ye see it was n't 'lotted fur mist' ter stop it, nor punish it, and it was 'lotted fur Caleb ter die; and he did die four days arter he was flogged.

Ed Matthews was de oberseer's name; he had it all his own way arter dat, but 'peared like his heart was broke fur what he done. He nebber whipped no one no more, nor gib an order. 'Peared like he could n't care about nuffin. We soon found dat out, and done what we pleased. Arter a while he tole mist' he must go; he would n't even wait till she got some one else.

Bob Barrett was de next man in charge; he did n't flog so much, but he fed de slaves so poor dat de wind could have blowed 'em over. Two pounds of meat a week, and a pint of meal a day, husks and all, and de work powerful heavy, too. When he was pushed for time he 'd keep de hands on workin' day and night; and de meat was give raw, and no fire 'mos' of de time to cook it. Many would mix pone and put it down to de fire to bake, and den be kept so hard to work dat when dey came back, dey 'd find de pone all burned up; I have, many a time. Dar was hard times down dar. Often when night come, arter I 'd had nuffin to eat all day, I 'd be too tired, spite of de hunger in my stomach, to go up to de house and get a piece from de mist's table.

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Bob Barrett was de man dat threatened to lick me. I 'd got on pretty well all along, and never had a thrashing since I grew up; and I was a powerful hand to work, so I kept along, and he got no chance to lick me; but he was hard on me, pilin' up my stent a little more ebery day, 'cause he knowed I could n't b'ar de shame of de stick, and dat I 'd work de nails off my fingers fust. Dem days is gone, but my flesh was wore away like an old hoe den, and 'pears like I ache in all my bones when I 'member of 'em. When Bob Barrett had been on de plantation about six months, I had a bad turn of cholera morbel. I should ha' died ob it, ef it had n't been for Luce, madam's maid. I laid down under de trees near de house, 'most ready to gib in, but Luce seen me, and she mixed a powerful dose ob camphire and hot water, and worked and worked till she got it down me. In a day or two I was back in de field ag'in, but 'peared like my bones was limber, and I could n't do my stent nohow. Mass' Bob Barrett he came up to me in de cotton-field as mad as fire. "Now you Joe," he says, "don't you show me none of yer shamming sick tricks; you pick your stent to-day or you git a licking to-night, as sure 's my name 's Bob Barrett." Den he rode off.

Well, I tried hard fur an hour, but I could n't pick my stent nohow. So den I made up my mind to put for de swamp, an' nebber pick no more. I knowed he 'd flog me, and I could n't stan' it; I 'd nebber tuck a licking, and 'peared like it would break my heart. So I give out I was mighty sick in my insides, and den I crep' under de fence, an' laid dar, like I was 'mos' dead. Arter a while, when I seed dey was n't 'memberin' of me, I crep' away little by little till I got out ob sight, and den I put fur de swamp. I was allers a mighty good hand to run, and swim too, and 'fore dey stopped work, or suspicioned ob me, I was fur enuff away. I knew de swamp well, an' jus' how to 'scape from de hounds; I heern 'em arter me, soon arter sundown, but my trail was lost in de water, and dey could n't kitch me. I stood it pretty well dat night, and de nex' day, till it seemed like I 'd go mad with hunger. De second night I went up de swamp two miles or more beyond our plantation, and den I hid in de woods; I could n't find nuffin to eat dar, so I clum up a tree to take a look 'roun' de country, an' sure 'nuff I seen some of Mass' Blackmore's plantation hands (de plantation 'longside of ours was Mass' Blackmore's) makin' a fire, and workin' 'roun'. By'mby dey fixed some pone and some meat, an' put 'em down 'fore de fire ter cook. You bet I was down dat ar tree quicker 'n lightnin', as soon as dey went back to work. I grabbed all dere victuals an' back to de swamp again. Tell you, dat supper tasted fust-rate, and I had enuff ter last me two or free days. De dogs was out arter me ag'in dat night, and I had ter take to de water. Dem nights was mighty hard. I had ter keep out in de ribber on an ole tree-trunk, and de alligators was n't nice company. I made a kind of a harpoosh of a long stick, and stuck a knife into de end of it, to keep 'em off wid. It was hard work, though I was a mighty smart hand at hittin' alligators. When de daylight came I got along better. Ef I could git stones, I used ter hit 'em with a stone right in de snout; dat 's de best way ter kill 'em. But Lord! dey was too thick 'roun' dar fur me. A fellow's arms ud git wore out in a few hours, a-keepin' on em off. Day-times I lay down under de young undergrowths, poplars and willows and sich. De tussock was soft enuff; easy runnin' on it fur me, 'cause I was bar'-footed; it was chock full of snakes, but I never minded of 'em. I was more 'fraid ob a white man's face dan all de reptileses in de swamp. As soon as I 'd eat up all I stole, I begun ter contrive and watch how I could creep out ob de swamp to steal suffin. I was most starved 'fore I got anudder chance. I had a little tobacker in my pocket, and I chawed dat, and when dat give out I found an ole dried-up grape-vine, and I lived on dried bunches of grapes fur two days.

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All dis time dey was a-huntin' of me. I 'd hear de dogs bayin' ebery night, and I worked my way furder and furder up de swamp. Two nights arter I fust found de grape-vine, dey was nearer to me dan dey eber was before, and I tuck to de water, and swum a long stretch. I was 'mos' wore out when I lighted on a ole boat what was left, and I clum inter dat, and stayed a while. I 'll nebber forgit de way de muskeet's fit me dat night. It was worse 'n de alligators, and 'fore daybreak I swum ag'in a long stretch till I come to a little island in de ribber. It had a kind of a sandy beach, and I kivered myself all up with sand up ter my neck. I got a real good sleep den, nobody ter 'sturb me, and good pertection from de muskeet's. It was 'mos' sundown 'fore I woke up, ravin' hungry. "O Lord!" I says, out loud, "where will I get suffin ter eat dis day?" I jus' lifted up my eyes den, and I see right hangin' down ober me some sycamore buds. I was under a sycamore-tree dat was chock full of buds. Dey was sweet and good too, and I lived on water and dem buds till I stripped dat ar tree bar' 's de palm of my hand. Den I tuck ter hangin' roun' on de edge ob de plantations ag'in, ter see ef I could find suffin to eat, and I had mighty good luck; dar was a fine sheep, one of ole mist's sheep, strayed away from de plantation. I knowed de look ob him, and felt like I could sing fur joy when I knocked him on de head. I got back to de swamp ag'in with him mighty quick, and I did n't wait fur fire, de fust meal I made off dat ar sheep. I jus' fill' myself full as I could stick, and den I laid down 'longside of my sheep. De nex' day I set to work to skin him reg'lar, and I was workin' away when I heerd a kind of a soft step, and twigs cracklin'. Lord! dar was a painter a-lookin' at me, all ready fur ter spring on me. My ha'r riz on my head, and my feelin's change', but I frew down de sheep and tuck a step away, and he did n't come arter me, and I felt some 'lief. Den I tuck anudder step away and I felt 'liefer. By dat time de painter had hold ob de sheep, and I made tracks fur de woods. I knowed he would n't put arter me till he 'd eat up my sheep, and den I run my bestest. I tell you I was glad of a good bellyful dat time. I could n't have stood de rovin' and hidin' dat week ef I 'd begun on an empty belly. I got away from de painter easy enuff de fust day, but he was nosin' arter me fur free days and nights, and I oneasy and runnin' and hidin' as hard as I could. De end ob it was I had a good nine-mile stretch away from him. I run and run till by'mby I come all of a sudden plump on a hut in de swamp, whar some colored people lived. I knowed dey was livin' in de swamp somewhar, but I had n't nebber found 'em afore. Dey was eatin' supper when I bu'st in on 'em, and frightened 'em 'mos' to deff, 'cause dese yere niggers what hides in swamps is always thinkin' de white folks and dogs is arter 'em. I fell on de flo' as soon as de do' was shut. "I 'm a friend," says I (for I was 'fraid dey 'd kill me), "I 'm a friend, but I 'm runnin' from a painter. Look out!" says I, "he 's close by." He was so, shore 'nuff, and a man shot him fro' de window wid his rifle.

I laid nine days in dat nigger hut. Dey had plenty to eat, and 'peared like I could n't eat and sleep enuff. Dey was a few runaway niggers dar, what was united togedder in a kind of a band, and dey wanted fur me ter unite wid 'em, but I would n't, and den dey would n't gib me nuffin more t' eat. I watched my chance, and one night when dey was all asleep I run away. De nex' evenin' I wentured out towards Mr. Erskine's plantation, 'cause I knowed his niggers was n't watched bery close, and I thought I 'd get a chance fur ter get suffin t' eat. 'Peared like I must run any risk, I was so mortal hungry. I got as fur as de gin-house, and den I crep' up and hid among de piles ob cotton, and 'fore I 'd been dar long I heard some one a-creepin', creepin' up. I made ready ter fight fur my life, and den de step come creepin' along, and I saw 't was anodder runaway nigger. Gransome was his name. He kivered hisself up close wid de cotton, and

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'peared like he was waitin' fur suffin; and shore 'nuff, 'fore long a woman come in mighty softly.

"'Sh-h, 'sh-h!" says she. "Puss, puss, puss!"

"Miaw; I 'm here," says he.

"Dar," says she, givin' him a lot of victuals, "dar 's enuff ter last you two or free days. Keep still, and don' you stay 'roun' yere long, 'cause massa 'll be home to-morrow."

"All right," says he, and he crep' back under de cotton and fell to like a good un. Tell you, de water come in my mouff ter hear him crackin' and crunchin'.

"Hem! Gransome!" says I in a whisper.

"Who 's dar?" says he.

"'Sh-h, 'sh-h! a friend," says I "Joe McEntyre. Fur de Lord's sake gib me suffin ter eat," says I. "Ef yer don't, I 'll hab ter take it, and I 'm stronger 'n you."

"Ye kin hab some," says he, and I eat till I was satisfied. I had a good sleep dat night, and when I woke up Gransome was gone. I put fur de swamp ag'in 'fore daybreak, and de nex' night I slep' in anodder gin-house, furder up de bay. Dar wa' n't no one dar, and I mixed some pone from some corn meal I found, and set it down to de fire to bake. I knowed no one would n't be back dat night. By'mby I went up a tree so 's to look 'roun' de country. Dar wa 'n't no one in sight, but when I come down ag'in to git my bread, I was scented by an old dog. He come up and scented me, and gib me a terrible fright, so I tuck a run and tuck to de ribber, but all was quiet, and 'fore midnight I come slippin' back ter git my bread. De fire was out, so 't was n't burned, and I had a good meal off it.

De nex' day I come 'mos' to de edge ob de plantation, and laid down under some willows to watch till I 'd git a chance to git suffin to eat. I laid low all day; 'peared like I could 'mos' spread my body even wid de ground, but I got no morsel to eat dat day. De nex', as I was hangin' 'roun', I smelt dried beef, plain as could be. Lord! when you 're wanderin' and starvin' like dat, 'pears like you can smell like a hound. Well, de 'traction ob de beef drawed my nose to it straight as could be; I found it was in a gin-house, whar de men was workin' all night. I waited and watched till dey was all asleep, and den I made tracks wid de beef. I made a good meal off it, but arter dat I had a terrible hard time ag'in. De dogs was out arter me ag'in, and I was runnin' night and day. I was a year and a half in de swamp, and I 'member de fust few weeks de best of all. I had n't no thought left 'ceptin' to hide and fight. I made dat my reverent idea. I was shot at, fust and last, eight times, and I got ter feel more like a wild beast nor a man. I did n't know nuffin 'bout de war, nor de Norf, nor nuffin. But I 'll nebber forgit de fust United States soldier I seen. It was de end ob my trubbles. It was de last day I was hidin', and I was out huntin' fur suffin ter eat. I did n't know whar I was, not at all, but I knowed I was many a long day's journey away from de ole plantation. I 'd been makin' a long march, huntin' food, and I was most wore out, when I come on an open place in de woods whar some men in red and blue clo'es was runnin' across a field and goin' fro' some manœuvres. I was watchin' of 'em like one 'stracted, when dey caught sight ob me, and I put for 't, 'cause I had n't no belief in no one.

"Hallo! stop! stop!" dey says, runnin' arter me. "We 're friends! stop! stop!"

But I put for 't all de more. I was dat desprit and strong I felt like I could run a hundred miles, and de soldiers dey come arter me lickety-split.

By'mby I felt my strength gibin' out, and I jus' laid down and shammed dead. 'Peared like my head sunk and my heart bu'sted, and I did n't know nuffin more till I come to myself and found I was lyin' on de ground, de soldiers all 'roun' me, and one on 'em pourin' water down my throat. "Don't be afraid," dey says, "we 're friends ob de slaves." Arter dat, soon 's I was able ter walk, dey tuck me back ter camp, and de fus' t'ing

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I noticed was a big kettle, and pork and beans and corn and tomat's all bilin' in it togedder. I was dat starved dat I was goin' fur dat ar kettle de fus' t'ing, but de Zouave what tuck me, he held on to me. "Hold hard, ole feller," he says. "I must take you to de cap'n first, and den yer can eat as much as yer want."

De cap'n was mighty kind to me; he gin me some clo'es, and tole me to go to de brook and wash myself, and put 'em on, and den I could eat till I was satisfy. Golly! I set down by dat ar kettle, and I eat till I could n't eat no more, and den I went ter sleep huggin' of it. De soldiers all came 'round and larfed at me. Lord! dat was my best time! I would n't do nuffin but eat and sleep de fust two days, and den I got so filled up I could n't hardly creep. I was sick arter dat, and put into de hospital, and when I got well I 'listed. Tell you, missy, dat ar was a proud day when my name went up to de president. I was mustered into Company C, United States Colored Rangers. I tuck to soldierin' as natural as a duck to water, and dey was mighty good times arter all I 'd come fro'. My captain was a good, kind man; he writ fur me a good many times to try and find what 'come ob my wife and four children what I left behind me on de ole plantation, but could n't nebber hear nuffin about 'em. When we went inter battle I fit like a tiger, and liked it arter de fust few minutes. I lost my arm in de battle ob Savannah. I was a long time in hospital arter dat, and was moved a good many times. Fust I was moved to Beaufort, Souf Ca'lina, and den when I got better I was brought up Norf and put in hospital on David's Island. I was a good while gittin' well, and when I was discharged Dr. Wetmore gin me a good recommend fur a gardener, and got me a nice place. I 'm doin' well now. I bought dis yere little house, and paid for 't, and what with garden work, and sellin' vegetables and eggs and sich, I git on mighty well. Only dis spring de fowls has tuck ter eatin' dere eggs, and I made a heavy loss by dat.

Yes, I 'm married. When I found I could n't yere nuffin about my fust wife, 'peared like I ough' ter git married. So I got engaged to two colored ladies, one in Washington and one yere. Dis one was raised in Philadelphy. I was kind o' connected with both of 'em in my mind, and I did n't 'cide which I 'd take till de night 'fore I was married. Den I 'cided I liked dis one de best, so I tuck her. I nebber heern nuffin more 'bout de one in Washington arter I writ her I was married.

Mrs. Launt Thompson.

WISE AND UNWISE ECONOMY IN SCHOOLS.

There is a strong set of public opinion in favor of economy in city and town expenditures. This general desire for economy is a healthy desire, and it is much to be wished that it may be persistent and keen enough to bring honesty and frugality into the administration of our public affairs; but it is of great consequence that behind the eager desire for economy there should be a well-informed and careful judgment concerning the best means and methods of retrenchment. It is a noticeable fact that the public schools are often selected as the department in which retrenchment is to be made. There is a plain rule by which every proposed economy in public schools should be tested. Nothing should be done, for the sake of saving money, which will hurt the schools, — which will make them in the judgment of competent persons poorer than they now are. It is just as true of the state or of the town as it is of the family, that

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the very last place to save money is in the education of the children. In any station of life there is no better test of substantial worth in a family than the estimate which their actions show them to place upon the education of their children. No one expects much from a poor family which has no ambition about the schooling of the children. As to rich people who are careless about their children's training, their wealth is generally a mischief to themselves, their children, and the community. Whatever else the city or town may deny itself, let it not deny itself schools, or impair the efficiency of those it has. No retrenchment which injures the schools is true economy; for the ultimate object of public economy is to increase the public weal, and this common weal has its roots in the intelligence, vigor, and morality of the population, qualities which are cherished, trained, strengthened, and disseminated in the common schools. Guided by this principle, let us examine a few of the common ways of economizing in the public schools.

One way is to build a very large building for school purposes, instead of several smaller ones. It is undoubtedly an economical measure, as regards both first cost and running expenses, to bring from five hundred to one thousand children under one roof. There is one head-master with many assistants instead of several head-masters, one lot of land, one many-storied building, one furnace, and one janitor, instead of several lots, roofs, fires, and servants. But this kind of economy impairs the quality of the schools. It is disadvantageous to bring a great number of children together into one building. The more children the stricter and more repressive must be the discipline, the greater the risk of contagious disease, the more dangerous the influence of bad children, and the worse the heterogeneousness of the school, unless, indeed, it is situated in a densely populated district where all the people are of one stamp. This great and growing evil of heterogeneousness in the free schools is to be avoided only by multiplying schools, so that each neighborhood in large towns and cities can have its own. In small towns the population is generally more homogeneous, and the evil is not so serious. The common school grew up in communities which were singularly homogeneous; and it is all-important that each school taken by itself should be fairly homogeneous still, although the community as a whole has lost this homogeneity. As this is to be accomplished only by multiplying schools, the consolidation of schools is an unwise economy.

The common notion that all children should be taught alike is eminently unreasonable, when the children have different inheritances, prospects, and capacities. Now a large school tends to make children alike, because it moulds them all to one rigid pattern; but it is the interest of the community that each child's special gift or grace should be sedulously cultivated, not obliterated. We Americans are so used to weighing multitudes and being ruled by majorities that we are apt to underrate the potential influence of individuals. Yet we know that Agassiz's word about a fossil fish justly outweighed the opinion of the whole human race besides; that Von Moltke is worth great armies to Germany; that a few pages of poetry about slavery and freedom by Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier, have had the profoundest effect upon the public fortunes of this country during the past thirty years; that the religions of the world have not been the combined work of multitudes, but have been accepted from individuals. We must not be led by our averages and our majorities to forget that one life may be more precious than other millions, that one heroic character, one splendid genius, may well be worth more to humanity than multitudes of common men.

A great agglomeration of children in a single school tends to make the product of the school an averaged product, which is a very undesirable thing in education. No community can afford to average its dullards with its geniuses; and it is an unmitigated evil that the bright and studious children should be kept back by

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the dull and lazy. Again, the theory of toughening children by putting them in contact with rudeness, foulness, and dulness is a gross absurdity, whether looked at from a moral or from a physiological point of view. The pure child should not be thrown in with the impure, or the refined with the coarse. Every step in perfecting the mechanism of a great school as a mill for grinding out children who can read, write, and cipher is a step towards abridging childish spontaneity and individuality. Whenever five hundred or one thousand human beings, be they children or adults, are brought together for a common object, simultaneousness and uniformity of movement and unreasoning obedience become necessary for the efficient management of the mass. They are prime objects in every large school. For these reasons great school buildings are an unwise economy.

Another mode of economizing which we see practised is to decrease the proportionate number of teachers, that is, to assign more pupils to each teacher. There is of course no pretence that this process can work anything but injury to the schools. The public schools are at the best very scantily provided with teachers; it is no uncommon thing to see forty, fifty, or even sixty children under the care of a single teacher. Few people realize the plain fact that there can be no good teaching of children without quick sympathy and perception in the teacher, and a strong personal influence going out from him. For the play of these forces close personal contact with the children is essential. These large rooms, raised platforms, and constant transfers of the pupils from one teacher to another give little opportunity for the intimate relations which should exist between the children and their teacher. The greater the number of the pupils allotted to a single teacher, the less chance has the teacher to know and help each pupil, the less chance has he to recognize and foster peculiar talents in individuals. It is a common mistake to suppose that it is the teacher's duty to treat all his pupils alike, to give as much time and thought to one as to another, or, if any distinction is made, to take most pains with the dullest. Now, on the contrary, the true duty of a teacher, both to the community and to his pupils, is to favor and help to the utmost the bright children. While he ought not to neglect the duller children, he should take the most pains with the finest of his material. The teachers of elementary schools have it in their power to pick out and help forward all the children who are of fine intellectual quality. This is a function of great importance, and the teachers should have full opportunity to make this selection; for whenever they fail to detect a child of this quality, and to put him on the way to a thorough education, the community suffers a grievous loss. Twenty-five pupils are as many as any teacher, who is not an angel or a genius, can teach well. There are exceptional men and women whose sweetness, tact, and skill can overcome the most appalling obstacles to good teaching, but the public school must of course content itself with average teachers. To reduce the proportion of teachers to pupils is then a most injurious measure, which nothing but downright poverty can excuse.

Another very common measure of economy, to which some of our richest towns and cities have not been ashamed to resort, is to substitute for competent and experienced teachers inexperienced ones. When this is done openly and without disguise, everybody knows just what to think of it; we need not waste time in condemning it; but unfortunately there are roundabout ways of accomplishing this result, and when a town or city sets out upon one of these indirect ways, none but the initiated know whither the way leads. One of these roundabout ways is the substitution of superintendence for teaching. A school committee hires a superintendent, and then thinks it can safely employ an inferior class of teachers, just as an inferior class of laborers may safely be employed for digging or sweeping, if a smart overseer is hired to watch them. There is a conspicuous illustration of this very method of substituting

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inexperienced for experienced teachers in the city of Boston. There used to be at the head of each of the grammar schools an accomplished and experienced teacher, whose personal force was profitably exerted in direct teaching. These gentlemen have been made district superintendents, and their places in the schools have been filled by much less competent persons, employed at comparatively low salaries. There may have been need of more superintendence, but this improvement in the amount of oversight has been gained at the expense of a heavy loss of teaching force. Now a gain in superintendence which is procured at the expense of a loss of direct teaching power is too dearly bought. The reason of this is contained in a self-evident proposition which all people admit on its bare statement, and yet too often lose sight of. A good school is not a grand building, or a set of nice furniture, or a series of text-books selected by the committee, or a programme of studies made up by the superintendent; and all these things put together, though each were the best of its kind, would not make a good school; for a good school is a man or a woman. The very best thing a superintendent can do for his town or city is to select men and women who have the natural gifts, the training, and the experience which fit them to keep good schools, and by hook or crook — for too often he has no direct power — to get them into his school-houses, while at the same time he gets out the incompetent and inapt. A superintendent who is worth his salt will be sure to want, not smaller but larger salaries for his teachers, not worse but better teachers for his schools. There is no reason to doubt the advantages of discreet and competent superintendence; but it is no substitute for real teaching, and the establishment of superintendence should never be the occasion of impairing the teaching force either in quantity or in quality.

A second roundabout way of insuring the ever-recurring substitution of inexperienced for experienced teachers is to employ an undue proportion of female teachers. It is true that sentimental reasons are often given for the almost exclusive employment of women in the common schools; but the effective reason is economy. Sentiment is charming in its season, and true economy is always wholesome; but sentiment and economy make a very suspicious mixture. If women had not been cheaper than men, they would not have replaced nine tenths of the men in American public schools. Let it be granted at once that an experienced woman who has the requisite gifts and training is likely to be as good a teacher as an experienced man of like gifts and training. The superiority of men to women, or of women to men, has nothing to do with the matter now in hand. That frequent changes of teachers should result from having nine tenths of the teachers women is a necessary consequence of two stubborn facts: first, that women have not the physical endurance of men, and secondly, that the great majority of female teachers stop teaching at marriage, an event which does not stop a man's teaching. The employment of women in the schools in the enormous proportion in which they are now employed in many towns and cities is an unwise economy, because it inevitably tends, first, to make the body of teachers a changing, fluctuating body, fast thinned and fast recruited, and secondly, to make teaching, not a life-work, as it ought to be, but a temporary resort on the way to another mode of life. The first point requires perhaps some elucidation. When we try to make young women in large numbers take the places of men in any service, either public or private, we introduce into that service a new element of change and instability, which is the result, not of injudicious provisions about tenure of office, compensation, or duties, which may affect men and women alike, but of the working of irresistible natural laws which operate only upon women. In order to maintain good schools a town needs a tolerably permanent body of teachers, who have been bred to the business, have grown up with the schools, and have made a life-work of teaching. There is no business in which experience is more

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valuable than in teaching, and none in which local knowledge and local attachments are more effective and desirable. It is a very silly notion that everybody can teach an elementary school. Skill, experience, and personal force and attractiveness tell for as much proportionally in a primary or grammar school as in a university. Frequent changes in the corps of teachers are injurious to a town's schools in every possible point of view. The public schools in New England suffer in this respect very much more than the private schools and the endowed academies, and here is to be found a principal reason for the growing superiority of these private institutions, and the rapidly increasing favor in which they are held. It is too true that the term of service of many of the men who teach school is deplorably short, and some of the remediable causes of this bad state of things will be considered later; but this fact does not lessen the force of the arguments that women are inevitably drawn away from teaching by marriage and family life, — good things, which only make men steadier and more earnest in their professional work, — and that being weaker than men, they are more apt to be worn out by the fatiguing work of teaching. The second reason for objecting to the form of economy now under consideration is a principle of very general application. There is no trade or profession demanding a high degree of skill which is not injured by the coming into it of a considerable number of persons who regard it merely as a means of temporarily earning a reputable living. Such persons have not the motive for attaining real excellence in the trade or profession which those have who expect to devote themselves to it as their main work in life. It does not matter whether the trade or occupation be printing or telegraphing or book-keeping or teaching; the average skill of the persons engaged in it will be lowered if large numbers of young people enter it for a time, with no fixed purpose of remaining in it for life. The average skill of the persons engaged in any handicraft cannot be lowered without more or less loss to the community; but that the average skill of the persons engaged in teaching should be lowered is a very grave matter indeed. No improvement in the implements of education can make up for less skill in the teachers. To have less skilful teachers, means poorer schools and generations less well trained.

It is quite unnecessary to this argument to undervalue the work of women in schools. Their legitimate work in teaching is immense. All children under ten years of age may be advantageously taught by well-educated women of tact and vigor, and the immediate charge of the education of all girls should be in women's hands, with some help from men towards the close of girlhood. This protest is directed against the excessive employment of women into which towns have been led from motives of false economy.

Let us now turn to the opposite side of the subject, and briefly discuss two methods of wise economy in schools, one looking to rewarding teachers for their services with certain valuable considerations besides money, and the other looking to the expenditure of less money raised by taxation.

There are several considerations which lead men and women into certain employments, besides the money they expect to earn in them. The chief of these are security, quiet, a prospect of promotion for merit, independence, and public consideration. The security or permanence of a livelihood is a very great attraction to many persons, who constitutionally prefer a moderate living with security to any chance of great gains without security. A quiet life, safe from the risks of business and the strains and worries of professional contests, from the burdens of weighty responsibilities and all the excitements and alarms of the market, the forum, and the senate, is the dearest desire of many excellent persons who are capable of rendering the best of service in congenial stations. The prospect of promotion for merit, though it be slow, is a very attractive thing to many men and women of an admirable type.

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A position in life which is reasonably independent within well-defined bounds, in which one is not subject to the caprice either of an individual or of a multitude, has great charms for Americans of the best sort. Finally, consideration in the eyes of the public may replace money to a large extent as an inducement to enter an honorable service. It has often been said by ignorant people, and by some who are better-informed but prejudiced against American institutions, that Americans are eager for nothing but money, and are not open to considerations of the kind I have been describing. It is an odious slander. No people in the world are more open to these honorable considerations than Americans, and no nation consequently has better material from which to organize the great public services of the state, military, naval, and civil, that of public education included. Now, by our ill-judged method of electing the teachers in the common schools every year, or in some towns and cities twice or even thrice a year, we throw away in the most wasteful manner almost all the valuable inducements to the teacher's life, other than salary. The tenure of the teacher's office in the public schools is precarious, there is no assured prospect of promotion for merit, the mode of election and the frequent recurrence of the election both militate against a reasonable independence, and finally the function has lost in the eyes of the public too much of that consideration and dignity which used to make it attractive.

Americans do not look with much respect upon official stations from which the incumbents may be suddenly dismissed without cause alleged. If a public servant is liable to receive the notice, "From this date your services will be no longer required," he will not be the object of much public consideration, no matter how high-sounding his title or how large his salary. To make a position respectable in this country it is essential that it should have some permanence of tenure. Again, if a public servant is liable to receive any day the following notice, "From this date your salary will be reduced so many per cent.," his office will not be held in any high estimation. Notices of this description have too often been served upon teachers in the public schools. A sweeping reduction of teachers' salaries is quite the readiest way of effecting a sudden economy in town or city expenditures. It is an unjust and semi-civilized proceeding, injurious to public morality and grievously harmful to the profession of teaching. If it ever be necessary to lower the salaries of the teachers in a town, the reduction should take effect upon the salaries of persons newly appointed, never upon those of actual incumbents. Such is the rule of common-sense and common justice, and such is the practice in all civilized nations which have learned by experience what the fundamental principles are upon which alone honest and efficient bodies of public servants can be organized and maintained.

As a profession, teaching should be as much honored as preaching. The school-master should rank with the minister. The profession ought never to be chosen from mercenary motives merely, or by any persons except those who enjoy teaching and who deliberately propose to be satisfied with a modest but honorable living. It offers no money prizes, and young persons of vigor and talent should be induced to enter it by its stability and peacefulness, and by the social consideration which should attach to it. Permanence of tenure and security of income are essential to give dignity and independence to the teacher's position.

These principles do not apply to the profession of teaching alone; far from it. The neglect of them is what makes the civil service of the United States a national reproach and mortification; it is the observance of them which makes the army and navy service, and the service of our banks, savings-banks, colleges, endowed academies, many of our large industrial corporations, and most of our successful private mercantile and manufacturing houses, honest, efficient, and honorable. The statement so often reiterated by low politicians, that the

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civil service of the United States is as good as the people deserve or can maintain, is a slander upon the people, and only proves that the breeding and associations of these politicians have not made them familiar with the only class of Americans who ought to gain admittance to the civil service, — the very large class of faithful, hard-working men who only want a moderate but secure livelihood, a quiet routine of duty, and the respect and consideration of their superiors and the public. It is the undemocratic and corrupting exercise of usurped powers of patronage which has destroyed our civil service, by making tenure of office short and insecure; and the same insidious demoralization has invaded even school administration. Who has not heard, when an appointment is to be made, that such a district, or such a member of the committee, is entitled to it? New legislation is urgently needed to make the teacher's office, after suitable periods of probation, tenable during good behavior and efficiency. It would at once appear that the money now spent in salaries would go further, and procure much better service. The experiment would be by no means an untried one. All the great organizations for public instruction in Europe are made upon this plan from top to bottom; and the whole of the higher and a large part of the secondary instruction in this country have always been organized upon this principle.

The second point to be treated is the justice and expediency of saving public money by collecting, from the parents of children whose education is carried above a certain level in the public schools, a portion of the cost of that advanced education. The whole cost of that modicum of education which the state compels all children to have may rightly enough be borne by the community. Suppose, for example, that the state requires of all children a certain knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, such as children usually acquire by the time they are twelve years of age. It is not unreasonable, though by no means necessary, that the community should bear the whole cost of giving all children that amount of elementary training, on the ground that so much is necessary for the safety of the state; but when the education of a child is carried above that compulsory limit, it is by the voluntary act of the child's parents, and the benefit accrues partly to the state, through the increase of trained intelligence among the population, but partly also to the individual, through the improvement of his powers and prospects. It is then just that the two parties benefited should divide in some equitable proportion, which would not be the same in all places, the cost of procuring that benefit. When a sewer or a sidewalk is built along a private estate, the owner makes a direct contribution to its cost, beside paying his proportion of the general taxes levied to construct the sewer or sidewalk; and he is required to do this for the reason that the sewer or sidewalk benefits him more than it does the rest of the community. So when a man has a child at the high school or in the upper classes of the grammar school, he should pay a portion of the cost of maintaining the school, beside paying his proportion as a citizen of the general taxes levied to support the school; and he should be required to do this for the reason that he receives a greater benefit from the school than the rest of the community, and he is perfectly free to take that benefit or not. The American free school was devised for and suits a homogeneous community, in which every head of a family is a tax-payer and a voter, and occupations and fortunes are similar or comparable. The free school was, at its origin, a common want, and was supported by common sacrifices. This description no longer applies to Massachusetts towns and cities. Our population is very heterogeneous as regards race, religion, education, and condition of life. A large part of the population pays no taxes and casts no votes. This part of the population now makes no contribution whatever to the cost of educating their children, even when that education is carried far above the compulsory

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limit. The institutions which met the wants of the New England town of fifty years ago need to be adapted by judicious modifications to the changed condition of New England society. Our theory is republican, but our practices in several details are fast becoming communistic. There is no distinction in theory between giving all school-children their books at the public expense, and giving the children their shoes and the parents soup at the public charge. All such gratuities are wrong in theory, and in practice are subversive of republican pride, self-respect, and independence. Parents ought to be called upon to make sacrifices for the sake of educating their children. To be frugal and laborious for the sake of benefiting their children is a blessed thing for the parents. The motive is a strong one, and it impels men and women to good lives. When public legislation and custom take away this motive from a large class of the community, — and that the very class which most needs every inducement to right living, — it is not a good but an injury which is done them; just as harm and not good would be done to the poorer classes if legislation could relieve them from the necessity of working for their daily bread. The change in our school administration which is here advocated is therefore not only an economical but also a just and wholesome measure.

Two objections which come at once to mind need to be met. It may be said that the free school, with its heterogeneousness and its equal discipline for all comers, typifies American society and implants in the young mind the fundamental doctrine of equality; to alter the character of the free school is, therefore, to tamper with one of the corner-stones of republican institutions. Reasons have already been given for the belief that heterogeneous schools are not so good as homogeneous schools. Equality is a word used in many senses. The equality upon which modern republicanism is founded is not social equality, or the equality of possessions, or the equality of powers and capacities; but simply the equality of all men before the law. Republican institutions obliterate hereditary distinctions, level artificial barriers, and make society mobile, so that distinction is more easily won by individual merit and power, and sooner lost through demerit or impotence; but they give free play to the irresistible natural forces which invariably cause the division of every complicated human society into different classes. It is indeed one of the chief merits of republican institutions that they give this free play to the endless diversities of innate power, inherited capacity, and trained skill which humanity exhibits. If society were a dead level, the characteristic desire of all Americans — to "better" themselves — could have no fruition. Our laws and institutions tend to perpetuate themselves just in proportion as they help to breed men and women who have self-respect, self-reliance, and genuine independence of character. The change which is here advocated in school administration would tend to preserve and strengthen these republican virtues among our people, and these virtues are the real foundations of public liberty.

A second objection may be stated as follows: What would become, under this system, of the bright children of very poor people, children who ought to be well educated and lifted from their low estate in the interest of the whole community? The objection is readily answered. When through misfortune or crime a family became utterly unable to provide for the education of their children, the children should of course be trained, up to the compulsory limit, at the public charge, and the bright and promising among them should then be carried further at the public charge as a reward of merit, and by gradual promotion from one grade to another, each step being earned by good scholarship. The method which prevails in colleges is perfectly applicable to the common schools. Let the great majority of parents who can afford it, pay a part of the cost of their children's education, and let the meritorious scholars, whose friends are too poor to pay for them, have help from the public

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purse, proportioned to their needs. Experience teaches that endowments would be provided for this purpose. The dull children whose parents are unable to pay for them will of course get no further than the compulsory limit, but the community will lose little or nothing thereby.

Charles W. Eliot.

ANNIE'S DAUGHTER.

The lingering charm of a dream that has fled,
The echo that lives when the tune is dead,
The sunset glories that follow the sun,
The taste that remains when the wine is done,
Everything tender and everything fair
That was, and is not, and yet is there —
I think of them all when I look in these eyes,
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.

I remember the lilacs, all purple and white,
And the turf at the feet of my heart's delight,
Spangled with daisies and violets sweet, —
Daintiest floor for the daintiest feet, —
And the face that was fond, and foolish, and fair,
And the golden grace of the floating hair,
And the lips where the glad smiles came and went,
And the lashes that shaded the eyes' content.

I remember the pledge of the red young lips,
And the shy soft touch of the finger-tips,
And the kisses I stole, and the words we spoke,
And the ring I gave, and the coin we broke,
And the love that never should change or fail
Though the earth stood still or the stars turned pale;
And again I stand, when I see these eyes,
A glad young fool, in my Paradise.

For the earth and the stars remained as of old,
But the love that had been so warm grew cold.
Was it she? Was it I? I don't remember:
Then it was June — it is now December.
But again I dream the old dream over,
My Annie is young, and I am her lover,
When I look in this Annie's gentle eyes,
And see the old smile to the young lips rise.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

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OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

VI.

OFFICIAL RANK AND DIGNITY OF A PILOT. THE RISE AND DECADENCE OF THE PILOTS' ASSOCIATION.

In my preceding articles I have tried, by going into the minutiæ of the science of piloting, to carry the reader step by step to a comprehension of what the science consists of; and at the same time I have tried to show him that it is a very curious and wonderful science, too, and very worthy of his attention. If I have seemed to love my subject, it is no surprising thing, for I loved the profession far better than any I have followed since, and I took a measureless pride in it. The reason is plain: a pilot, in those days, was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth. Kings are but the hampered servants of parliament and people; parliaments sit in chains forged by their constituency; the editor of a newspaper cannot be independent, but must work with one hand tied behind him by party and patrons, and be content to utter only half or two thirds of his mind; no clergyman is a free man and may speak the whole truth, regardless of his parish's opinions; writers of all kinds are manacled servants of the public. We write frankly and fearlessly, but then we "modify" before we print. In truth, every man and woman and child has a master, and worries and frets in servitude; but in the day I write of, the Mississippi pilot had *none*. The captain could stand upon the hurricane deck, in the pomp of a very brief authority, and give him five or six orders, while the vessel backed into the stream, and then that skipper's reign was over. The moment that the boat was under way in the river, she was under the sole and unquestioned control of the pilot. He could do with her exactly as he pleased, run her when and whither he chose, and tie her up to the bank whenever his judgment said that that course was best. His movements were entirely free; he consulted no one, he received commands from nobody, he promptly resented even the merest suggestions. Indeed, the law of the United States forbade him to listen to commands or suggestions, rightly considering that the pilot necessarily knew better how to handle the boat than anybody could tell him. So here was the novelty of a king without a keeper, an absolute monarch who was absolute in sober truth and not by a fiction of words. I have seen a boy of eighteen taking a great steamer serenely into what seemed almost certain destruction, and the aged captain standing mutely by, filled with apprehension but powerless to interfere. His interference, in that particular instance, might have been an excellent thing, but to permit it would have been to establish a most pernicious precedent. It will easily be guessed, considering the pilot's boundless authority, that he was a great personage in the old steamboating days. He was treated with marked courtesy by the captain and with marked deference by all the officers and servants; and this deferential spirit was quickly communicated to the passengers, too. I think pilots were about the only people I ever knew who failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of traveling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

By long habit, pilots came to put all their wishes in the form of commands. It "gravels" me, to this day, to put my will in the weak shape of a request, instead of launching it in the crisp language of an order.

In those old days, to load a steamboat at St. Louis, take her to New Orleans and back, and discharge cargo, consumed about twenty-five days, on an average. Seven or eight of these days the boat spent at the wharves of St. Louis and

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New Orleans, and every soul on board was hard at work, except the two pilots; *they* did nothing but play gentleman, up town, and receive the same wages for it as if they had been on duty. The moment the boat touched the wharf at either city, they were ashore; and they were not likely to be seen again till the last bell was ringing and everything in readiness for another voyage.

When a captain got hold of a pilot of particularly high reputation, he took pains to keep him. When wages were four hundred dollars a month on the Upper Mississippi, I have known a captain to keep such a pilot in idleness, under full pay, three months at a time, while the river was frozen up. And one must remember that in those cheap times four hundred dollars was a salary of almost inconceivable splendor. Few men on shore got such pay as that, and when they did they were mightily looked up to. When pilots from either end of the river wandered into our small Missouri village, they were sought by the best and the fairest, and treated with exalted respect. Lying in port under wages was a thing which many pilots greatly enjoyed and appreciated; especially if they belonged in the Missouri River in the heyday of that trade (Kansas times), and got nine hundred dollars a trip, which was equivalent to about eighteen hundred dollars a month. Here is a conversation of that day. A chap out of the Illinois River, with a little stern-wheel tub, accosts a couple of ornate and gilded Missouri River pilots: —

"Gentlemen, I've got a pretty good trip for the up-country, and shall want you about a month. How much will it be?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars apiece."

"Heavens and earth! You take my boat, let me have your wages, and I'll divide!"

I will remark, in passing, that Mississippi steamboatmen were important in landsmen's eyes (and in their own, too, in a degree) according to the dignity of the boat they were on. For instance, it was a proud thing to be of the crew of such stately craft as the Aleck Scott or the Grand Turk. Negro firemen, deck hands, and barbers belonging to those boats were distinguished personages in their grade of life, and they were well aware of that fact, too. A stalwart darkey once gave offense at a negro ball in New Orleans by putting on a good many airs. Finally one of the managers bustled up to him and said, —

"Who *is* you, any way? Who *is* you? dat 's what *I* wants to know!"

The offender was not disconcerted in the least, but swelled himself up and threw that into his voice which showed that he knew he was not putting on all those airs on a stinted capital.

"Who *is* I? Who *is* I? I let you know mighty quick who I is! I want you niggers to understan' dat I fires de middle do'[1] on de Aleck Scott!"

That was sufficient.

The barber of the Grand Turk was a spruce young negro, who aired his importance with balmy complacency, and was greatly courted by the circle in which he moved. The young colored population of New Orleans were much given to flirting, at twilight, on the pavements of the back streets. Somebody saw and heard something like the following, one evening, in one of those localities. A middle-aged negro woman projected her head through a broken pane and shouted (very willing that the neighbors should hear and envy), "You Mary Ann, come in de house dis minute! Stannin' out dah foolin' 'long wid dat low trash, an' heah's de barber off 'n de Gran' Turk wants to converse wid you!"

My reference, a moment ago, to the fact that a pilot's peculiar official position placed him out of the reach of criticism or command, brings Stephen W—— naturally to my mind. He was a gifted pilot, a good fellow, a tireless talker, and had both wit and humor in him. He had a most irreverent independence, too, and was deliciously easy-going and comfortable in the presence of age, official dignity, and even the most august wealth. He always had work, he never saved a penny, he was a most persuasive borrower, he was in debt to every pilot on

[1] Door.

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the river, and to the majority of the captains. He could throw a sort of splendor around a bit of harum-scarum, devil-may-care piloting, that made it almost fascinating — but not to everybody. He made a trip with good old gentle-spirited Captain Y—— once, and was "relieved" from duty when the boat got to New Orleans. Somebody expressed surprise at the discharge. Captain Y—— shuddered at the mere mention of Stephen. Then his poor, thin old voice piped out something like this: —

"Why, bless me! I would n't have such a wild creature on my boat for the world — not for the whole world! He swears, he sings, he whistles, he yells — I never saw such an Injun to yell. All times of the night — it never made any difference to him. He would just yell that way, not for anything in particular, but merely on account of a kind of devilish comfort he got out of it. I never could get into a sound sleep but he would fetch me out of bed, all in a cold sweat, with one of those dreadful war-whoops. A queer being, — very queer being; no respect for anything or anybody. Sometimes he called me '*Johnny.*' And he kept a fiddle, and a cat. He played execrably. This seemed to distress the cat, and so the cat would howl. Nobody could sleep where that man — and his family — was. And reckless? There never was anything like it. Now you may believe it or not, but as sure as I am sitting here, he brought my boat a-tilting down through those awful snags at Chicot under a rattling head of steam, and the wind a-blowing like the very nation, at that! My officers will tell you so. They saw it. And, sir, while he was a-tearing right down through those snags, and I a-shaking in my shoes and praying, I wish I may never speak again if he did n't pucker up his mouth and go to *whistling!* Yes, sir; whistling 'Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night, can't you come out to-night, can't you come out to-night;' and doing it as calmly as if we were attending a funeral and were n't related to the corpse. And when I remonstrated with him about it, he smiled down on me as if I was his child, and told me to run in the house and try to be good, and not be meddling with my superiors!" [1]

Once a pretty mean captain caught Stephen in New Orleans out of work and as usual out of money. He laid steady siege to Stephen, who was in a very "close place," and finally persuaded him to hire with him at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, just half wages, the captain agreeing not to divulge the secret and so bring down the contempt of all the guild upon the poor fellow. But the boat was not more than a day out of New Orleans before Stephen discovered that the captain was boasting of his exploit, and that all the officers had been told. Stephen winced, but said nothing. About the middle of the afternoon the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck, cast his eye around, and looked a good deal surprised. He glanced inquiringly aloft at Stephen, but Stephen was whistling placidly, and attending to business. The captain stood around a while in evident discomfort, and once or twice seemed about to make a suggestion; but the etiquette of the river taught him to avoid that sort of rashness, and so he managed to hold his peace. He chafed and puzzled a few minutes longer, then retired to his apartments. But soon he was out again, and apparently more perplexed than ever. Presently he ventured to remark, with deference, —

"Pretty good stage of the river now, ain't it, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! Bank-full *is* a pretty liberal stage."

"Seems to be a good deal of current here."

"Good deal don't describe it! It's worse than a mill-race."

"Is n't it easier in toward shore than it is out here in the middle?"

"Yes, I reckon it is; but a body can't be too careful with a steamboat. It's pretty safe out here; can't strike any bottom here, you can depend on that."

[1] Considering a captain's ostentatious but hollow chieftainship, and a pilot's real authority, there was something impudently apt and happy about that way of phrasing it.

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The captain departed, looking rueful enough. At this rate, he would probably die of old age before his boat got to St. Louis. Next day he appeared on deck and again found Stephen faithfully standing up the middle of the river, fighting the whole vast force of the Mississippi, and whistling the same placid tune. This thing was becoming serious. In by the shore was a slower boat clipping along in the easy water and gaining steadily; she began to make for an island chute; Stephen stuck to the middle of the river. Speech was *wrung* from the captain. He said, —

"Mr. W——, *don't* that chute cut off a good deal of distance?"

"I think it does, but I don't know."

"Don't know! Well, is n't there water enough in it now to go through?"

"I expect there is, but I am not certain."

"Upon my word this is odd! Why, those pilots on that boat yonder are going to try it. Do you mean to say that you don't know as much as they do?"

"*They!* Why, *they* are two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pilots! But don't you be uneasy; I know as much as any man can afford to know for a hundred and twenty-five!"

Five minutes later Stephen was bowling through the chute and showing the rival boat a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pair of heels.

One day, on board the Aleck Scott, my chief, Mr. B——, was crawling carefully through a close place at Cat Island, both leads going, and everybody holding his breath. The captain, a nervous, apprehensive man, kept still as long as he could, but finally broke down and shouted from the hurricane deck, —

"For gracious' sake, give her steam, Mr. B——! give her steam! She 'll never raise the reef on this headway!"

For all the effect that was produced upon Mr. B——, one would have supposed that no remark had been made. But five minutes later, when the danger was past and the leads laid in, he burst instantly into a consuming fury, and gave the captain the most admirable cursing I ever listened to. No bloodshed ensued; but that was because the captain's cause was weak; for ordinarily he was not a man to take correction quietly.

Having now set forth in detail the nature of the science of piloting, and likewise described the rank which the pilot held among the fraternity of steamboatmen, this seems a fitting place to say a few words about an organization which the pilots once formed for the protection of their guild. It was curious and noteworthy in this, that it was perhaps the compactest, the completest, and the strongest commercial organization ever formed among men.

For a long time wages had been two hundred and fifty dollars a month; but curiously enough, as steamboats multiplied and business increased, the wages began to fall, little by little. It was easy to discover the reason of this. Too many pilots were being "made." It was nice to have a "cub," a steersman, to do all the hard work for a couple of years, gratis, while his master sat on a high bench and smoked; all pilots and captains had sons or brothers who wanted to be pilots. By and by it came to pass that nearly every pilot on the river had a steersman. When a steersman had made an amount of progress that was satisfactory to any two pilots in the trade, they could get a pilot's license for him by signing an application directed to the United States Inspector. Nothing further was needed; usually no questions were asked, no proofs of capacity required.

Very well, this growing swarm of new pilots presently began to undermine the wages, in order to get berths. Too late — apparently — the knights of the tiller perceived their mistake. Plainly, something had to be done, and quickly; but what was to be the needful thing? A close organization. Nothing else would answer. To compass this seemed an impossibility; so it was talked, and talked, and then dropped. It was too likely to ruin whoever ventured to move in the matter. But at last about a dozen of the boldest — and some of them the best — pilots on the river launched

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themselves into the enterprise and took all the chances. They got a special charter from the legislature, with large powers, under the name of the Pilots' Benevolent Association; elected their officers, completed their organization, contributed capital, put "association" wages up to two hundred and fifty dollars at once — and then retired to their homes, for they were promptly discharged from employment. But there were two or three unnoticed trifles in their by-laws which had the seeds of propagation in them. For instance, all idle members of the association, in good standing, were entitled to a pension of twenty-five dollars per month. This began to bring in one straggler after another from the ranks of the new-fledged pilots, in the dull (summer) season. Better have twenty-five dollars than starve; the initiation fee was only twelve dollars, and no dues required from the unemployed.

Also, the widows of deceased members in good standing could draw twenty-five dollars per month, and a certain sum for each of their children. Also, the said deceased would be buried at the association's expense. These things resurrected all the superannuated and forgotten pilots in the Mississippi Valley. They came from farms, they came from interior villages, they came from everywhere. They came on crutches, on drays, in ambulances, — any way, so they got there. They paid in their twelve dollars, and straightway began to draw out twenty-five dollars a month and calculate their burial bills.

By and by, all the useless, helpless pilots, and a dozen first-class ones, were in the association, and nine tenths of the best pilots out of it and laughing at it. It was the laughing-stock of the whole river. Everybody joked about the by-law requiring members to pay ten per cent. of their wages, every month, into the treasury for the support of the association, whereas all the members were outcast and tabooed, and no one would employ them. Everybody was derisively grateful to the association for taking all the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and the deserving; and everybody was not only jocularly grateful for that, but for a result which naturally followed, namely, the gradual advance of wages as the busy season approached. Wages had gone up from the low figure of one hundred dollars a month to one hundred and twenty-five, and in some cases to one hundred and fifty; and it was great fun to enlarge upon the fact that this charming thing had been accomplished by a body of men not one of whom received a particle of benefit from it. Some of the jokers used to call at the association rooms and have a good time chaffing the members and offering them the charity of taking them as steersmen for a trip, so that they could see what the forgotten river looked like. However, the association was content; or at least it gave no sign to the contrary. Now and then it captured a pilot who was "out of luck," and added him to its list; and these later additions were very valuable, for they were good pilots; the incompetent ones had all been absorbed before. As business freshened, wages climbed gradually up to two hundred and fifty dollars — the association figure — and became firmly fixed there; and still without benefiting a member of that body, for no member was hired. The hilarity at the association's expense burst all bounds, now. There was no end to the fun which that poor martyr had to put up with.

However, it is a long lane that has no turning. Winter approached, business doubled and trebled, and an avalanche of Missouri, Illinois, and Upper Mississippi River boats came pouring down to take a chance in the New Orleans trade. All of a sudden, pilots were in great demand, and were correspondingly scarce. The time for revenge was come. It was a bitter pill to have to accept association pilots at last, yet captains and owners agreed that there was no other way. But none of these outcasts offered! So there was a still bitterer pill to be swallowed: they must be sought out and asked for their services. Captain —— was the first man who

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found it necessary to take the dose, and he had been the loudest derider of the organization. He hunted up one of the best of the association pilots and said, —

"Well, you boys have rather got the best of us for a little while, so I 'll give in with as good a grace as I can. I 've come to hire you; get your trunk aboard right away. I want to leave at twelve o'clock."

"I don't know about that. Who is your other pilot?"

"I 've got I. S——. Why?"

"I can't go with him. He don't belong to the association."

"What!"

"It 's so."

"Do you mean to tell me that you won't turn a wheel with one of the very best and oldest pilots on the river because he don't belong to your association?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if this is n't putting on airs! I supposed I was doing you a benevolence; but I begin to think that I am the party that wants a favor done. Are you acting under a law of the concern?"

"Yes."

"Show it to me."

So they stepped into the association rooms, and the secretary soon satisfied the captain, who said, —

"Well, what am I to do? I have hired Mr. S—— for the entire season."

"I will provide for you," said the secretary. "I will detail a pilot to go with you, and he shall be on board at twelve o'clock."

"But if I discharge S——, he will come on me for the whole season's wages."

"Of course that is a matter between you and Mr. S——, captain. We cannot meddle in your private affairs."

The captain stormed, but to no purpose. In the end he had to discharge S——, pay him about a thousand dollars, and take an association pilot in his place. The laugh was beginning to turn the other way, now. Every day, thenceforward, a new victim fell; every day some outraged captain discharged a non-association pet, with tears and profanity, and installed a hated association man in his berth. In a very little while, idle non-associationists began to be pretty plenty, brisk as business was, and much as their services were desired. The laugh was shifting to the other side of their mouths most palpably. These victims, together with the captains and owners, presently ceased to laugh altogether, and began to rage about the revenge they would take when the passing business "spurt" was over.

Soon all the laughers that were left were the owners and crews of boats that had two non-association pilots. But their triumph was not very long-lived. For this reason: It was a rigid rule of the association that its members should never, under any circumstances whatever, give information about the channel to any "outsider." By this time about half the boats had none but association pilots, and the other half had none but outsiders. At the first glance one would suppose that when it came to forbidding information about the river these two parties could play equally at that game; but this was not so. At every good-sized town from one end of the river to the other, there was a "wharf-boat" to land at, instead of a wharf or a pier. Freight was stored in it for transportation, waiting passengers slept in its cabins. Upon each of these wharf-boats the association's officers placed a strong box, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one — the United States mail service. It was the letter-bag lock, a sacred governmental thing. By dint of much beseeching the government had been persuaded to allow the association to use this lock. Every association man carried a key which would open these boxes. That key, or rather a peculiar way of holding it in the hand when its owner was asked for river information by a stranger, — for the success of the St. Louis and New Orleans association had now bred tolerably thriving branches in a dozen neighboring steamboat trades, — was the association man's sign and diploma of membership; and if the stranger did not respond by producing a similar key and

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holding it in a certain manner duly prescribed, his question was politely ignored. From the association's secretary each member received a package of more or less gorgeous blanks, printed like a bill-head, on handsome paper, properly ruled in columns; a bill-head worded something like this: —

STEAMER GREAT REPUBLIC.

JOHN SMITH, MASTER.

Pilots, John Jones and Thos. Brown.

Crossing.	Soundings.	Marks.	Remarks.

These blanks were filled up, day by day, as the voyage progressed, and deposited in the several wharf-boat boxes. For instance, as soon as the first crossing, out from St. Louis, was completed, the items would be entered upon the blank, under the appropriate headings, thus:

"St. Louis. Nine and a half (feet). Stern on court-house, head on dead cottonwood above wood-yard, until you raise the first reef, then pull up square." Then under head of Remarks: "Go just outside the wrecks; this is important. New snag just where you straighten down; go above it."

The pilot who deposited that blank in the Cairo box (after adding to it the details of every crossing all the way down from St. Louis) took out and read half a dozen fresh reports (from upward bound steamers) concerning the river between Cairo and Memphis, posted himself thoroughly, returned them to the box, and went back aboard his boat again so armed against accident that he could not possibly get his boat into trouble without bringing the most ingenious carelessness to his aid.

Imagine the benefits of so admirable a system in a piece of river twelve or thirteen hundred miles long, whose channel was shifting every day! The pilot who had formerly been obliged to put up with seeing a shoal place once or possibly twice a month, had a hundred sharp eyes to watch it for him, now, and bushels of intelligent brains to tell him how to run it. His information about it was seldom twenty-four hours old. If the reports in the last box chanced to leave any misgivings on his mind concerning a treacherous crossing, he had his remedy; he blew his steam-whistle in a peculiar way as soon as he saw a boat approaching; the signal was answered in a peculiar way if that boat's pilots were association men; and then the two steamers ranged alongside and all uncertainties were swept away by fresh information furnished to the inquirer by word of mouth and in minute detail.

The first thing a pilot did when he reached New Orleans or St. Louis was to take his final and elaborate report to the association parlors and hang it up there, — *after* which he was free to visit his family. In these parlors a crowd was always gathered together, discussing changes in the channel, and the moment there was a fresh arrival, everybody stopped talking till this witness had told the newest news and settled the latest uncertainty. Other craftsmen can "sink the shop," sometimes, and interest themselves in other matters. Not so with a pilot; he must devote himself wholly to his profession and talk of nothing else; for it would be small gain to be perfect one day and imperfect the next. He has no time or words to waste if he would keep "posted."

But the outsiders had a hard time of it. No particular place to meet and exchange information, no wharf-boat reports, none but chance and unsatisfactory ways of getting news. The consequence was that a man sometimes had to run five hundred miles of river on information that was a week or ten days old. At a fair stage of the river that might have answered; but when the dead low water came it was destructive.

Now came another perfectly logical result. The outsiders began to ground steamboats, sink them, and get into all sorts of trouble, whereas accidents seemed to keep entirely away from the association men. Wherefore even the owners and captains of boats furnished exclusively with outsiders, and previously considered to be wholly independent of the association and free to comfort them-

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selves with brag and laughter, began to feel pretty uncomfortable. Still, they made a show of keeping up the brag, until one black day when every captain of the lot was formally ordered immediately to discharge his outsiders and take association pilots in their stead. And who was it that had the gaudy presumption to do that? Alas, it came from a power behind the throne that was greater than the throne itself. It was the underwriters!

It was no time to "swap knives." Every outsider had to take his trunk ashore at once. Of course it was supposed that there was collusion between the association and the underwriters, but this was not so. The latter had come to comprehend the excellence of the "report" system of the association and the safety it secured, and so they had made their decision among themselves and upon plain business principles.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp of the outsiders now. But no matter, there was but one course for them to pursue, and they pursued it. They came forward in couples and groups, and proffered their twelve dollars and asked for membership. They were surprised to learn that several new by-laws had been long ago added. For instance, the initiation fee had been raised to fifty dollars; that sum must be tendered, and also ten per cent. of the wages which the applicant had received each and every month since the founding of the association. In many cases this amounted to three or four hundred dollars. Still, the association would not entertain the application until the money was present. Even then a single adverse vote killed the application. Every member had to vote yes or no in person and before witnesses; so it took weeks to decide a candidacy, because many pilots were so long absent on voyages. However, the repentant sinners scraped their savings together, and one by one, by our tedious voting process, they were added to the fold. A time came, at last, when only about ten remained outside. They said they would starve before they would apply. They remained idle a long while, because of course nobody could venture to employ them.

By and by the association published the fact that upon a certain date the wages would be raised to five hundred dollars per month. All the branch associations had grown strong, now, and the Red River one had advanced wages to seven hundred dollars a month. Reluctantly the ten outsiders yielded, in view of these things, and made application. There was *another* new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application, instead of going off to pout in idleness. It turned out to be a difficult matter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last. The most virulent sinner of this batch had stayed out and allowed "dues" to accumulate against him so long that he had to send in six hundred and twenty-five dollars with his application.

The association had a good bank account now, and was very strong. There was no longer an outsider. A by-law was added forbidding the reception of any more cubs or apprentices for five years; after which time a limited number would be taken, not by individuals, but by the association, upon these terms: the applicant must not be less than eighteen years old, of respectable family and good character; he must pass an examination as to education, pay a thousand dollars in advance for the privilege of becoming an apprentice, and must remain under the commands of the association until a great part of the membership (more than half, I think) should be willing to sign his application for a pilot's license.

All previously-articled apprentices were now taken away from their masters and adopted by the association. The president and secretary detailed them for service on one boat or another, as they chose, and changed them from boat to boat according to certain rules.

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If a pilot could show that he was in infirm health and needed assistance, one of the cubs would be ordered to go with him.

The widow and orphan list grew, but so did the association's financial resources. The association attended its own funerals in state, and paid for them. When occasion demanded, it sent members down the river upon searches for the bodies of brethren lost by steamboat accidents; a search of this kind sometimes cost a thousand dollars.

The association procured a charter and went into the insurance business, also. It not only insured the lives of its members, but took risks on steamboats.

The organization seemed indestructible. It was the tightest monopoly in the world. By the United States law, no man could become a pilot unless two duly licensed pilots signed his application; and now there was nobody outside of the association competent to sign. Consequently the making of pilots was at an end. Every year some would die and others become incapacitated by age and infirmity; there would be no new ones to take their places. In time, the association could put wages up to any figure it chose; and as long as it should be wise enough not to carry the thing too far and provoke the national government into amending the licensing system, steamboat owners would have to submit, since there would be no help for it.

The owners and captains were the only obstruction that lay between the association and absolute power; and at last this one was removed. Incredible as it may seem, the owners and captains deliberately did it themselves. When the pilots' association announced, months beforehand, that on the first day of September, 1861, wages would be advanced to five hundred dollars per month, the owners and captains instantly put freights up a few cents, and explained to the farmers along the river the necessity of it, by calling their attention to the burdensome rate of wages about to be established. It was a rather slender argument, but the farmers did not seem to detect it. It looked reasonable to them that to add five cents freight on a bushel of corn was justifiable under the circumstances, overlooking the fact that this advance on a cargo of forty thousand sacks was a good deal more than necessary to cover the new wages.

So straightway the captains and owners got up an association of their own, and proposed to put captains' wages up to five hundred dollars, too, and move for another advance in freights. It was a novel idea, but of course an effect which had been produced once could be produced again. The new association decreed (for this was before all the outsiders had been taken into the pilots' association) that if any captain employed a non-association pilot, he should be forced to discharge him, and also pay a fine of five hundred dollars. Several of these heavy fines were paid before the captains' organization grew strong enough to exercise full authority over its membership; but that all ceased, presently. The captains tried to get the pilots to decree that no member of their corporation should serve under a non-association captain; but this proposition was declined. The pilots saw that they would be backed up by the captains and the underwriters anyhow, and so they wisely refrained from entering into entangling alliances.

As I have remarked, the pilots' association was now the compactest monopoly in the world, perhaps, and seemed simply indestructible. And yet the days of its glory were numbered. First, the new railroad stretching up through Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, to Northern railway centres, began to divert the passenger travel from the steamers; next the war came and almost entirely annihilated the steamboating industry during several years, leaving most of the pilots idle, and the cost of living advancing all the time; then the treasurer of the St. Louis association put his hand into the till and walked off with every dollar of the ample fund; and finally, the railroads intruding everywhere, there was little for steamers to do, when the war was over, but carry freights; so straight-

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way some genius from the Atlantic coast introduced the plan of towing a dozen steamer cargoes down to New Orleans at the tail of a vulgar little tug-boat; and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the association and the noble science of piloting were things of the dead and pathetic past!

Mark Twain.

ODE READ AT THE CONCORD CENTENNIAL.

I.

WHO cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II.

She cometh, cometh to-day;
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years"?

III.

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
Creature of diviner mien,

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For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath:
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare?
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more debonair?
Younger heart with wit full-grown?
Oh, for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

IV.

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is: but round the hem
Crimson-stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, — on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather chrisms than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar;
Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untearful eyes.

V.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods

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The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognized,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers:
She taught them beelike to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endue
The Past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI.

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? she was not far away;
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With pathos of immortal gain,
'T is here her fondest memories stay;
She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canacë;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where as your stealthy river creeps
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds;
Here English law and English thought
Against the might of England fought,
And here were men (co-equal with their fate)
Who did great things unconscious they were great.
They dreamed not what a die was cast
With that first answering shot: what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Long schooled the inward gospel to obey
Though leading to the lions' den;
They felt the habit-hallowed world give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last:
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the hallowed Past,

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Strong in their love and in their lineage strong,
Fell crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot,
As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sate or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown.
Thrice-venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang with them,
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

VII.

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms?
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish steps had known?
In trees their fathers' hands had set
And which with them had grown
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsolid goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives,
And life prized more for what it lends than gives;
Yea, many a tie, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet:
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king, —
The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone,
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

VIII.

What marvellous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:

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By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right and who refrains,
Hers are our losses and our gains,
Our maker and our victim she.

IX.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks:
Yet will some graver thoughts intrude
And cares of nobler mood:
They won thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where discrowned empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined, —
"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind;
With men, by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey:
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word,
Like it a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Shoots of that only race whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear-paid paradise:
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes:
The envious Powers of ill nor wink nor sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals and that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies,
Till the deaf fury come your house to sweep!"
I hear the voice and unaffrighted bow:
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbowed sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Igdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou.
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast,
For thee I love as those who pardon most.

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x.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day;
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Blithe as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, bells,
Shout, cannon, cease not, ye drums,
Answer, ye hill-sides and dells,
Bow, all ye people, she comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted as when
She hallowed that April day:
Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain!
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kindler of deed and of thought,
Thou, that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her, our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

James Russell Lowell.

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RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

THE Lake-Country which Miss Woolson sketches is the region of the great inland seas, Superior, Huron, Erie, and the rest, and the term is allowably stretched to include that part of Northern Ohio in which the community of the Zoar Separatists prosperously doze their lives away. The ground is new, and Miss Woolson gathers from it a harvest out of which the grain had not been threshed long ago. Our readers already know three of her stories, Solomon, The Lady of Little Fishing, and Wilhelmina, which are the best in this book, and fairly suggest its range, for it is now poetically realistic in circumstance like the first and last, and now poetically fanciful like the second. Both kinds rest upon the same solid basis — truth to human nature; and because Miss Woolson has distinctly felt the value of this basis, we are the more surprised at her projecting such an air-founded fabric as Castle Nowhere. In this we are asked to suppose a wretch who beacons lake schooners to shipwreck on the rocks, and plunders them that he may keep in luxury the young girl whom he has adopted for his daughter, and who lives in an inaccessible tower on a secret isle of the lake. A subtle confusion of all the conceptions of right and wrong is wrought by this old reprobate's devotion to the child, and his inability to feel that any means to her pleasure and comfort can be bad; but we doubt whether this is an intended effect, and if it is, we think it not worth the writer's or reader's pains. Castle Nowhere is the least satisfactory of the stories; one is harassed from beginning to end by a disagreeable fantasticality.

The notion, in Peter the Parson, of the poor little ritualist who lives a missionary among the ruffians of the Northwestern lumbering town, and daily reads the service to himself in his empty chapel, is altogether better, though we wish the matter were less sketchily treated. Miss Woolson had something in Rose's unrequited love for the parson, and the tragic end it brings him to, worthy her most patient and careful art. The Old Agency is another good sketch, or study, tasting racily of the strange time and place. It is the ancient government agency building at Mackinac, about which linger the memories of the Jesuit missions, and in which, after its desertion, an old soldier of Napoleon comes to spend his last days: the story gains color from its supposed narration by the Jesuit father Piret; for the French have had the complaisance to touch our continent with romance wherever they have touched it at all as soldiers, priests, exiles, or mere adventurers. St. Clair Flats is apparently a transcript from the fact, and with its portraits of the strange

[1] *Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches.* By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Baedeker's Handbooks for Travelers. By KARL BAEDEKER. *Italy*, 3 vols.; *Southern Germany*, 1 vol.; *Northern Germany*, 1 vol.; *Belgium and Holland*, 1 vol.; *Paris*, 1 vol.; *Switzerland*, 1 vol.; *The Rhine*, 1 vol. Revised and Augmented Editions. Leipsic: Karl Baedeker. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

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Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley. By WILLIAM MINTO, M. A., author of A Manual of English Prose Literature. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1874.

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Three Essays on Religion. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

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prophet, Waiting Samuel, and his wife, it is a not at all discouraging example of what our strangely varied American real life can do in the way of romance; it seems only to need the long-denied opportunity in fiction which some of our later writers have afforded it — none with greater promise of a successful interpretation in certain ways than Miss Woolson herself. Her story of Solomon is really a triumph of its kind — a novel kind, as simple as it is fresh. The Zoar Community, with its manners and customs, and that quaint mingling of earthy good-feeding and mild, coarse kindliness with forms of austere religious and social discipline, which seems to characterize all the peculiar German sectarians, has had the fortune to find an artist in the first who introduces us to its life. Solomon's character is studied with a delicate and courageous sympathy, which spares us nothing of his grotesqueness, and yet keenly touches us with his pathetic history. An even greater success of literary art is his poor, complaining wife, the faded parody of the idol of his young love, still beautiful in his eyes, and the inspiration of all his blind, unguided efforts in painting. His death, after the first instruction has revealed his powers to himself, is affectingly portrayed, without a touch of sentimentalistic insistence. It is a very complete and beautiful story. Wilhelmina, of which the scene is also at Zoar, is not quite so good; and yet it is very well done, too. Perhaps the reader's lurking sense of its protractedness dulls his pleasure in it. But it is well imagined, of new material, and skillfully wrought. The Lady of Little Fishing is as fine, in its different way, as Solomon. That is a very striking and picturesque conceit, of the beautiful religious enthusiast who becomes a sort of divinity to the wild, fierce fur-hunters among whom she pitches her tent, and who loses her divine honors by falling in love with one of them; and all the processes of this romance and its catastrophe are revealed with dramatic skill and force. It argues a greater richness in our fictitious literature than we have been able to flatter ourselves upon, or a torpidity in our criticism which we fear we must acknowledge, that such a story should not have made a vivid impression. It has that internal harmony which is the only allegiance to probability we can exact from romance, and it has a high truth to human nature never once weakened by any vagueness of the moral ideal in the author, — as happens with Mr. Harte's sketches, the only sketches with which we should care to compare it.

— In those moments of extreme exile which attend all American patriots who have once been in Europe and are there no longer, we sometimes find a fantastic solace in the examination of guide-books. Following their alluring itineraries, we place ourselves on familiar and famous routes of travel, with no other expense than a certain outlay of imagination; but even if it cost money, we feel that we could easily make it up by the difference in the price of living in Europe — so much less that one can travel there for about the same money that one stays at home in Boston. In a minute we are at Rome, or in Paris, or wherever Americans like to be; and we are stopping at this hotel or that, or have taken lodgings for a protracted sojourn, and are tired of the Louvre and the Vatican, and are looking out sharply not to be cheated by the cab-drivers and shop-people. We are blowing out the extra candle which the waiter wants to light for us at the charge of a franc; we are stickling at the service put down in the bill when we have already feed everybody; we are bringing the guides to book on their extortionate demands, and are giving nothing to Swiss beggars whose goitres weigh under four pounds; at the *table d'hôte* we are fighting the American eagle against all the other national beasts and birds; and in a word, the whole delightful world of European travel is before us. It does not always matter what guide-book we use to this magic end, whether Murray's portly and respectable tomes, or the immortal volume of our own, our native Fetridge, or some such gentlemanly and tranquil connoisseur of pictures, places, and people as the now quite superseded Valery, with whom one travels by *vettura* instead of rail. But it is well in these matters of guide-books, as in that of unabridged dictionaries, to get the best, and upon the whole we recommend Baedeker to the imaginary tourist. The Germans, who have gone to the bottom of history, philosophy, and religion (and mostly found nothing there), have in Baedeker reduced touristry to a science, and have given the public what there is of it in certain volumes covering the whole area of customary travel in those continental lands where Germans now keep all the first hotels, and are likely, if they go on with their abominable thoroughness, to gather a main share of the international commerce into their hands, and supply the

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world at last with everything but its wit, grace, beauty, faith, and liberty — these trifles being unworthy their attention. In *our* European days (which envious Time has now thrust half a score of years behind him), Baedeker was one large volume in German, meant for the whole of Europe and necessarily very succinct, which all Americans carried who could muster enough German to read it. They found it entirely trustworthy, and if not so full of Byron and British propriety of fact, emotion, and opinion as Murray, or of such truly delightful originality in criticism and exegesis as Fetridge, yet supplying all the needs of hurried travel, and costing far less to carry than any guide in their own tongue, the German national frugality (not to say niggardliness) having cheapened the way everywhere to travelers supposably of the German race. This admirable compend has now been dispersed and expanded into nine volumes, each perfectly pocketable, and comprising a store of useful information not otherwise to be had in the same space. Sentiment and criticism are apparently excluded from the plan of the work; we find no poetical quotations, or very, very few; when the guide has once referred to a notable object, it refrains from comment; at the same time it gives all the historical facts necessary to intelligent enjoyment of places and things — points around which the reader can assemble his wandering general knowledge, or with which he can disperse his general ignorance. There are many maps, carefully and clearly executed, and a very great abundance of those local details concerning fares, fees, currencies, and so forth, without which no one can set out on a supposititious tour with any peace of mind. But it is not to the supposititious tourist only that we commend Baedeker. The actual traveler may consult him with unfailing advantage; and if he buys the volumes before sailing, he may most profitably give to them those moments of the voyage to Europe which would otherwise probably be abandoned to seasickness.

— It is now two or three years since Messrs. Osgood & Co. projected their series of guide-books for America on the Baedeker plan, and they have lately followed their first volume, on New England, with one for the Middle States. It is very little to say that we have hitherto had nothing at all to compare with these books in thoroughness and fullness. They are written with a sincerity and sober good taste which should be the first condition of their acceptance by the self-respectful tourist, and if they expose the poverty and monotony of American travel in some respects, there is hardly any fair-minded malcontent to whom they will not suggest that he would be more interested in his country if he knew it better. We ought to be especially grateful to Mr. Sweetser for his careful and pleasant presentation of what may be called tourist-history, no less than for those statistics, directions, and counsels which it is more strictly the business of a guide-book to give. His information upon matters of local interest in the vast area which his work covers is largely the result of his own experience and observation, and some actual use of his work enables us to bear witness to the accuracy, completeness, and good sense with which it is done. To the foreigner visiting our country such a conscientious and faithful cicerone is indispensable; and as we are all necessarily foreigners in nine tenths of our immense territory, the native American cannot very well afford to travel without him when he travels for pleasure.

— Nearly half a century ago Macaulay published, in the Edinburgh Review, his admirable essay on the subject of history, and we are just beginning to reap the fruits of his teachings. He longed to see the day when the history of his own country should be written so that it would exhibit the true spirit of each age, and by a writer able to give to truth the attractions of fiction. He would have the historian show us the court, the camp, the senate; in short, the nation, not its rulers alone. The perfect historian, he says, will not merely describe men, but will make them intimately known to us. He will indicate the changes of manners, not only by general phrases, or statistical extracts, but by appropriate images that will present the people of past times to our mind somewhat as foreign peoples are now presented to the eyes of observing travelers. Mr. Macaulay did not dare to hope that the model historian would appear in less than a century from the time at which he wrote. One half of that period has now passed, and the researches into forgotten records, as well as the few exceptionally good publications which have resulted from those researches, have prepared the way for better historical work in the future.

We are not prepared to pronounce Mr Green's compendious volume perfect, but we think it is the best effort yet made to give to schools the sort of history that they

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need. It is not, he says, "a drum and trumpet history," for "war plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any" [other]. "The only war," he continues, "which has profoundly affected English history and English government is the Hundred Years' War with France, and of that the results were simply evil. If I have said little of the glories of Cressy, it is because I have dwelt much on the wrong and misery which prompted the verse of Longland and the preaching of Ball." He has given more than usual prominence to the figures of "the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, the philosopher," and subordinate positions to the military hero and the politician. The battles and sieges are presented in the form of tables of Chronological Annals, and the royal families in Genealogical Tables which are clear and comprehensive. In this way the claim of Edward III. to the French crown; the union of two branches of the descendants of Henry III. in Henry IV.; the descent of James I., his cousin Arabella Stuart, and William Seymour, her husband, from Henry VII.; and the intricate pedigrees of the members of the houses of Lancaster and York, are plainly exhibited to the eye at a glance. Very clear maps, borrowed from Freeman's Early English History for Children, are also presented.

In a work of this description, besides the traits we have already mentioned, a proper proportion in the treatment of the different periods and philosophic divisions of the subject appear to us indispensable. In these respects Mr. Green has not been so successful as in others. A glance at the titles of his chapters, the number of years they respectively treat, and the number of pages allotted each, will make our meaning more clear.

Chapter I., entitled The English Kingdoms, carries the history from the invasion of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 54) to the year 1013, occupying fifty-eight pages. The second chapter, England under Foreign Kings, 1013–1204, covers fifty-four pages; Chapter III., The Great Charter, 1204–1265, forty-two pages; Chapter IV., The Three Edwards, 1265–1360, fifty-six pages; Chapter V., The Hundred Years' War, 1336–1431, fifty-four pages; Chapter VI., The New Monarchy, 1422–1540, seventy-five pages; Chapter VII., The Reformation, 1540–1610, one hundred and seven pages; Chapter VIII., Puritan England, 1610–1660, one hundred and forty pages; Chapter IX., The Revolution, 1660–1742, one hundred and twenty-nine pages; Chapter X., Modern England, 1742–1873, one hundred and four pages. We do not intend to have it understood that we think it possible to assign an exact number of pages to a given period, nor that the importance which a historian intends to give to any era is to be gauged by the space his account of it occupies in his volume. We are exact, however, in recapitulating Mr. Green's table of contents because it is very suggestive.

The author omits to give us the reasons that influenced him in the divisions he has made, not, we presume, because he had none, but because he thinks them too plain to need explicit statement. Of course this is complimentary to the reader's sagacity, and yet we should have preferred the other course. It gives us an opportunity, however, to inquire why the first eleven centuries occupy less than eighty of Mr. Green's pages; why the period of the rule of the "foreign kings" is made to close with the year 1204, in the middle of the reign of King John; what philosophic reason exists for constituting the reigns of the "three Edwards," a period by themselves; why the Hundred Years' War, treating of forty-one years of the reign of the third Edward, is made a separate period; and why his shortest period, that of "Puritan England," occupies the greatest number of pages.

Mr. Green may tell us that the first eleven centuries of English history are barren and unimportant, but we reply that they are running over with riches of just the sort that Macaulay designed to indicate in the essay we have referred to, and crowded with incidents such as have been used by other writers who have treated special periods. The works of Mr. Freeman, from which Mr. Green has borrowed already so much relating to these times, would have given him help in becoming acquainted with the details we refer to, and the works of the now fashionable republication societies furnish a vast fund of information about the manners and intimate life of old England. We suspect that Mr. Green would offer Mr. Freeman's works as his excuse for this deficiency, but they ought not to cause us to condone the offense. We are not of those who think English history previous to the Norman Conquest of slight importance, and while we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Freeman has given too much detail in his Early English History for Children, we are no

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less positive that the book we are now considering errs in its too great brevity. What Mr. Green does give us is very clear and well put, though he stretches the matter a little in assigning "the name of England" to Angeln, a tract that he properly describes as "what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic and the Northern seas." England derived its name, undoubtedly, from Angeln, but that Angeln was ever called England we have not seen stated before. Mr. Freeman is too rigid in adhering to antique orthography, and, in this case at least, Mr. Green is too free in departing from it. While on the subject of spelling we may as well protest against Mr. Green's "orgy," page 586; "*Novum Organon*," page 413; and "Renascence," repeated in many places. He properly calls the Plantagenets "Angevins," but we wish he had explained that the title he uses is derived from Anjou, for it is not found in our English dictionaries, and will confuse the young learner.

Mr. Green's divisions, Foreign Kings, and The Great Charter, we do not like, as he states them. The great struggle for supremacy in England continued from the landing of Cæsar to the time of the Conquest by William, and during all that period there was a succession of foreign rulers. At that time, however, the struggle ceased, and an unbroken line of descent connects Victoria with the Conqueror. From 1066 to the date of the signing of the Magna Charta is the next period of English history, as it exists to our mind, for the government was at that time the feudal monarchy established at the Conquest. Mr. Green's period of The Great Charter extends from 1204 to 1265, as if King John had ceased to be a foreigner eleven years before he signed the document that elevated his natural meanness to everlasting fame. We conceive the third general period in English history, that of the limited monarchy, to have begun when the Great Charter was signed.

Turning again to the merits of the work, which are far greater than its defects, we call especial attention to the citations of authorities. Each section is preceded by a discriminating list of books that may be referred to by the student, and they are not bare titles.

These lists are frequent and full, and constitute a running commentary upon the historians they mention. Finally, we commend Mr. Green's history for its admirable outlines of the progress of literature from the earliest to the latest times.

— Compendiums of English literature are generally of the most slipshod sort, and it is with great pleasure that we point out the merits of Mr. Minto's Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley. Nowhere does this author put down an opinion because it is the one commonly received. He has thoroughly independent judgment, which seeks the truth, however, rather than novelty. The aims he set himself were, first and principally, "to bring into as clear a light as possible the characteristics of the several poets within the period chosen," and secondly, "to trace how far each poet was influenced by his literary predecessors and his contemporaries." "Justly viewed, indeed," he says, "the method pursued in this volume is not so much the opposite as the complement to M. Taine's. His endeavor was to point out what our writers had in common; mine has been to point out what each has by distinction." This is certainly an excellent plan, nor does the execution fall short of it.

Of Chaucer, with whom the book begins, it is said that he is not so much the first genial day in the spring of English poetry as a fine day, or perhaps the last fine day in the autumn of mediæval European poetry. Such, at least, is the more instructive way of regarding him. The author shows Chaucer's dependence on the French and Italian poets, gives us some particulars of his life, and in his criticism of Canterbury Tales points out — and for the first time, if we are not much mistaken — the difference between the ribaldry of the less refined pilgrims and the delicacy of the "gentles." These tales, he says, "embody two veins of feeling that powerfully influenced the literature of the fifteenth century: the sentiment that fed on chivalrous romances, and the appetite for animal laughter that received among other gratifications the grotesque literature of miracle-plays." His exposition of this theory is very suggestive. That his independence does not become mere struggle to say something new is shown by this emphatic statement: "The compression of masterly touches in that Prologue can hardly be spoken of in sane language."

Of Shakespeare also Mr. Minto manages to say some good things which had been previously unsaid. Of course a chapter of thirty-five pages devoted to certain qualities of his poetry is incomplete, but so far

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as it goes it will be found interesting. The characterization of the minor poets seems fair. Exception can be made to the little attention given to Webster, especially in comparison with that devoted to Cyril Tourneur, and to the omission of Drummond of Hawthornden, and of Donne. Spenser's sonnets are, perhaps, too summarily condemned.

On the whole, we think that this book will be found to be one of the best of companions by those who are studying early English literature. There is nothing dogmatic in Mr. Minto's expression of his opinions, and there is enough originality to encourage the reader to think for himself. There is much information and no pedantry; moreover, there is no dullness in the book. We are glad to see the announcement of an American reprint; glad, that is to say, for the American public; Mr. Minto gets no part of our congratulation.

—Mr. Yeatman has ideas of his own about early English history, as well as many ideas which were current years ago, and which have generally been regarded as obsolete. What Mr. Yeatman says of the descent of the Britons from the Trojans can serve very well as an example of the ingenuity of his mind, as well as of his method of leading his readers over the gaps in his argument by the liberal use of such words as undoubtedly, certainly, unquestionably, etc. The following are his words: —

"Thus ancient history proves conclusively the exalted character and intelligence of the Briton, and lays the foundation for a reception of the belief in his boasted pedigree. The Britons themselves claimed to be descendants of the ancient Trojans, and unquestionably they show at every stage of their history that they are worthy of such high descent." Homer "distinctly includes the Pelasgians and the Thracians amongst the allies of the Trojans; . . . thus is strengthened the belief in the truth of their claims; but, if they were not so descended, at least their ancestors may have been amongst the allies of Troy. . . . Let those who assail their position show anything like equal proofs against it. Until then, Britons can remain satisfied in their belief, and glory in the wealth of its possession." Elsewhere the connection between the Britons and the Thracians is proved in very much the same way. Nor does the author disdain to establish the identity of the Ligurians and the Angles. He by no means satisfies himself, however, with preserving vague traditions, clothing them with fallacious arguments, and calling them established truths; he can be in his turn a wild iconoclast. He is reluctant to give up Arthur, but for Alfred no words are too bitter. We are told that on grounds of common-sense we must reject Asser's Life of Alfred, and "we are forced to the conclusion that our Saxon history is a fraud which has imposed on us for centuries, and which must be utterly rejected."

Among other curious bits of information, we learn of the Druids that "we cannot resist the conclusion that they had retained the science of the Noachidæ, and must in fact have been the direct descendants of that son of Noah whose issue, it is conjectured, settled down upon this portion of the globe, and here obtained that complete exemption from strife and the turmoil of war which was the traditional inheritance of our ancestors."

The main authority for many of his statements is a book of the last century, The History of Manchester, of which Dr. Johnson, who occasionally hit the nail on the head, said "it was all a dream." The author, according to Mr. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, was Dr. John Whittaker, whom Mr. Yeatman accordingly calls Dr. William Whitaker.

It will be noticed that Mr. Yeatman's views differ from those generally held by modern scholars. He expresses himself as follows about some remarks of Professor Max Müller: "One is disgusted with the impertinence of the comparisons drawn between our universities and those of the Continent — comparisons, of course, greatly in favor of German institutions. Those who are acquainted with their internal concerns, the lives their students yield, and the amount of learning they obtain, know that they will not compare for an instant with Oxford or Cambridge; that in classical and mathematical learning our universities stand the first in the world; . . . and indeed, by the few steps that have been made, as in the creation of a chair for the study of Anglo-Saxon, for instance, when there is no such language, they have only made themselves ridiculous, though they are not half so ridiculous as they will become if they follow the lead of the German school to the end." In short, this is a foolish book by a foolish man, which might make mischief among thoughtless readers.

—It will be the fault of the rising genera-

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tion if it is not well educated. It certainly has one advantage over those which have preceded it in the school-room, namely: the possession of more wisely written text-books. Within a few years nearly all the old methods of instruction have been overhauled, and a great many useful changes have been made. Of grammars this is not the time to speak, but with the appearance of the first volume of Mr. J. M. Hart's German Classics for American Students, it is impossible not to notice the changes in the editing of books designed for students. It is intended that this series shall contain the German books generally read by young people, and that the work of the editor shall advance from giving grammatical information in the first volume, to explaining historical allusions, and pointing out trains of thought and literary qualities in those to succeed. For the first volume we have Hermann and Dorothea, which seems to us a good choice. The introductory extracts, giving an account of Goethe's material for the preparation of the poem, are to the point. The notes serve rather to supplement the lexicon, on the whole, than to take its place. Such, for example, is the comment, on the first page of the notes, on *Indianisch*, that on *Landau*, page 111 of the book, and elsewhere. With regard to questions of grammar, however, the decision about what shall be done is not so easy. To refer to half a dozen of those most commonly used takes up too much space, and to refer to one alone would be unwise; yet it would seem as if some such reference were needed for an explanation of such phrases as *er kam gefahren, frisch getrunken*, etc. Or at least, since reference to a grammar has been shown to be foolish, some tolerably complete mention of the rules covering these cases might be advantageous. At the end of the volume a glossary of the words which especially deserve the student's attention is given. In this some inaccuracies are to be noticed; especially, page 148, under the word *Heissen*, the reference to the Old English form "to hight," as if it were an infinitive, is wrong. It is for the past indefinite of the Old English *hatan*, and philologically too interesting a word to be treated with anything but the greatest respect. Again, page 152, the connection between Germ. *ziehen* and the English "to tug" is made by no means clear. As it stands, it reads as if only a similarity of meaning, and not of origin, connected the words. On page 120 we find "*Tafeln*, frames?" but is there any reason for supposing it does not mean panes of glass? Page 129, *Eirund des Kopfes* refers, we should say, to the shape of the head, and does not mean, as is there explained, the oval of the head, *i. e.*, the face. Page 132 is there any ground for supposing that *trefflich* ever means "hitting, answering to"? These seem unnecessary renderings. On the whole, this edition promises to be a good one. The first volume, at any rate, in good hands, would be found of service to students. It is with much interest that we await the next volumes, where the editor comes into comparison with Buchheim. We shall then have a better chance to judge of his success, for his task will be more difficult.

— In his journeying, Mr. Myers, the author of Remains of Lost Empires, went through many strange lands, lying outside of the usual path of even the adventurous tourist. After a trip in Egypt and Palestine he and his brother made their way to Palmyra, thence to Aleppo and Nineveh, down the Tigris to Bagdad and Babylon, into Persia, and from Shiraz to Cashmere, and then hastily through India. This was not taken merely as a pleasure-trip; both he and his brother were experienced travelers; they had already visited South America together, and his brother had also spent some time in Central America, occupied with scientific work, especially with botany. It was from his interest in this study that the brother was anxious to investigate the flora of the Himalayas. Unfortunately he was taken with fever in India, and he died on his way to Ceylon, a martyr to science. The surviving brother, the author of this volume, was interested especially in geology, but his book is by no means made into a scientific report. On the contrary, it gives the reader a notion of some of the more striking peculiarities of the comparatively unknown places visited by the author. Mr. Myers does not publish his diary, and so avoids the error of many travelers who imagine the question of what they had every day for breakfast to be as interesting to their readers as it is to themselves; yet even with this disadvantage there is often a vivacity in a traveler's journal not to be found in the more formal record. When he describes interesting incidents, such as the running away of the raft on the Tigris, for instance, Mr. Myers is much more entertaining than when he is treating his readers to brief condensations

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of ancient history, with becoming moral reflections. Occasionally, too, space is found for theological discussion, as is only natural, perhaps, when one is looking for the Garden of Eden. In general, the book is not as entertaining as might be wished; it is not easy to point out exactly in what particular it falls short, but any one who compares it with really delightful books of travel, such as Eothen, The Crescent and the Cross, or some of the recent accounts of journeyings in Africa, will readily detect the difference. With regard to information Mr. Myers adds but little to what has been collected by more eager professional explorers, from whom he quotes liberally, as was but natural and right. In leaving the book we would not wish to be understood as condemning it as unreadable; it is a good book of its kind, but its kind is that of the less interesting books of travels.

— Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion will hardly awaken as intense an interest as they would have done ten years ago, when the influence of that remarkable man was almost paramount over a certain class of young, bold, and ardent minds. We are far from thinking that the undeniable decline of his personal authority is due to the fact that the generation which took so kindly to his tuition has outgrown him. So fine and fit a guide for students in matters purely intellectual will not soon appear again, and the world is happy in that the weighty works which he has left behind him may long continue to administer the rare tonic of his teaching. But Mr. Mill, like Plato, and more perhaps than any other philosopher whether of ancient or modern times, had the power of infusing into the dryest and most abstruse inquiries, and even into severe ratiocination, a kind of potent intensity, a magnetic force which awakened in the docile subject something very like personal enthusiasm; and all enthusiasms entail a temporary reaction. How he could have done this, how a man of his literary asceticism and unflinching sternness of method should have contrived to make so many *disciples*, was long a problem to the curious in such matters, but the Autobiography, by the light of which his works ought all to be re-read, explains it fully. We have there the spectacle of a child subjected from his tenderest years to an intellectual discipline of no less than frightful severity; responding to that discipline by an amazing precocity of powers and attainments, accompanied by an independence and sincerity of mind almost unique, but also, and inevitably, by the stunting and all but starvation of his capacities for feeling and affection. Yet that these capacities also were originally of singular richness and beauty, there is now no room to doubt. Forbidden their proper channels, they throb dumbly along the pages of his metaphysical and political treatises, making them singularly alive. The book on Liberty, many pages of the Logic itself, the Promethean defiance, early in the book, which carried so many readers triumphantly through — or over — the difficult discussion of Hamilton's philosophy, Mr. Mill's partisanship, actually fervent, of the North during our own war, his grand loyalty to his unfeeling father, and the almost divine honors which he paid to that friend and wife, the light of whose thoughts, by all independent testimony, was so largely borrowed from him — all these attest the truth of what we have said, and invest with a singular shadow of pathos the record of the great man's upright and laborious life.

It is also of especial interest to read the religious essays by the light of the Autobiography, because in the latter we find the embryo, and trace the natural growth of whatever is distinctive in the former. In describing his father's opinions, Mr. Mill says: "He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. His intellect spurned the subtleties by which men attempt to blind themselves to this open contradiction. The Sabæan or Manichean theory of a good and an evil principle struggling against each other for the government of the universe he would not have equally condemned, and I have heard him express surprise that no one revived it in our time. He would have regarded it as a mere hypothesis, but he would have ascribed to it no depraving influence. As it was, his aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to that term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius. He regarded it with the feelings due, not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil." These words give the key-note of the Essays on Religion.

These essays are three: the first, which is brief and merely preliminary, is on Nature, and in this the author discusses the various senses in which it is usual to employ the words nature and natural, and distinguishes the proper from the fallacious, in

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his most thorough and lucid manner. In the second, — on the Utility of Religion, — the author inquires whether the belief in religion considered as a mere persuasion, apart from the question of its truth, is really indispensable to the temporal welfare of mankind, and concludes that it is at least extremely beneficial; but strongly avers that a simple sense of unity with mankind, and a deep feeling for the general good, is not only entitled to be called a religion, but may be developed into a better religion than any other, and also that "the only rational form of belief in the supernatural is that which regards nature and life, not as the expression of the moral character and purport of the deity, but as the product of a struggle between contriving goodness and an intractable material, as was believed by Plato, or with a principle of evil as by the Manicheans." He also examines the value in morals of the belief in a future life, and decides that although pleasing, and by no means preposterous, it is *not* a necessary condition of the highest virtue.

The third essay, entitled Theism, inquires first into the existence and then into the attributes of a deity. Under the former head, the argument for a first cause is pronounced to be of no value for the establishment of theism, because no cause is needed for that which had no beginning, and matter and force, so far as we can judge, can have had none, although that which is called mind certainly does, in our experience, *begin*. Mr. Mill also lays light stress on the argument from consciousness, which was the stronghold of Descartes, but admits the cogency of that from the marks of design in nature, even going so far as to allow that it fulfills the conditions of an induction by the first of his own methods, and summing up with the declaration, that, — Darwinism notwithstanding, — in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in nature afford a *large balance* of probability in favor of creation by intelligence. The whole result of Mr. Mill's inquiry into the attributes of a deity may be condensed as follows: The evidences of natural theology distinctly imply that the author of the Kosmos worked under limitations, and was obliged to resort to contrivances, not always the most perfect imaginable, for surmounting certain obstacles, — which obstacles there is, however, no ground in natural theology for supposing intelligent. There is also a preponderance of evidence that the Creator desired the happiness of his creatures, the chief strength of that evidence lying in the fact that pleasure seems always to result from the normal working of the machinery, pain from some interference with it. On the whole, therefore, he infers a being of great but limited power, of great and perhaps unlimited intelligence, who desires and pays some regard to the happiness of his creatures, but who cannot be supposed to have created the universe for that end alone. An inquiry into the evidences of immortality leads Mr. Mill to the conclusion that there is no inherent impossibility in the persistence of the thinking and feeling power without the material conditions which we know, and he becomes almost eloquent where he urges the idealistic doctrine that "feeling and thought are much more real than anything else, the only things, in fact, which we directly know to be real, and that all matter, apart from the feelings of sentient beings, has but a hypothetical existence." Finally, the claims of revelation are briefly examined, Hume's argument against miracles is adopted with certain reservations, and the character of Christ, as deduced from those records which are entirely trustworthy, is admitted to be one of transcendent beauty, furnishing the highest ideal of conduct ever yet presented to man.

It is needless to say that the above conclusions are enforced by strong and skillfully wielded arguments, such as no inexperienced reasoner can hope fairly to confute, in a manner as free from arrogance and scoffing as from sentimental fervor, and in a style of the utmost clearness and strength. Their most startling feature to the ordinary reader will doubtless be the reiteration that the Creator's powers are *limited*, or that the notion of his omnipotence is inconsistent with that of his perfect goodness. Yet we are inclined to think that the horrors of this conception will subside, as it is dispassionately viewed. The perception of such an inconsistency has ever been a source of untold agony to some of the noblest minds, compromising the ideal which they would follow, and paralyzing their own efforts toward it; and to them no suggestion will appear contemptible which proposes a relief from their torture. There are even some positive considerations of feeling to be urged in favor of the theory which Mr. Mill revives. Since all our experience of our highest joy — that of loving — is of loving limited and imperfect beings, it would seem that another

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being of the same kind, although immeasurably greater and better than those whom we see, might well engage a sincerer affection on our part, than one of whom experience enables us to form no sort of conception. And the thought that such a being is engaged in a stupendous warfare on those powers of evil which excruciate us, and that if we fight by his side ever so feebly, we may assist that ultimate triumph of his which even the stern and cautious philosopher of the present work opines to be foreshadowed by the progress of human events thus far, is surely one of inexhaustible inspiration. Moreover, it is worth while to note that some such conception of divine and human destinies has, virtually if not nominally, pervaded all religions during the period of their greatest power. It is the soul both of Greek tragedy and of the poetry of Milton, and in general of all those supreme works of the imagination which mark the highest level of the human mind.

— Lord Russell is by no means unfamiliar with the use of the pen. He has been an essayist, a biographer, a tragedian, — in which capacity he received the respects of John Wilson Croker, a critic who judged the work of the noble whig by strict tory principles, — and he has written, we see in Allibone, a tale. In his present Recollections and Suggestions, he adds another contribution to the history of English political life. He entered the House of Commons in 1813, at a time when whig principles were in abeyance, and until Lord Grey's reform administration he was in the minority. After that time he had more direct control of the fortunes of England. In this book he explains his record, avows his faults with due apology, attacks with some violence those who succeeded him in the leadership of the House of Commons, and suggests freely what he considers the best policy for English statesmen to pursue. As to his grumbling about what Mr. Gladstone has done, that bears some resemblance to a family quarrel, which will probably settle itself without difficulty. What is most interesting to us is what he has to say about the Treaty of Washington. This he condemns in no measured terms. He says it is commonly regarded in this country as an act of capitulation on the part of England, and for corroboration of this belief he quotes the opinion of Baron Hübner. With all respect for that authority, however, we would most earnestly say that it is more generally regarded as acknowledgment of error on the part of England, which is much to the credit of that country, rather than a humiliating concession. He says, "I assent entirely to the opinion of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, that the Alabama ought to have been detained during the four days in which I was waiting for the opinion of the law officers. But I think that the fault was not that of the commissioners of customs; it was my fault, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs." At last Lord Russell sees his error, which has certainly been an expensive one to his country, but there is no one in America who thinks that the confession of wrong-doing on the part of England is truckling to our greatness, or a sign of a disposition to submit to bullying. We know the English too well for that. Baron Hübner formed his opinion from the remarks of American "statesmen," presumably those of Washington, who are generally many years behind their fellow-citizens in forming an honest opinion.

While Lord Russell acknowledges his error with regard to not detaining the Alabama, he condemns severely Mr. Adams for lack of confidence in the good intentions of the English government. If Mr. Adams saw what he had a right to demand of the English government, and urged that policy upon them, it is certainly natural and justifiable that he should have distrusted their intention when their acts were iniquitous. In short, Lord Russell cannot make a mistake that brings serious harm upon another country, and escape suspicion of not treating that country fairly. This acknowledgment of error, however, which he now makes, ought to make us ready to let bygones be bygones.

The volume throws much light on the inner history of English politics of more than half a century. To Englishmen and the many American students of English history it will be an interesting volume, not always by reason of the author's wisdom, but generally of his candor and experience. He is a man who has earned the right to speak, but the world has also the right of rejecting his opinions if they are unsatisfactory.

— The printed report of Dr. Storrs's three lectures on Preaching without Notes is itself one of the most conclusive arguments in support of the plea which he makes; for the compactness of statement, the nice use of words, the freedom from repetition, whether of phrases or of noticeable words, the precision and the kindling

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fervor of some of the periods, which characterize these lectures, delivered without notes, show that it is possible to use this method and avoid the pitfalls which are plainly seen to exist for all who commit themselves to public oratory without the protection of manuscript. No doubt the author himself has special mental qualifications for preaching without notes, yet the frank account which he gives of his own experience in the matter renders it more than probable that a degree of power in this direction is within the reach of any clergyman who will take the pains to make himself master of one of the prime conditions of success in his profession. No one can read these fresh, forcible lectures without regretting the tyranny of a custom which robs the public preacher of so large a part of his power. *Extemporaneous* preaching, as it is sometimes called, rests under just suspicion when it is presumed to be preaching on the spur of the moment without special preparation. Such a proceeding is sometimes possible, when all the circumstances and inward faculties converge to lift the preacher into a sudden power of speech, but these rare possibilities only render a weekly succession of such a felicity absurdly improbable. We call attention to the book because with its wise advice, drawn from a long and notable experience, and especially with its insistence on the springs of power in such oratory, it ought to be of very great service to young preachers, and because like all honest revelations of the causes which have led to success in some one field of intellectual labor, it contains abundant suggestion for those who pursue similar though not identical labors. For example, his hints upon the best means of attaining intellectual readiness for some special task are of value to writers as well as to preachers.

— The anonymous volume entitled The Paraclete is apparently an English reprint, and would seem to have been written by a low-church Episcopalian of strong evangelical views. The author wishes to add his word on the orthodox and scriptural side of the "irrepressible conflict" now going on in the religious world. He thinks that in the future "this struggle will probably relate not so much to the mere facts of Christian history as to the reality of spiritual existence; man's personal spirituality will be denied; thought itself will be still more emphatically pronounced but a form or expression of matter; . . . Christianity will be regarded as the outcome of a tragical mistake, and the entire theological idea be classed with the nightmares of paganism." The best antidote to these materializing tendencies, the author thinks, will be found in a devout acceptance of his own theory of the Holy Ghost, which he also considers the culminating doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, and which is substantially this: The Holy Ghost is a distinct person, and the highest and most potent of all possible persons. Even Christ's mission is inferior to the Spirit's, because Christ's embodiment in flesh and blood was necessarily brief, and his miracles all physical, and therefore evanescent. The dominion of the Spirit, which began when Christ finally left the world at his ascension, is progressive and eternal. The miracles of the Spirit, which are purely spiritual, have entirely superseded those grosser displays of the divine power which are recorded in the Gospels. Their era is now, and it will not pass away The writer professes his firm belief in the trinity, but to many of those who receive, or think that they receive, that doctrine, this new "scheme of salvation" will be open to the objection of seeming singularly to slight, not to say degrade, the office of God the Father.

The earlier division of the book has, however, great beauty of diction in parts, and is marked by a warmth of feeling which will render it grateful reading to some of those who have never questioned the foundations of the so-called orthodox faith. There is another class of minds in whose way it may possibly come, young minds at once active and docile, eager for rational sanction to that which they wish and think they ought to believe, and modestly ready to be imposed upon by the present author's continual assumption of argumentative forms; and to these it is surely right to point out the extreme weakness of his reasoning as such. His favorite and perhaps least obvious form of fallacy is this: If Christianity were true, such and such things would probably occur. Now they do occur, therefore Christianity is true. A more palpable form of absurdity, also frequent in these pages, may be represented by the argument for "original sin," thus: How can we help thinking that we are, by descent from Adam, totally depraved, when we know that if any one of us had been in Adam's place, we should have sinned as he did? which would seem at least to dispense with the notion of *hereditary* guilt. If relig-

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ion is to be defended by reasoning, it must be of another kind than this.

The second, or controversial, part of our author's book is open to severer censure. A weak argument may after all be the only practicable weapon of a weak mind, but the plainest principles of honor and courtesy forbid such treatment of an antagonist in opinion as may be found under the head of Personal Reasons for rejecting Materialism. Here, forgetting that he has just repelled with indignation the idea that the work of the Spirit during the last eighteen hundred years is to be judged by the character of the Christian church, he rejects every form of the so-called "positive philosophy" on the ground that Hobbes and Hume advised the use of evil means for good ends; while Epicurus, Condillac, Bolingbroke, and John Stuart Mill refrained, through the fear of unpleasant personal consequences, from giving full utterance, in their lives at least, to their skeptical views. To this it must be replied, first, that they did not so refrain, but rather that each of these men, before he died, had associated his name with a perfectly distinct set of opinions; and next, that no one of them would have incurred, or did incur, danger or disgrace by the full avowal of his views. Indeed, the writer himself presently sneers at Professor Tyndall for saying that he will maintain certain positions "at all hazards," declaring that there are no hazards at the present day, "however anxious some men may be for the honors of martyrdom."

Of Mr. Mill, against whom this author's wrath is especially kindled, it is not too much to say that his life and death alike witnessed an intellectual honesty of which it may not be his critic's fault that he can form no conception, while his studied reserve and moderation of manner in expressing certain views would seem to have sprung from an unwillingness rudely to shock those believing souls the foundations of whose peace are most of all imperiled by such pious (or impious) nonsense as the following, by way of an appeal against the tendencies of modern science: "If we cannot see the organism of a nettle without a microscope, can we see 'the things of the Spirit of God' without special illumination?"

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

Premiers Lundis. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE, de l'Académie Française. Tomes I. et II. Paris. 1875.

Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers. Von IWAN TURGÉNJEW. Zwei Theile. Autorisirte Ausgabe. Mitau. 1875.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.[1]

The republication of Sainte-Beuve's earliest writings is not one of those mistaken acts of which the friends or relatives of eminent men are often guilty, when the dust is brushed off from deservedly forgotten writings and they are brought forward to mar a distinguished reputation. On the contrary, Sainte-Beuve left nowhere, even in his most distant past, spoiled paper on which he learned to write, to rise up in judgment against him. Even in his earliest essays we find the delicacy of touch, the half shy pointing with an almost imperceptible gesture, the witty, restrained comment, which made him always so delightful. He did not begin by dinning his jests into the ears of his audience, by taking his reader by the shoulders to turn his attention to what was said; he always showed his wise and attractive moderation. He was a critic born, not manufactured.

He had himself meant to superintend the publication of these volumes, or at any rate of certain of his early essays, but his death prevented. The present series begins with the articles Sainte-Beuve wrote when a medical student of twenty. Even here we find, as we have said, the charm that has won him elsewhere so many readers. In these, the first cases in which he mentioned Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and others, to whom he was afterwards continually referring in one way or another, he notes the faults as well as the virtues, and what would have been noticeable excellence in mature criticism becomes even more remarkable in the work of one so young, and who was also, more or less, a follower of the same school. In speaking of Victor Hugo he says: "In poetry, as elsewhere, nothing is so dangerous as force; left to itself it ruins everything; it makes what was new and original only odd; a brilliant contrast degenerates into affected antithesis; the writer aims at grace and simplicity, and he exhibits only triviality; he seeks for what is heroic, and finds only the monstrous; if he ever tries the monstrous, he cannot escape puerility. M. Hugo can supply us with examples." Such an example is his Chant de Néron, of which the critic says that it was the soul of the

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tyrant which was to be shown us, but instead, "in approaching the scene the writer's imagination runs away with him; he without meaning it becomes a spectator, and he is much more interested with the fire-engines than with Nero's heart." Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon is discussed at some length, and its many faults are exposed, but yet without any attempt to decry Scott's real merits as a novelist. In other essays we find Sainte-Beuve more on his own ground, when, namely, he is writing about those subjects which he always seemed to handle with caressing fondness, as if reluctant to leave them; such are the articles on Diderot, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Maintenon, etc. It will be with some interest that the reader turns to the notice of the American novelist, Cooper, on the occasion of a French translation of his Red Rover, but it is not necessary to give even in outline the criticism, because American readers have learned to forget Cooper, although abroad he is still read more or less. When Scott is so far on the way to temporary oblivion, it is no wonder that his followers are unread. It need only be said that Sainte-Beuve praises Scott warmly enough to make us feel ashamed of the neglect with which that novelist is generally treated. A more interesting article is that devoted to the destruction of one Alexandre Duval, a gentleman who frowned upon the young writers of The Globe, of whom Sainte-Beuve was one. M. Duval wrote as one would wish his adversaries always to write, so foolishly that his words only need be quoted for his readers to form the exactly contrary opinion. His attack on the Romantic school was of the most amusing sort, and Sainte-Beuve did not spare his foe.

In the second volume are articles on Balzac, Charles de Bernard, Gautier, Heine, and others. Parts of these Sainte-Beuve himself had already seen fit to publish, and it may be a question, too simple for casuistry, how justifiable it is to pick out what has been thrown away and serve it up again; but if the editor has done wrong, this is not the place to find fault with him. Certainly he has done no harm to Sainte-Beuve's reputation, but for that Sainte-Beuve has only himself to thank. We rejoice to see the promise of the publication of the great critic's correspondence; we only wish there were another Sainte-Beuve to choose from them extracts to be commented on, explained, and illustrated.

It should be said the title of these volumes, Les Premiers Lundis, is one given them by their present editor, from no other reason than what may be called the "force of attraction," in order to bring them into line with those other volumes of Sainte-Beuve's, The Causeries du Lundi, and Les Nouveaux Lundis, which have made his name immortal.

— We have often spoken in these columns of the excellent German translation of Tourguéneff's novels now appearing, and praised its accuracy and elegance; and now that we have a German version of a book that has never been put into English, it is doubly necessary to speak of it again. The book has appeared in French in two translations, of unequal merit, and the better translation has long been out of print, so that those who are unfamiliar with Russian will have to content themselves with the volume before us to-day, Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers. These were Tourguéneff's earliest prose writings, and they showed very plainly his marvelous power. They treat almost entirely of scenes in the life of the serfs, and although the author writes apparently without animus, there can be no wonder that this book did in its time for Russia what Uncle Tom's Cabin did in this country in the way of helping to form an opinion hostile to slavery. The various sketches are short, they are indeed more nearly suggestions than complete tales, but they are packed so full of life and beauty and pathos that they make a very deep impression on the reader. They are marked, too, by a poetical flavor, which only appears in hints in his longer novels, but which is to be found on almost every page of these descriptions of wanderings through the woods and fields, and of nights spent in peasants' huts, or out-of-doors by the side of a camp-fire. The sadness which fills everything Tourguéneff has written is perhaps more capable of defense for its appearance in these pages than it is elsewhere, because here the author was, or assumed to be, a chronicler of what he knew by his own experience; and living as he did in a country which has acquired suddenly all the outside show of civilization, thinly covering the fury of untamed, half-savage natures, he could not fail to meet continually with harsh discords between the false polish and the real roughness of the men he saw. Whatever happened, the serfs suffered; they had been left far behind in the march forward, and

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the petty nobles and small gentry despised them. In the longer novels, however, the writer takes upon himself to picture life, and it is doubtless on account of the way the grimness of Russian society first struck him that he has become such a black pessimist. For in spite of his wonderful talent and his unfailing charm, the laws of art are surer to be right than one man's mood. There may come seasons of despondency in literature, but they are generally when weaker brothers have got the trick of writing, — as is the case, for instance, just now in English poetry; when a man of the calibre of Tourguéneff turns to melancholy, it is rather to be explained by some personal, immediate cause, than by his willful contempt for the great laws which have made literature the consolation that it is. These rise above individual experience because they are founded upon broad generalizations from many experiences. Then too, despair, however well suited for certain tastes at certain times, has been frequently convicted of unhealthiness, and is not what readers want; the familiar law in political economy about demand and supply is not without its analogy in regard to books, pictures, and other modes of escape from the harassing, sordid cares of the world.

In this German edition are included three sketches not in the French translation, two of which appear for the first time. In one of them Tourguéneff gives a most touching account of his meeting a family servant whom he remembered as a merry, thoughtless girl, but who had been struck down in her happiness, when engaged to be married, by some mysterious disease, the result of an apparently trifling accident. There is nothing more touching than the poor creature's resignation, nor more accurately represented than the narrator's robust health, which seems so blundering in comparison with the delicate sensitiveness of the sick girl. It is indeed a wonderful picture Tourguéneff has drawn here, and although the reader lays the book down with a lump in his throat, he cannot help admiring the writer's skill. It would seem as if the numerous writers of tales could not do better than study him to learn the secrets of their trade. This recommendation is safe enough, for he is sure to escape imitation.

The other new sketch describes a very trifling matter, a midnight drive over a lonely road from a peasant's house to town, during which both the writer and his driver are alarmed by the mysterious rattling of a vehicle which breaks into the lonely silence in a most ominous manner. At first it has a supernatural sound; then the driver recalls murders which had been committed in that reigon, and their fears only increase when it turns out to be a party of revelers; these, however, merely beg for some money, which they thankfully receive and soon spend for more liquor. This is a slight sketch, but it is surer to give the reader a chilly thrill than are some of Mr. Wilkie Collins's most carefully manufactured novels. The third is the one called Tschertapchanow's Ende, which appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes, two or three years ago, and, if we are not mistaken, in a French collection of the writer's shorter stories. It is longer and more ambitious than the others, but, in our opinion, less successful. Tschertapchanow, it will be remembered, had made his appearance in an earlier sketch.

DRAMA.

Whoever failed to see Mr. Raymond in Mr. Clemens's (Mark Twain's) play of The Gilded Age, during the recent season at the Globe Theatre, missed a great pleasure. In this drama a player last year almost unknown takes rank at once with the masters of his art, and adds another to the group of realistic actors whom we shall be slow to believe less fine than the finest who have charmed the theatre-going world. One must hereafter name Mr. John T. Raymond in Colonel Sellers with Sothern in Lord Dundreary, with Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, with Salvini in La Morte Civile, with Fechter in Hamlet. Like them he does not merely represent; he becomes, he impersonates, the character he plays. The effect is instant; he is almost never Raymond from the moment he steps upon the stage till he leaves it. His assumption of Sellers

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is so perfect that at some regrettable points where Colonel Sellers pushes matters a little beyond (as where he comments to Laura Hawkins on the beauty of the speech her attorney is making in her defense), we found ourselves wishing that Sellers — not Mr. Raymond — would not overdo it in that way.

The readers of Messrs. Clemens's and Warner's novel of The Gilded Age will easily recall Colonel Sellers, who in the drama is the same character as in the book. The action of the piece has scarcely anything to do with him, and yet, as it happens, it is his constant opportunity to make all his qualities felt. It is scarcely more than a sketch, a frame-work almost as naked as that which the Italians used to clothe on with their *commedia d'arte;* and it is as unlike good literature as many other excellent acting-plays. Yet any one who should judge it from the literary standpoint, and not with an artistic sense greater and more than literary, would misjudge it. The play is true, in its broad way, to American conditions, and is a fair and just satire upon our generally recognized social and political corruptions. The story is simply that of the good old Tennessee farmer and his wife who come to Missouri at the invitation of Colonel Sellers, and through his speculative friendship lose everything but the farm on the barren knobs in East Tennessee, which they had not sold. Their adopted daughter, a beautiful and ambitious girl, is deceived into marriage with an ex-Confederate officer who has another wife at New Orleans, and they are in the lowest misery when Colonel Sellers (an ex-rebel, who "goes in for the Old Flag — *and* an appropriation") conceives his great idea that Congress shall buy the Hawkins farm in East Tennessee, and found a freedman's university on it. Laura's beauty is believed to be essential to the success of the bill in Congress, and she and her adoptive sister go to Washington to visit the family of Senator Dilworthy, who is engineering the appropriation. There one day Laura is met and insultingly renounced by her betrayer, who tells her that he is a gentleman born, and, even if his wife were not living, would never marry her: she shoots him dead, and the play closes with her trial and acquittal, and the presumed failure of Senator Dilworthy's bill. It is merely an episode, but it is strong and new to the stage, however stale to fact, and it appeals to the spectator's imagination so successfully throughout, that he does not mind how very sketchy an episode it is. The betrayer of Laura Hawkins is necessarily a little cheap, — betrayers always are, — but the rest of the character-material is simple, natural, and good, and in the play the Western quality of the people is always clearly accented without ever being overcharged; they are of the quarter of the world to which all things are still possible, and Sellers is but the highest expression of the hopeful and confiding mood in which they exist. The delightfulness of his disasters consists in the ardor with which he rises above them and enters into a new and more glorious speculation, which even as he talks of it becomes just a *side* speculation, — "to keep your money moving," — while his mind develops a yet larger scheme. If he wrecks the fortunes of his friends, it is out of pure zeal and love for them, and he is always ready to share the last dollar with them, whether it is his or theirs. Mr. Raymond nicely indicates the shades of the author's intention in his Sellers, and so delicately distinguishes between him and the vulgar, selfish speculator, that it is with a sort of remorse one laughs at his dire poverty in the scene where the door drops from the stove and betrays the lighted candle which had imparted a ruddy glow and an apparent warmth from within; or again where he makes his friend stay to dine on turnips and water, having first assured himself from his dismayed wife that the water is *good.* The warm, caressing, affectionate nature of the man charms you in Mr. Raymond's performance, and any one who felt the worth of his worthlessness in the novel will feel it the more in the play. It is a personality rarely imagined by the author and interpreted without loss by the actor. Only one point we must except, and we suspect it is not the author's lapse; that is where the colonel borrows ten dollars of Clay Hawkins, and being asked not to mention the return of it, stops on his way out and with a glance of low cunning at the audience says, "Well, I won't!" This is thoroughly false and bad, and the stupid laugh it raises ought to make Mr. Raymond ashamed. Colonel Sellers is always serious, and apart from what he considers his legitimate designs upon the public purse is as high-souled and chivalrous as Don Quixote.

Some extremely good suggestions give the ease and composure with which these Missourian ex-slaveholders adapt them-

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selves to the splendors of Washington: once the first people in their own neighborhood, they are of the first people anywhere, and in arriving at luxury they have merely come into their own. But the greatest scenes are in that last act, where Colonel Sellers appears as witness for the defense of Laura Hawkins: as he mounts the stand, he affably recognizes and shakes hands with several acquaintances among the jury; he delivers his testimony in the form of a stump speech; he helplessly overrides all the protests, exceptions, and interruptions of the prosecution; from time to time, he irresistibly turns and addresses the jury, and can scarcely be silenced; while the attorneys are wrangling together, he has seized a juryman by the coat-lapel, and is earnestly exhorting him in whisper. The effect is irresistibly ludicrous. It is farce, and not farce, for however extravagantly improbable the situation is, the man in it is deliciously true to himself. There is one bit of pathos, where Sellers tells how he knew Laura as a little girl, and implies that though she might have killed a man she could *not* have done *murder*, which is of great value; if Mr. Clemens or Mr. Raymond could work this vein further it would be an immense gain for the piece; Sellers is not a mere glare of absurdity; you do not want to be laughing at him *all* the time; and Mr. Raymond might trust the sympathy of his audience in showing all the tenderness of the man's heart. We are loath to believe that he is not himself equal to showing it.

He was very tolerably supported. There are two ways of playing such a character as Laura Hawkins, and Miss Marie Gordon chose the conventional way, but in that way she was decidedly effective. It is always surprising that actors with such a piece of nature before them as Mr. Raymond's Sellers, or Mr. Jefferson's Rip, should prefer tradition, but they do — or it prefers them, perhaps. Mr. Murdock as Clay Hawkins had a fresher ideal of his part than Miss Gordon, and played more simply; one might say he played very well.

ART.

If the test of excellence in a picture-exhibition is the aggregate result of simple and non-analytical enjoyment which it leaves with the beholder, the recent display by the Boston Art Club must be accounted distinctly a success. The mood in which it left one, after a careful inspection, was one of repose and satisfaction; and it must be said that the average of merit in the present instance was higher than in the spring exhibition at the National Academy in New York. It is true that the Art Club assists itself with the work of foreign masters; but perhaps the most striking pieces on its walls this spring were a half-dozen portrait-studies by Frank Duveneck, of Cincinnati. This young man throws himself upon us with impressive abruptness, resolute, skillful, fearless in his realism, and frankly confessing by the catalogue that he himself is the single owner of these several very strong studies; and we are inclined to sympathize with him both in the realism and in the ownership. The Head of a Professor is exceedingly powerful. The old fellow scowls out of the canvas with a pedagogic ferocity which might well call back to the stoutest heart some memory of boyish tremors from a similar cause. The relief into which the face is thrown, by the management of light and shade and the liberal application of thick paint to the illuminated portions, is high and startling; the small canvas is fairly blistered with the pigment that goes to the construction of the rough chin, protuberant cheeks, and war-worn nose; while the connecting-piece of the spectacles is literally buried in the substance of this latter feature. It will be seen that such painting as this, however strong or skillful, may easily have a painful effect to some extent. In the Portrait of an Old Man we have more of the painful side of Mr. Duveneck. Here is a stringy-faced old invalid, taken at full length in his arm-chair of plain wood, who makes us think instantly of the hospital. We can read the history of his various ailments in his meagre face, with its white, sickly throat-beard, and we see at a glance that the man's mind has dried down to a habit of brooding only upon his maladies, and

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has become incapable of acting in any other direction. It is a considerable achievement, of course, to show this much on a flat surface of color. But the subject was ugly and unpleasant, and the artist has taken no pains to conceal its ugliness. He has even thought it necessary to state for us the length and cut of the old man's dreary gray pantaloons, and he sets the big black foot forward in a way that affects us much as the *muscæ volitantes* disturb one's vision. Something of the same difficulty besets the Portrait of a Young Man, in the inner gallery; though the model in this case is by no means disagreeable in appearance. In all these examples there is apparent a deliberate rejection of the higher artistic function of beautifying, in favor of the more sordid end of astoundingly real representation. So comparatively slight a matter as the mode of framing has its significance in this respect. The professor is stretched on a small frame and fenced in very close, being made by these means to fill the space to overflowing, and rush forth impetuously, as it were, upon the spectator; while the other two figures, though very large to begin with, have a great deal of loose background on either side, and very narrow frames — the effect being to give them a squat look, and project them with a quasi ophidian action toward us. But in the Boy's Head and Head of an Infant, Mr. Duveneck's eccentricities disappear. These two are in no way sensational, and we are left to concentrate our attention wholly upon the remarkable seizure of character, and the unusual and indubitable mastery of technical resources, which distinguish this new painter. The Head of an Infant, too, has real poetic feeling in it, and this is what is needed in the others. Mr. Duveneck has apparently studied in Germany and with Piloty; he has certainly studied to advantage, so far as technical acquisitions of a superior sort are concerned. We know nothing of him other than what these pictures tell; but their appeal is that of a progressive man, and should be met with encouragement.

There was an excellent full-length portrait by Nelie Jacquemart, and Healy's full-length of Longfellow, from the last of which one might read a lesson on the proportions requisite to grace in such a piece, so fully did it exemplify them. We suppose that Bougeaureau's Oranges, also, may be spoken of as a portrait of a woman and two children. It is painted with wonderful lucidity and grace, and the introduction of the two oranges in immediate contrast with the delicate flesh of the naked baby is immensely skillful; but the defect is that this very point is the one which attracts our attention first. The painter appears as a juggler with a couple of painted balls and a child's flexile limbs. This child, by the way, might as well have been dressed in tights, so remote and refined away from earthiness is the flesh that has been given him.

Mr. Vinton's Celestina is more to our mind than either Bougeaureau or Duveneck. The image rises, in passing, of a nude figure treated throughout as Mr. Duveneck has treated his faces; and it seems to us that such a figure would be simply appalling in its fleshliness. However, Mr. Vinton stands in an intermediate place, with a picture professing neither the actualness of Duveneck nor the idealized polish of Bougeaureau, but merely the charming reality of art, modifying and sweetening its subject — a young Italian girl playing a violin, and clad in faded blue kirtle, drab jacket, and a white kerchief yellow-fringed. Green, gray, brown, and red are darkly interblended in the background, and the figure is defined by some bold and yet subdued spreading of lights on face, hair, and form.

A very pleasing landscape was that of Auguste Bonheur, with strong, dry, woolly sheep on a misty meadow that stretched boldly back to the woods. Mr. S. L. Gerry's The Chaudron, Switzerland, might almost illustrate one of Mr. Longfellow's recent Italian memories in verse, with its gloom of mountain and gleam of river, and soft sunlit terraces of vines. Mr. W. E. Norton makes a bold venture in his Cyclone — a mad, green mid-sea, with waves shortened by a furious wind, and a wrecked vessel thrust headlong into the vortex. There is imagination and knowledge in the piece, and one cannot but rejoice to find a marine painter going so resolutely in search of a strong dramatic situation. Not far from this was Mr. J. A. Monks's Storm Cloud, the massive coloring and poetic treatment of which reminded us of La Farge's landscapes. It was simply an outspread sheet of green pasture-land, interwoven in places with fibres of red, and over it at a sharp angle to the left upper corner stretched the white, bursting glare of a rainstorm struck with sudden radiance; but so deep was the feeling, and so harmonious the color, that one found a whole idyl devel-

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oped on the slender theme. Burnier's Twilight Scene, close by, showed how a similar subject can be almost ruined by a vibration too much in a special direction; for the sunlit road-pools in its foreground were forced, and had been carried to the point of feverishness. There were other good bits of native landscape in the exhibition, and a large Inness, already described in these pages. Two excellent Corots, and a César de Kock, with its thin black trees like crinkled wires fixed upright in a flutter of light foliage, lent their fleeting grace to the collection. Nor have we ever seen a finer Jacques than this Clearing and Sheep, with its startling distinction of values, its shaggy forest standing out so tough and woodsy under the blue sky, in precisely the same relation which forest and sky would have in nature, and its rough, solid sheep, and equally solid but perfectly smoothly painted and eminently human peasant-girl.

The best of the water-colors was Serafin de Albendaño's sketch of a broken hill-side of sand or clay, with heavy purple shadow in it and a finely-wrought pine growing above. It was so exceedingly American in material, and so European in its finished skill, that we looked upon its neighbors with a sigh. There was much in the galleries both interesting and pleasurable which we must pass over in silence; but we must give place, as having some of the best qualities of flower-painting, to Mr. T. E. Wright's pink and white peonies; the pink one well rounded in with white light and rosy shadow, and the seeming ponderosity of both big blossoms being well reconciled with their real lightness and their voluminous grace.

MUSIC.

The late series of symphony concerts by the Harvard Musical Association, and those given by Mr. Theodore Thomas, taken together with the various comments they have occasioned on the part of the press and the public at large, furnish the thinking critic with matter enough and to spare for reflection. The Harvard Musical Association have just completed their tenth year of symphony concerts (one hundred concerts in all); Mr. Thomas has just completed his first season, for the symphony concert must be looked upon as the really proper sphere for an orchestra like his, and the various, too miscellaneous concerts he has given in Boston for the last five years can only be recorded as so many light, fascinating *hors d'œuvres* to whet the appetite of a confessedly uncertain public, but of no marked nutritious properties. Now that the season is well over, we find ourselves forced to admit that Mr. Thomas's concerts have been in general far more successful than those of the Harvard Musical Association. We do not care to conceal the fact that we are sorry for this. We think that the success of the Harvard concerts as belonging properly to Boston, is and should be more valuable to musical culture and the advancement of a pure musical taste in our city, than the success of any orchestra having its head-quarters in another city, and paying us merely transient visits, can be. But we are far more sorry to see the *cause* of this want of success in the Harvard concerts.

The Saturday Evening Gazette of March 20 says: "In summing up, we think that we can conscientiously say that the work of the orchestra has been better done than during the two seasons immediately preceding this. There is, however, much more to be done before the Harvard can be considered a worthy representative of the musical culture of Boston. In order to reach the position to which its directors should strive to elevate it, there are many old traditions, effete prejudices, and absurd conventionalities to be swept away. The step that has been taken in this direction, in arranging the programmes for the present season, leads us to hope that a yet greater stride may be made in future. What is most needed is an infusion of younger and more energetic blood in the management, and a more complete harmony of feeling than seems to reign at present. It also needs a body of directors who can bear to hear the truth told of their efforts, without feeling it incumbent upon them to attempt to cry down all adverse criticism as unjust or partisan, simply because it is adverse. The public has advanced too far to be

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blinded by indiscriminate puffing in musical matters. It judges for itself, and judges severely, and, in the main, justly. The efficiency and prosperity of the Harvard Association are hindered at present by the obstinacy and short-sightedness that need eliminating from the conduct of its managers. We think, however, that the lessons they have received during the past two years from the growing indifferenee of the public to the Association, and the palpable rebuke it has given to senseless conservatism, will have the effect of inspiring the directors with a broader eclecticism. At least we hope so, because we cannot afford to lose the Harvard entirely, and we shall assuredly lose it if its rulers do not manifest greater wisdom than they have as yet shown. We have been given to understand that the season has not been profitable; that there will remain a loss after the expenses have been paid. We hope this is not so, but if there is even the shadow of a ground for the prevalence of such a rumor, it should teach those who are interested how necessary a change of policy has become." We quote this as the deliberate opinion of one of our best critics, and because there is so much truth in it. But yet, widely accepted as we know this opinion to be, we do not think that it quite hits the mark. To justify our own opinion we must go back a few years.

The only at all successful orchestral concerts in Boston ten or twelve years ago were the Wednesday afternoon concerts of the Orchestral Union. They were, as far as we remember, very well attended and greatly enjoyed. They were popular concerts in the best sense of the word, and far better, as to the programmes, than anything of the sort we have now. The programme usually comprised a symphony, one classical and one light (Rossini, Auber, Herold) overture, a Strauss waltz, some operatic selection arranged for orchestra (*finale* to first act of Don Giovanni, to the third act of Robert, duet from Hans Heiling, march from Tannhäuser or Lohengrin, etc.), and some solo for piano-forte, violin, English-horn, clarinet, etc. The performances were very rough, but not without a certain enthusiasm and unity of purpose. The old Philharmonic evening concerts died a very lingering death somewhere about the winter of 1863 or 1864, but the Orchestral Union concerts flourished well. The orchestra was the best that could be had under the circumstances, but was ridiculously small. On one occasion Beethoven's A-major symphony was given with three first, and, we think, two second violins. But this was an exception, and the usual number of players was from twenty-four to thirty. There was only one bassoon, and only two horns. In 1865 came the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, with an orchestra of fifty players. The first programme was: 1. Overture to Euryanthe; 2. Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Carl Rosa); 3. Bach's Chaconne with Mendelssohn's piano-forte accompaniment (Rosa); 4. Mozart's G-minor symphony; 5. Short violin pieces by Joachim and David; 6. Overture to Leonore, No. 3. The concert was eminently a success, as was, in fact, the whole season of six. We shall never forget the thrilling effect of the orchestra in the opening bars of the Euryanthe overture and in the great, crashing chords of the slow part of the Leonore. Compared with the wretchedly small orchestra of the Orchestral Union, it sounded positively tremendous. The success of the symphony concerts was all the more gratifying because the previous utter failure of the Philharmonic concerts seemed to show that the taste for good music was on the wane in Boston. Besides, those *monstra horrenda, informia, ingentia,* star-concerts of the nomadic sort, were particularly successful that year, and Five o' Clock in the Morning and M. Lévy's cornet seemed to have turned all heads more or less. Mr. Bateman had brought over a dilution of the fashionable concert of the London season (of the London fashionable spring and summer season, not by any means of the London musical, winter season, which is a different affair *toto cœlo*), and all musical earnestness seemed to be crushed out of us by the gaudy monster. But the symphony concerts did succeed in fanning the smoldering embers of our musical feeling into quite a respectable flame, and the prospects for the future were as sunny as possible. Here are some quotations from a prospectus of the concerts, published in Dwight's Journal of Music, December 9, 1865: —

"It is not a money-making speculation. There is no possible motive for undertaking it except the desire of good music, and the hope of doing a good thing for art in Boston. Every dollar received will be spent in making the concerts more perfect. . . . The concerts are so well guarantied as to have no motive for catering to any interests but the higher one of art. They have no need to sink their character to make them pay.

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The determination is to make them as good in matter and in execution as the orchestral means of Boston (too limited indeed!) will allow. But if we cannot have a great orchestra, we can make out a very respectable one of fifty instruments or more, and one point we can at least secure, that of *pure programmes*, which one excellence, persisted in, will be a greater gain than we have yet had opportunity to realize except in small chamber-concert circles. By *pure* programmes is meant those into which nothing enters which is not in good taste, artistic, genial, such as outlives fashion; nothing which is coarse, hackneyed, shallow, 'sensational' in a poorer sense; nothing which does not harmonize by contrast or affinity with all the other pieces, and serve a general unity of design. . . . Finally, it is the belief of those who have undertaken this enterprise, that a fair measure of success in this experimental series will 'pave the way to a permanent organization of orchestral concerts, whose certain periodical recurrence, and high, uncompromising character, may be always counted on in future by the friends of good music in Boston.'"

So the Harvard Musical Association started on its enterprise with the fairest possible wind and weather, and grew in public favor. But note this phenomenon, which is significant of much. As nearly as possible two years after the Harvard Musical Association's concerts began, the Wednesday afternoon Orchestral Union concerts died of actual starvation. The fact was that, after hearing symphonies and overtures with ten first violins, the public, even the general public, would not listen to the same symphonies and overtures, or even to Strauss waltzes and operatic arrangements, with only four or five. The public had been spoiled for the playing of the Orchestral Union orchestra. *There* is at least one advancement in the public taste that the Harvard Musical Association can lay undisputed claim to. As time went on, the Harvard orchestra improved in quality, the programmes were kept up to a high level. Some unwise things were done, but not many. Some of the airs from Bach's Passion-Music were given, and very unsatisfactorily given, leaving the most dreary impression upon the public, who were just so far convalescent after the paralyzing effects of Bach's great *toccatas* and *fugues* for full organ, as to be able to hear the great John Sebastian's name mentioned with comparative equanimity, when these airs from the Passion came to give their shaken faith in Bach another knock-down blow. These very airs are to be ranked with all that is most beautiful in music, but they are the worst possible means of making an unfamiliar public favorably acquainted with Bach, unless they are given to perfection. Now they are not only extraordinarily beautiful, but they are also extraordinarily difficult both for singer and for orchestra, and the chances of their being even respectably given under the existing circumstances were too small to have warranted the attempt. Another mistake the management made was the Haydn symphonies. For about two seasons Boston was absolutely flooded with Haydn symphonies. We were all of us glad when the Haydn revival began — for it was really a revival. The pleasant, sunny old gentleman had been too long banished from our concert-room, and we received his symphonies back with open arms. But we soon began to tire of our bargain. As St. Dunstan's broomstick kept bringing on beer, so did the symphony concert programmes keep bringing on Haydn symphonies, until at last the very mention of Haydn, to use Berlioz's words, "nous donna de véritables nausées." But the fever ended at last, and things went on smoothly enough until Mr. Thomas came and gave some concerts here in the last part of October, 1869. We will quote from Dwight's Journal for November 6, 1869.

"It was truly and exclusively Thomas's New York Orchestra, — fifty-four instruments, picked men, most of them young, all of them artists, all looking as if thoroughly engaged in their work, eager above all things to make the music altogether sound as well as possible. . . . There was nothing which our people, our musicians, needed so much as to hear just such an orchestra. They came most opportunely; for our musicians, teaching by example; for our public (and there is no better public in the world for music of the highest character than that which fills the Music Hall at all good symphony concerts), to show us that, with all our pride in our own orchestra, we are yet very far this side of perfection, and must take a lesson from what is better done elsewhere. Well-informed musical persons here have always known the superiority of the New York orchestras (the Philharmonic and that of Mr. Thomas) to our own; but such has not been the imagination of the public; their own glowing sympathy and aspiration, meeting the intention of the

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noble music half-way, have always fondly found the execution better than it was; nay more, the reluctantly confessed sense of weariness and ennui after many a noble composition has been too willing to accuse itself, if modest, or, if not, that venerable 'old fogy,' the composer, never suspecting that the coarse, blurred, lifeless execution may have been at fault. We have an audience that deserves the best; we have at last a quickening example of what, in execution at least, comes very near the best thus far; it will be our own fault if we do not improve the lesson, and take a new start in orchestral music, finding it impossible now to shut out of sight the new and higher standard which has so vividly impressed itself on every mind."

Now has the Harvard Musical Association acted upon this excellent advice? We should like to ask one categorical question, which, we admit, the Association is by no means bound to answer: Has the Association acted up to the promise in Dwight's Journal, that "Every dollar received will be spent in making the concerts more perfect"? The result has certainly not been all that could have been desired. Some sort of impulse was given to the Harvard orchestra by Mr. Thomas's example. Extreme attention was for some time paid to pianissimo effects on the strings, which were carried to an undue extent for a season or more. Mr. Thomas's *Träumerei* took our public by storm (we hope to live to see the day when it will be thought uncharitable to mention that wanton distortion and vulgarizing of Schumann's fascinating little pianoforte piece, in connection with Mr. Thomas), and our orchestra blossomed out into some astounding pianissimos. In this last season, indeed, we heard a sort of opposition Träumerei, which was even more outrageous than Mr. Thomas's, inasmuch as it parodied a much stronger work. We mean the sickly sweet omission of the wind instruments from the second part of the Pastorale from the Messiah. It was as if some of Ary Scheffer's flimsily sentimental angels had strayed into the midst of one of Michael Angelo's frescoes. But the pianissimo furore did not last very long, and the Harvard orchestra made no very marked improvement. At all events the playing of Mr. Thomas's orchestra has been so much finer, that for the most part our public has become so impatient of the Harvard's inferior playing as to have lost its interest in the Harvard concerts. And we insist that this loss of interest is principally due to the inferior playing of our orchestra. If we compare Mr. Thomas's programmes for this winter with those of the Harvard Musical Association (remembering that the latter gave ten concerts to Mr. Thomas's six), we shall see that there is nothing in them to warrant any overweening preference for Mr. Thomas. We do see in Mr. Thomas's list an amount of things by Sebastian Bach and Gluck that ought to make the cheeks of the Harvard Musical programme committee tingle, but beyond this we do not see any particular attraction in Mr. Thomas's programmes that the other list cannot fairly counterbalance. Mr. Thomas has given us, to be sure, more Wagner, Raff, and Berlioz, but none of these composers can be justly called favorites in Boston. Concert performances of most of Wagner's music have met with lukewarm response in Boston at best, what enthusiasm we ever had for Raff is at present more than questionable, and a very small minority of our public regard Berlioz otherwise than as a hideous bore. We subjoin a comparative list of the things given this winter by Mr. Thomas, and by the Harvard Musical Association: —

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

J. S. Bach. — Organ passacaglia in C-minor (J. K. Paine).

Beethoven. — Symphonies No. 4 in B-flat, No. 7 in A, No. 8 in F; Violin concerto in D [first movement] (Listemann); Overture to Coriolan; March from Fidelio.

Bennett. — Overture: The Naiads.

Burgmüller. — Unfinished symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 11.*

Cherubini. — Overtures: Abencerrages; Anacreon.

Chopin. — Piano-forte concerto in E-minor (Madeline Schiller).

Durante. — Magnificat in B-flat (Cecilia Club).

Franz. — Slumber Song, "*Er ist gekommen*" (Osgood).

Gernsheim. — Piano-forte concerto in C-minor * (Perabo).

Gluck. — Chaconne from Orpheus.*

Händel. — Pastorale from Messiah.

Haydn. — Symphony No. 1 in E-flat.

Hiller. — Piano-forte concerto in F-sharp, Op. 69* (B. J. Lang).

Lachner. — Suite No. 1 in D-minor.*

Mendelssohn. — Scherzo from the Reformation symphony; Meeresstille overture; Piano-forte concerto in G-minor (J. C. D. Parker); Piano-forte capriccio in B-minor, Op. 22 (Miss Finkenstaedt); Concert aria, "*Infelice;*" Four-part song, The Lark; Walpurgis Night;† Fragments from Loreley * (Cecilia Club); War march, from Athalie.

Mozart. — Symphony No. 1 in D; Aria from Don Giovanni, "*Dalla sua pace*" (Osgood); Marches from Figaro and the Magic Flute.

* First time in Boston. † Given twice

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PARKER. — Four-part songs, The River Sprite, The Sea hath its Pearls (Cecilia).

REINECKE. — Overture to Dame Kobold.*

RIETZ. — Overture in A, Op. 7.

SCHUBERT. — Song, "*Sei mir gegrüsst*" (Osgood).

SCHUMANN. — Symphonies No. 2 in C, No. 4 in D minor; Overture to Genoveva; Incantation and entr' acte from Manfred; Piano-forte concerto in A-minor (Hugo Leonhard); Paradise and the Peri* (Cecilia Club).

SPOHR. — Overture to Faust.*

WEBER. — Overtures to Oberon, Euryanthe; Finale to first act of Euryanthe* (Cecilia).

THOS. WEELKES. — Madrigal, "When Thoralis"* (Cecilia).

MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

J. S. BACH. — Suite in B-minor;* Suite in D; Concerto for two violins (Arnold and Jacobsohn).

BEETHOVEN. — Symphonies No. 3 in E-flat [Eroica], No. 5 in C-minor, No. 9 in D-minor [with chorus]; Violin concerto in D [first movement] (Jacobsohn); Overture No. 2 to Leonore; Terzetto, "*Tremate, empi, tremate,*" Op. 116.

BERLIOZ. — Symphony No. 2, Harold in Italy;* Overture, Les Francs Juges.

BRAHMS. — Song of Destiny*† (chorus); Hungarian Dances.

CATEL. — Overture to Semiramis.*

GLUCK. — Scenes from Orpheus† (Miss Cranch and chorus); Overture to Paris and Helen.*

GRIEG. — Piano-forte concerto, Op. 16* (Boscowitz).

MENDELSSOHN. — Fest-gesang, To the Sons of Art (Boylston Club).

RAFF. — Symphonies No. 3 in F [Im Walde], No. 6 in D-minor* [Gelebt, gestrebt; gelitten, gestritten; gestorben, umworben]; Piano-forte concerto, Op. 185* (Mad. Schiller).

SCHUBERT. — Four-part song, Nachthelle (Boylston Club).

SCHUMANN. — Symphony No. 1 in B-flat.

WAGNER. — Introduction and finale to Tristan und Isolde; Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber,* from Die Walküre (Remmertz).

One slight cause of public feeling against the Harvard Musical Association may have been the persistent antagonism of Dwight's Journal of Music (which the public has rightly or wrongly come to look upon as the official organ of the Association) to the so-called school of the future; an antagonism that some persons have oddly enough construed into a personal enmity to Mr. Thomas, who has been to a certain extent identified with the "future" school. But such a cause is too puerile. The all-sufficient cause is, as we have said already, the great inferiority of the playing of the Harvard orchestra.

Now we are particularly sorry for this, as with all the perfections of Mr. Thomas's orchestra, we cannot but feel that his performances of the great classic music belong to a bad school, and are, by their very brilliancy, calculated to vitiate the public taste. This is simply an expression of opinion on our part, and must be taken as such. Our opinion is by no means largely shared, as we know, but it is our firm and mature conviction, nevertheless. We will take one or two examples. Of the performance of Beethoven's C-minor symphony on the evening of December 2, the Saturday Evening Gazette says: "Beethoven's C-minor symphony followed. It was given with a grandeur and consistency and a power that were never before bestowed upon its interpretation in any hearing of it at which we have assisted. As one listened, it was impossible not to feel that this must be the presentation of the work as conceived by its composer. The audience was again enthusiastic, and gave a demonstrative expression to its feelings which for fervor and heartiness is but seldom manifested at such entertainments." The Daily Advertiser says of the same performance: "The concert closed with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and we shall hazard the assertion that that incomparable composition has never been so grandly played here as on this occasion. It seemed as if Mr. Thomas's orchestra entirely surpassed itself; the familiar symphony had not a single hackneyed suggestion for the most *blasé* concert-goer; it came to the ear and to the mind again as if it were entirely fresh, renewing its youth and the wonder of its immortal beauty, and at times almost overpowering the listener with its magnificence and sublimity. Applause is not the best possible proof of appreciation, but hearty applause generally implies interest and pleasure; and we can testify that never within our recollection has the performance of a symphony been in Boston received with such manifestations of delight as attended this interpretation last evening." One virtue the performance certainly had, that of great brilliancy; but it was a more than questionable brilliancy, to our thinking, and smacked rather of gilding and tinsel. One particular effect *was* given just as Beethoven had indicated, and most superbly given too, and that was the perfectly even pianissimo for forty-two bars at the close of the *scherzo* before the entrance of the finale. The crescendo began exactly eight bars before the end of the scherzo, as it is written. Our orchestra invariably begins the crescendo too soon. This even, persevering, *dead* pianissimo is one of the strongest and most original of Beethoven's effects, and is very rarely well given. But on the other hand, the *an-*

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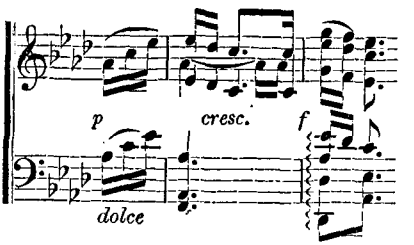
dante con moto was dragged out to the most ultra-sentimental *adagio*. Of all Beethoven's slow movements, this one can be made the weakest by undue sentimentalizing. If there ever were a movement that ought to be played to the beating of a metronome, this one ought. It is *con moto* throughout; its impulse is ever onward; there should not be the slightest holding back or laziness about it. As Mr. Thomas played it, it was simply emasculated, and the phrase



brought up before our mind the Donizettian tenor in his unhappiest moments. Many other exaggerated effects were noticeable, such as the undue hurrying of quick movements, sudden dynamic changes, etc. We merely give this example as a good type of Mr. Thomas's conducting of classic music. The same tendency was noticeable in his conducting of the Eroica symphony. Now the only way to counteract this influence upon the public taste is for the Harvard Musical Association to sacrifice everything to getting as good and efficient an orchestra as possible, and to show the public how much better a right rendering is than a wrong one, which can only be done with an orchestra that plays really well. One thing is certain, that Boston has been educated up to the point of not enjoying poor orchestral playing. The Harvard Musical Association have done much towards educating the public, but let them look to it that they really keep in advance of public taste instead of behind it. That Mr. Thomas is taking the lead now is evident enough, and we would not be thought to underrate what he has done for music in Boston. The things of Bach, Händel, and Gluck that he has given us to hear, if no others, claim our sincere gratitude. At the very least we have to thank him for stirring up our too torpid musical interests in a way that must bring about some decided result. We trust it is to be a good one.

— Vincenzo Cirillo's The Storm[1] has some good points, and a certain unforced Italian quasi-national local coloring that carries its own peculiar charm with it.

— Henry Smart's The Broken Ring[2] is a very good song on a rather worked-out subject. It has much more real pith and sentiment than most songs of its class, and is moreover well and concisely written.

— Millard's Alas![3] is weak enough to do ample justice to the meteorological, flimsy woe of the text, a weakness which the very elegant title-page does not satisfactorily compensate for.

EDUCATION.

The National Bureau of Education has come to be a very important instrumentality for the promotion of the educational interests of the country, and yet there is reason to believe that its objects and the results of its operations are not so generally known as they should be. Enterprising educators are of course well acquainted with its organization and doings; but for the benefit of non-educational readers it may not be superfluous to state that this central educational agency is an office in the Department of the Interior, under the direction of a commissioner appointed by the president, and that it was established seven or eight years ago, by an act of Congress, "for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of school sys-

[1] *The Storm*. Song for Baritone. By VINCENZO CIRILLO. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

[2] *The Broken Ring*. Song. By HENRY SMART. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

[3] *Alas!* By HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D Russell & Co.

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tems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education." The bureau is invested with no authority whatever over the school systems of the States; it is simply a contrivance for collecting and diffusing useful information on the subject of education, and especially such information as is best calculated to aid the people in promoting educational progress. It is made the duty of the commissioner to present annually to Congress a report embodying the results of his investigations and labors, together with a statement of such facts and recommendations as will, in his judgment, subserve the purpose for which the bureau was established.

The last report of the commissioner, — General John Eaton, — which was issued several months ago, is a book of more than a thousand pages, comprising by far the most complete survey of American education that has ever appeared in any one publication. The three preceding reports by the same commissioner are highly valuable documents, which no educator can well afford to dispense with; this is not only better than its predecessors, but it quite throws into the shade the famous reports of Bishop Fraser and M. Hippeau, which have heretofore been considered as containing the best accounts of American educational systems and institutions.

It is properly a leading object with local and State superintendents of education, to make known, through their reports and other means, the excellences and defects of the systems and schools under their supervision, that the latter may be remedied and the former imitated; and what these officials aim to do in this respect, in their more limited spheres of activity, the national commissioner undertakes to accomplish for the whole country. No doubt this is the most useful work that could be accomplished for the general advancement of the cause of education. No State or municipality knows how to rate itself educationally except by comparison. We can take our own measure only by comparison with others.

But it is obvious that a worthy execution of this useful task demands great labor, guided by sound judgment. The field of exploration embraces thirty-seven States and eleven Territories. The thoroughness with which this vast field has been examined, in preparing the report before us, is indicated in the following summary of the variety and range of the work of the bureau, quoted from a pamphlet recently issued under the direction of the commissioner: "The bureau must examine every school law, and mark whatever change or amendment may be made, including the charters of city boards of education, with their rules and ordinances. It must sift, for things deserving general attention, the reports of every State, county, and city superintendent of the public schools that may be sent to it. It must get at the work not only of the public high schools, but also of the private academies and special preparatory schools. It must look through the annual catalogues and calendars of a long list of colleges and universities; schools of divinity, law, medicine, and science; reformatories, and institutions for the training of the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the feeble-minded, — selecting from each what is worthy to be noted in the way of either improvement or defect. And besides all this, it must keep its eyes wide open to observe the growth of libraries, museums, schools of art and industry, and other aids to the proper training of the people; must see what the educational journals say as to school matters in their several States; must note what may be worth preserving in the utterances at teachers' associations and gatherings of scientific men; and must keep up, with reference to all these things, an incessant correspondence with every portion of the country. . . . The list of institutions in correspondence with the bureau is over four thousand, while that of individual correspondents is over eight thousand. The returns thus made to it, of perfectly free will, on education, exceed considerably what were gathered for the census of 1870 by an army of house-visitant officials, armed with authority for requiring answers to their questions." Such is the scope of the operations of the bureau, in gathering and winnowing the materials for making its exhibit of the condition and progress of education throughout the country.

But its inquiries are not limited to our own country. As it is required to diffuse "such information as shall aid the people" in promoting education, its research is properly extended to foreign countries. It studies the school systems prevalent elsewhere, examines the reports of the ministries of instruction in the several European states,

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gathers up useful suggestions from foreign educational journals, and inquires into the systems of training in the universities, gymnasia, real-schools, schools of technology, and the various institutions and provisions for elementary education in every civilized community or state, in order to collect facts as to the peculiar merits of each, for the use of our educators in their work.

The report under consideration shows to what purpose these varied and extensive inquiries at home and abroad have been pursued. It would be surprising if an expert could not discover errors and imperfections among its vast mass of statistics, facts, and opinions. The clerical force in the bureau has been insufficient for the complete realization of the wise and comprehensive plans of the commissioner, and it is to be hoped that Congress will supply this deficiency, now that the great practical utility of the bureau has been made so evident. But it would be a doubtful service to the cause of education to try to point out, at the present time, errors and shortcomings in the work of the bureau. On the contrary, what is especially necessary is that the invaluable results of its labors should be spread before the people in every section of the country. It requires no extraordinary penetration to see that the future of nations depends on the education they receive. The facts presented in this document, while encouraging in view of the comparatively satisfactory provisions for training the people which have been made in large portions of the country, show that as a nation we are far from having conquered illiteracy, and that as yet there is a lamentably insufficient number of youth in the secondary, superior, and special grades of instruction.

Speaking of the importance of exact statistical information respecting education, Commissioner Eaton very justly says: "The day is rapidly passing away when mere statement of opinion will suffice, however eminent the author. Generally, in the past, even since the revival of education in the generation now passing away, the declaration of an eminent educator would pass unchallenged as an argument. Now its weight is determined by the array of facts with which it can be found to tally." Accordingly, he has himself nowhere indulged in sweeping general assertions unsupported by facts. His example in this respect not a few writers on education would do well to note and imitate. Referring to the facts at present ready for use in the bureau, as respects amount, definiteness, and freshness, in contrast with the condition of educational information when his labors commenced, he says: "At present, however, these facts cannot be fully, accurately, and promptly collated; yet any report of them must carry with it a certain useful impression, as it reveals the extent of ignorance that prevails in quarters and the evils that flow from it to individuals, society, and the state. It is of interest to the sailor to know whether his chart and his observations enable him to compute accurately his position and bearings. It is of no less consequence to the patriot to know whether his country is responding to the necessary conditions of growth and prosperity. This he can never know if he leaves out of view what is transpiring with the rising generation. He may compare the facts relating to the material condition of his country with those respecting other nationalities, and may find them flattering to his pride; and yet, if he has not taken into consideration the educational factors — the efforts for the culture of the young — and their effects, and the other facts which may be definitely known, showing whether ignorance or intelligence, vice or virtue, crime or justice, honesty or dishonesty, are on the increase, he has left out the one element most essential to a correct conclusion. Commerce, industry, legislation, and administration would go back towards barbarism, if the care of the young were neglected for a single generation. The lack of these data for our whole country has for a long period been a standing complaint among students of American civilization. No officer could make satisfactory replies to foreign inquiries. No statesman could find facts for the formation of his opinions or the guidance of his conduct. There was much pompous boasting of American intelligence, but nobody could exactly describe it." Thanks to the labors of the bureau, it is now possible to deal with our educational problems intelligently from a national standpoint.

The limits of our space will not permit us to present an analysis of the facts of this extraordinary document, and we must content ourselves, at present, with making known its existence, and calling attention to its great value as the result of the most complete educational survey of the country yet achieved. Some idea, however, of its contents may be afforded by the following list of the heads, under which the commis-

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sioner sums up the results of his investigations in the report proper, which precedes the mass of detailed information comprising the bulk of the volume: General introduction, sources of material, State systems of public instruction, summary of the educational condition in the different sections of the country for 1873, confirmation of public high schools, school statistics of the cities, statistics of the fifty principal cities compared, normal schools, teachers required, normal instruction in academies, business colleges, secondary instruction, preparatory schools, relations of secondary schools to colleges and schools of science, superior instruction of women, universities and colleges, schools of science, schools of theology, schools of law, schools of medicine, degrees conferred in 1873, military and naval academies, libraries, museums of natural history, the relation of art to education, schools for the deaf and dumb and blind, orphan asylums, reform schools, schools for the feeble-minded, educational benefactions, kindergartens, improvement of school furniture, school superintendence, ventilation of school-houses, women as school officers, the education of women, the higher education of women in other countries, special instruction for females, education of women in Würtemberg, the Vienna Exposition, European tour, latest statistics of education in foreign countries, recommendations, conclusion.

Such is the large range of the subjects on which information is presented in this body of facts, opinions, and statistics in details and summaries. We find here, to our surprise, a better general view of the condition and progress of education in the individual States, than is contained in the reports of those States, so far as they have come under our observation. Here is exhibited the record of the number of children to be educated, and the means provided for the accomplishment of this object. The mirror of truth is held up to each commonwealth, with inexorable impartiality, reflecting with equal distinctness its merits and its short-comings. Moreover, here we find collected, collated, and condensed, statements and opinions from the best authorities respecting improvements and defects in the organization and management of systems and institutions, the success and failure of experiments, with suggestions on the proper objects and aims of instruction and the best means of accomplishing them. In the language of Horace Mann respecting the State reports of Massachusetts, "The light emanating from each source is thus concentrated in a focus, from which its whole radiance is reflected back to every point whence any beam of it was originally rayed forth." Or, rather, it should be said, this is what ought to be. This needed light, unfortunately, is kept hid under a bushel, about as far as possible, by the parsimony of Congress. The number of copies of this document printed is ridiculously small, for want of means furnished the bureau. The meagre supply was at once exhausted; and if an educator, a student of social science, a legislator, an editor, sends to the bureau for a copy, he will be answered that there are no more copies for distribution. And yet the copies could be multiplied at the rate of about a dollar each.

— The addition of another volume (Milton's Areopagitica,[1] edited by J. W. Hales) to the excellent Clarendon Press Series of English Classics gives us an opportunity to ask why a similar series may not be prepared for use in American schools. The series just mentioned was designed to meet the wants of ladies' schools and middle-class schools in England; it numbers in its list of books Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, with two of the Tales, the First Book of Spenser's Faery Quene, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity (Book I.), Bacon's Advancement of Learning, selections from Dryden, Pope, Milton, Bunyan, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Cowper, some of Shakespeare's plays, and other works, while the list is constantly growing. The books are compact and handy, seldom exceeding a hundred and fifty pages each, and are furnished with prefaces, introductions, notes, glossaries, and the like. Such scholars as Morris, Clark, Church, Wright, Pattison, Shairp, Goldwin Smith, and others have edited the several volumes, and the series attracts at once the eye and the mind of the young scholar.

Nevertheless, a series made for the special use of young students in England is not altogether fitted to the needs of American boys and girls. The omission thus far of American authors is in itself a disadvantage; the selection made, while in the main excellent, does not put forward certain English writers who would naturally claim our attention, and in general terms it may be said that the editing of the series is more

[1] *Milton: Areopagitica.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. W Hales, M. A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1874.

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scholastic than our students could fairly require. There is something in the style of presentation which would rather dismay the ordinary school-teacher and scholar; it is for these that we would bespeak a series of similar character, prepared in this country and bearing in view the character of our schools and the degree of attention that is given to the study of English literature. That the interest in this subject has steadily increased is very evident, and the multiplication of text-books and books of selections ought not only to encourage us, as evidences of the new enthusiasm, but to remind us that there is danger of our losing the real thing after all. No one can be called acquainted with English literature who has simply possessed himself of the opinions of others respecting that literature, and the comparative ease of this method is very likely to lead teachers to confine their work to the use of a text-book which outlines the several periods, characterizes the writers, and perhaps gives a few pages of specimens from each. The books, again, which are mainly specimens with brief sketches of the writers, are open to the objection that they attempt too much in undertaking to convey a notion respecting any writer by means of some fragmentary passage, and an impression concerning the course of English literature by a succession of such fragments. They bring the young student face to face with a bit from this writer and a bit from that, and give him the faintest possible aid toward becoming really *en rapport* with the author himself.

It seems almost an impertinence to suggest the value of the study of English literature in our schools, yet it is evident that much inertia must be overcome before this study becomes common and is conducted upon a judicious plan. The value of literature is practically ignored, though the means for possessing it are regarded as essential. A child in one of our public schools is taught letters and figures and a few facts, and almost the only use to which he is likely to put them is that which grows out of his ordinary life afterward — the reading of his newspaper, the keeping of accounts, the writing of a business or friendly letter. Toward this restricted use the whole course of education gravitates, and the application of letters to the higher uses of the child's nature is left mainly to chance; our public-school system puts it in the power of all the children in the country to read, and has little or nothing to do with teaching them what to read. Yet there is no other time of life than that embraced by the common-school course so fit for the child's introduction to the highest, finest literature of the world. Perhaps we must be content with aiming at a more thorough course of English literature in our high schools and academies, but the true use of literature will not be found until it penetrates the common schools; then it will furnish a powerful safeguard against the insidious entrance into youthful life of mean, ignoble books. Whatever divisions may arise respecting the province of religion in state education, we conceive that the presence of pure literature as a positive element in education will do more to conserve a religious spirit than the most violent partisanship could effect.

In attaining this end, the existence of masterpieces of English literature in convenient and inexpensive form would play an important part. We would have such a series always interesting in itself, and connected, as far as possible, with the historic studies of the young student. There could easily be found books, or portions of books, suited to every degree of intelligence and culture: simple ballads for children, dewy with the morning of English literature, stirring narrative for the adventurous, and suggestive historic or philosophic essays for the elder ones. It would not be hard to find American books of each period not only interesting in themselves, but possessing a radiating power which would do much toward familiarizing the young reader with the history of the period thus illustrated. There might be practical difficulties with American copyright books, but none, we think, that could not be overcome. The books should be first literary, that is, should appeal simply and directly to the human imagination: we do not see why the list might not thus include good translations of ancient classics: then whatever historical or philological or scientific facts they may serve to illustrate can hold a subordinate but not unimportant place. The text itself should be free from references, but every book ought to be furnished with such apparatus as may be required to elucidate it and give it a certain completeness: an introduction, placing it in its relation to other books and to history; notes, explanatory and suggestive; lists of words; bibliographic and chartographic helps. All this apparatus would be especially valuable to the teacher, who could avail himself of the hints

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in expanding orally for the scholar. We think the time has come when our schools, private and public, need to consider again certain first principles of education. We have gone quite far enough in our systemization; suppose we make an effort to let in the breath of life from pure literature, and see what it will effect. We regard the public library as the proper sequel to the public school, the one containing books, the other conveying the power to use them; but we do not really connect them, for children in the public schools are not given the power to use books. Such power does not necessarily spring from a knowledge of the alphabet and grammar; to make the public library a true sequel, children in the public schools should be taught what and how to read. There are very few persons who would learn to read at all, if left to themselves; they have to thank the state that they were made to read by those who knew their wants better than they did. There are very few indeed who would voluntarily take up the great masters of literature, but that does not prove any natural incapacity, and we see no reason why the guardians of public education should not incorporate into the common-school system a compulsory reading of pure literature, graded according to the years of the pupil. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" was once asked of a man who was reading aloud a piece of very fine literature. "How can I," he answered, "except some man should guide me?" and in our judgment it is equally unwise to expect that children in our schools should grow up with a love for good literature, unless deliberate measures are taken to cultivate such a love in them.

— That English-speaking people should have to wait for a German to write an authoritative English grammar is not strange, when one remembers that although the language is so widely spoken it would be hard to find one less generally studied; most of us trust either to our ear or to the last warlike document from some writer on the subject to get such vague notions as may serve for a guide. Generally, if we learn anything new in this last-mentioned way its only hold on our mind is as a subject about which something has been said, though what, it is not always easy to recall. Maetzner's Grammar[1] is as complete as a book well could be. The author takes up the different divisions of his subject, and gives to each full and complete discussion. In the first volume the letters of the alphabet are first treated. The pronunciation is given, and the history of the origin of each letter is told at length. Then comes what is called the doctrine of the word, which explains the composition of words, the different classes of verbs, and the formation of the various parts of speech. The second volume takes up the composition of the sentence, illustrating the use of the verb, the cases of nouns, and, at great length, the use of the prepositions. The third volume goes on with the discussion of the sentence. This meagre analysis only inadequately expresses the full value of the book. The construction of the sentence, and especially of the English sentence, seems a very simple matter, but as Maetzner treats it, leaving no intricacy unexplained, it appears in a very different light. The *bourgeois gentilhomme* could not have been more surprised at learning that he had been talking prose all his life, than many even tolerably advanced students will be at some of the admirable explanations and full illustrations of points of grammar, which are plain enough when spoken or written, but are of uncertain origin. With what faithfulness this work is done may perhaps be best seen by an example. Under the head of the coordination of sentences, in the subdivision of those expressive of the consequence, we find, among other particles, the modal particle *so:* "Anglo-Sax., Goth., Old-Norse *svâ*, Old-Sax., Old-Highdutch *so*," it "appears in a conclusive meaning. It then denotes that the consequence rests upon the stated nature of what precedes." Then follow examples from Shakespeare, Milton, Gay, Bulwer, the New Testament, and Sheridan's Rivals. Following this is mention of the use of *so* as a connective rather than as a conclusive particle, as in Judges vii. 8. In finer type are examples of the use of *so* in Old-English, by Piers Plowman and Maundeville, with an explanation of its probable origin from the Romance *si* rather than from the Anglo-Saxon *svâ*. This is but a slight example of the thoroughness with which the author does his work; of

[1] *An English Grammar: Methodical, Analytical, and Historical.* With a Treatise on the Orthography, Prosody, Inflections, and Syntax of the English Tongue; and Numerous Authorities cited in Order of Historical Development. By PROFESSOR MAETZNER, of Berlin. Translated from the German, with the Sanction of the Author. By CLAIR JAMES GREECE, LL. D., Fellow of the Philological Society. In Three Volumes. London: John Murray. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

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the number of questions taken up, no idea can be given by quotations. The book stands as a treasury of information, and, to mingle our metaphors, a monument of honorable industry. That English literature has not been read for the purpose of culture alone is shown by the full list of references on every page. On one page alone, opening at random, we are referred to Shakespeare's Tempest, King John, As You Like It, and Richard II.; to Donne's Satires twice; to Carlyle's Past and Present twice; to Bulwer's Lady of Lyons, Money, and Rienzi twice; to Oxenford's Twice Killed; to Marlowe's Edward II.; to Scott's Minstrelsy, Waverley, and Rob Roy; to Ferrex and Porrex; to Macaulay's History of England; to Addison's Cato and Campaign; to Dickens's Notes from Italy; to Young's Night Thoughts; to Brougham's Historical Sketch; to Byron four times; to Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo; to Robert of Gloucester twice; to Wright's Anecdotes; to Chaucer; to Piers Plowman; and to Maundeville four times. This is not a mere outburst of pedantry glorying in a well-filled notebook, but a collection of examples illustrating different modifications of one general principle, making them clearer than could whole pages of description. Reference, too, to a number of writers of different centuries shows the frequency of the usage in question.

The usefulness of a book of this sort cannot be doubted for a moment. It is not written for school-boys, but for teachers, whether of boys or of men. In it they will find whether their favorite theories and personal prejudices, which go so far toward keeping up hostilities in questions of English grammar, have really any firm ground to stand on. Maetzner's industry has accumulated an immense amount of material for the settlement of any mooted question, and his authority should be of great weight. He brings to his work full knowledge, not only of our language, but also of those cognate tongues which are of the greatest service in explaining dark points in our own. There are few writers on language so well equipped. The cost of preparation, too, is greater than it was a little more than a century and a quarter ago, when Johnson relied for the etymologies for his dictionary on a shelf of Junius Skinner and others, and on the Welsh gentleman who, having published a collection of Welsh proverbs, was to help him with the Welsh. How essential is the knowledge of much more than English, this book clearly shows. It is a melancholy fact that there are very few Americans or Englishmen who have made even the preliminary studies necessary for the scientific knowledge of their own tongue. We had to wait until a German noticed our wants and undertook to supply them. The mission of that country is not yet fully accomplished; there is one task to be performed by some enterprising German, and that is the writing of a satisfactory English dictionary. Those we have now in use are miserably inefficient in regard to completeness and accuracy of etymology and definition. Recent studies have made lexicography almost a new science, but it is still taught by professors of the old school.

Every teacher of the English language should have Maetzner's Grammar — we had almost said — beneath his pillow. It is a most invaluable work. The translation is generally good, but there are flaws, as, for instance, vol. i., p. 207: "The meanings of casting the sounding line *lean not* on the French sonde, sonder," etc., which is obscure; but there is almost no mistake which the reader cannot readily correct for himself. The misprints are frequent, as must be the case with a book printed in a foreign city, namely, in Berlin, and abounding in references.

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